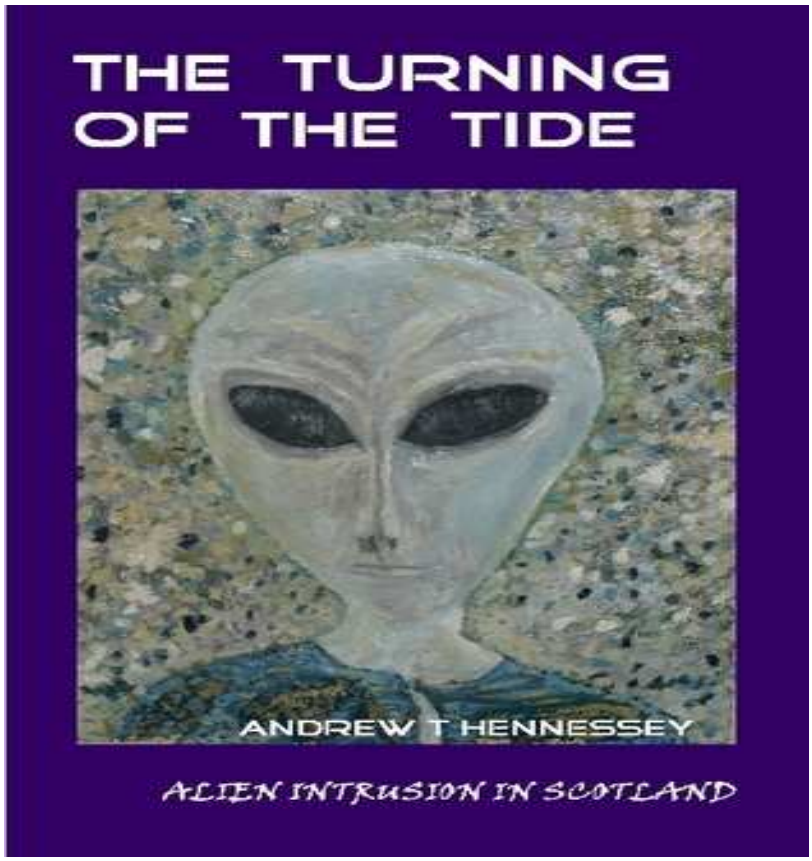
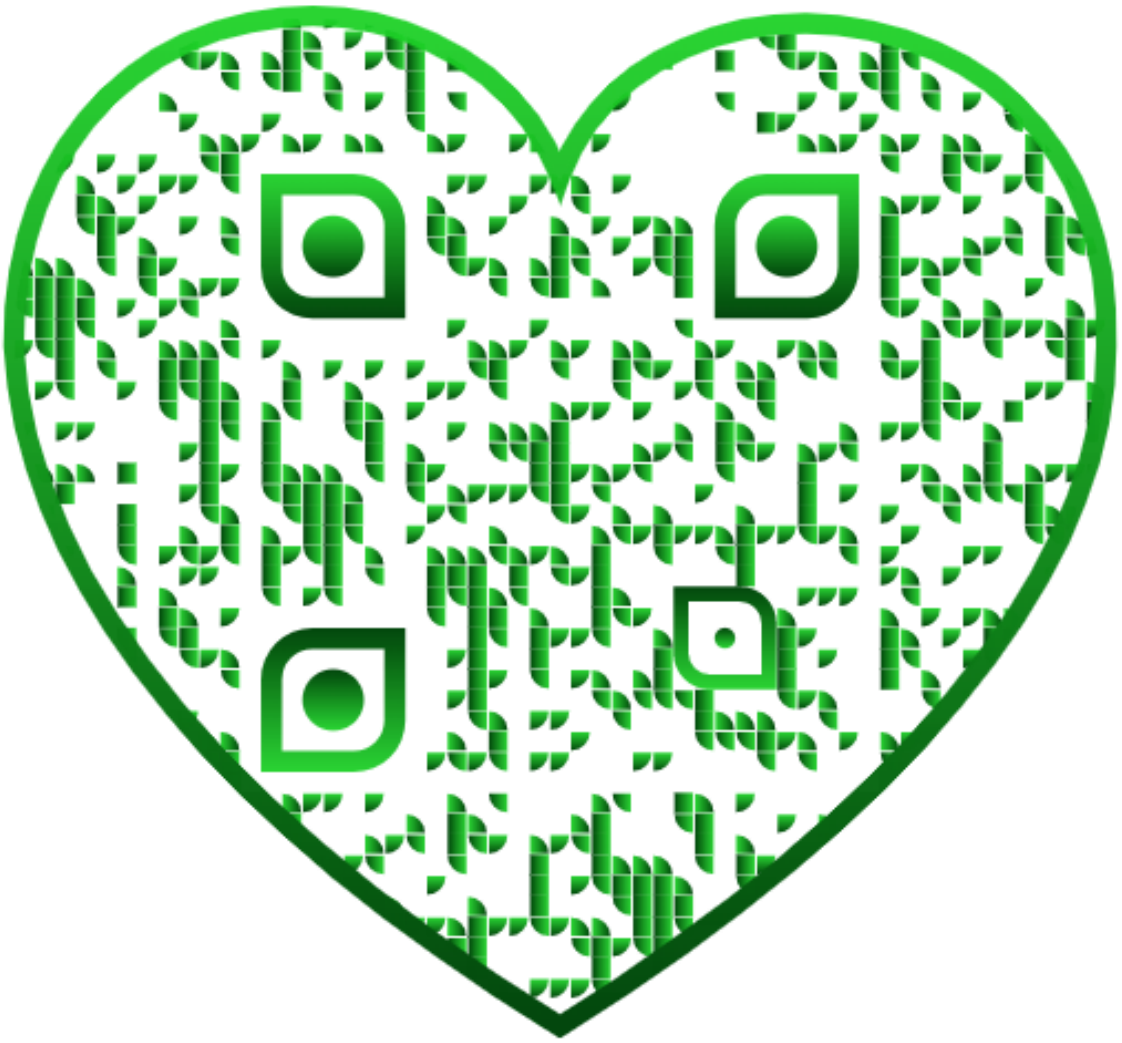
THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

ALIEN INTRUSION IN SCOTLAND

By Andrew Hennessey





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This book is intended to illustrate some very important truths:

1. There are non-humans amongst Humanity and have been for some considerable time.

2. The planet's surface is, historically, some kind of artificial learning zone for Humans.

3. Good and Evil beings vie either for our eternal salvation or, to acquire our soul for their dark purposes.

4. Big changes and big plans for Mankind are unfolding now.

5. Wherever we came from to be human here, we take with us our glorious baggage when we leave.

Amongst the themes presented here of this epoch-making human pageant on planet Earth, can be found the story of my life as it interacts with alien agendas and intrusion.

Story 1, **SPOOKY EDINBURGH AND THE LOTHIANS**, sets the historic context of my story. It is compiled from anecdotal folklore accounts, and other printed works that illustrate that there is something very strange going on in Scotland for various reasons that I give. I'm certain though that almost every place on the planets surface has a similar mythology and provenance, from Tokyo to Los Angeles. This, though, is pretty much the script for Scotland. - **7**

Story 2, **THE GREEN THING IN THE CASTLE ROCK**, is an illustration of that globally found idea that strange things live underground somewhere near you. If you're really unlucky though, they can be staying next door. - **20**

Story 3, **NORMAN DAYSHIFT MANAGER**, is an anecdote that looks at the alien hybrid and starchild programme and reveals that there are some unusually gifted people hanging out in the most boring of places. There have been several authors who wrote extensively on this idea too, such as; Dr Jacobs, Professor J E Mack, Dr Greer. - **26**

Story 4, **MEDIUM RARE**, is the story of me and my Guardian Angel and how through thick and thin here on Earth we have managed to come through the toughest of challenges. Everybody has a Guardian Angel. Here are a few of 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' that we survived. Many books have been written on this subject by people quoting definitive medical research e.g. Dr Helen Wambach and, Dr Raymond Moody. - **30**

Story 5, **THE GAUNTLET AND THE FORGE**, is the story of my first interactions with the Reptilian beings called the EL's, the shining ones. Many Sumerian clay tablets illustrated by Z Sitchen, and a global culture of Reptilian folklore and artefacts from; China, Africa, India, Mesopotamia, the Atlantic seaboard and the Celts, illustrate the possibility of this enigmatic race of Beings and their legendary powers. The EL's have been around a very long time on Earth. In this story I attempt to put my interaction with them into some sort of epic context that gave my brief encounter with the Knights Templar and their strange inner circles some meaning. - **36**

Story 6, **THE BOTANY GHOST**, is the story of a haunting in a house in Edinburgh. It introduces the idea that Edinburgh is a very ideologically diverse place to be. A veritable chaos of ideologies. - **42**

Story 7, **THE FAERIE TRADITION**, Drawing on ancient, medieval and early modern literature mostly pertaining to the Scottish tradition of the little folk it is possible to see how these beings operated centuries ago and to draw the conclusion that there is no difference between their abductions and agendas either then, or today. Other folklore sources not quoted e.g. Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, Grimm, 1901. - **47**

Story 8, **BEING THERE**, is an anecdote which in my view illustrates exposure of a sensitive human mind to severe hacking. It also introduces the idea that non-human social processes and facilities operate under our very noses. This from the 1970's. Alternative source is Alan De Walton or, Branton. - **61**

Story 9, **GETTING OUT**, is a story from the 1980's that illustrates that predation on humans by non-humans can take place in the most unlikely of places. The picture starts to emerge here that this predation appears to be officially endorsed. Officially, the hospital notes, the official record, which all went totally missing said: 'had two visitors, was settled ..' - **65**

Story 10, **THE HOSPITAL HYPOTHESIS**, some would say that planet Earth is hell or purgatory, or a desolate war zone filled with evil and cynicism. It has though made very little spiritual or technological progress for some very strange reasons. The planet's surface is also a place where souls come to test themselves and work on their issues in relatively short time periods. Is this place a nursery ? - **70**

Story 11, **THE HIDDEN HAND**, Archaeology is supposed to be rational, but the history of technology as it applies to mankind over the millennia has some outrageous flaws. Three such are illustrated here. Is this planets development being engineered to keep humanity primitive ? This article lends support to the Hospital Hypothesis. See also Michael Cremo's 'Forbidden Archaeology', 2001, - **77**

Story 12, **BLACK DOGS OF ROSSLYN**, Local to my hometown is a whole world of very strange stuff, some of it connected to the famous Bluebloodline Chapel at Rosslyn. Whatever goes on in the woods around there seems to illustrate that what passes for normality in downtown Scotland has got a lot to answer for. See also Laurence Gardner's book 'Bloodline of the Grail', plus the information on 'Skinwalkers' currently emerging in the USA. - **84**

Story 13, **NIGHT FLIGHT** plc, The 1990's were my more formal introduction to strange intelligence agencies, strange government programmes and some of the strange people that administered them. The book by Ambrose and Watkin's called 'Alternative 3' although alleged a hoax does provide an ideological framework for spooks full of nonsense. - **87**

Story 14, **HIGHLANDER**, The amazing swordsman I met whose father was in airforce intelligence seemed to be suggesting that there was a whole world of turbo charged X-men who can operate beyond the time and space of human martial artists. He may have mentioned that his weapon of choice for hand to hand sword duels was a pickup truck .. - **93**

Story 15, **GOBLIN HALLS**, The massive cavern system has regular overfly's of UFO's. The name Goblin Halls, though, is not marked on any map. That however, didn't stop the goblins from selling me a second hand map of the area with the name and village marked on it as if it were just another village name and village on a quite ordinary map. After that incredible trick, I started thinking about ways they could turn my old science fiction paperbacks into fifty pound notes ... It meant that no paperwork whatsoever on this planet was beyond mutation. 2000AD - **96**

Story 16, **DANGEROUS DAN**, There are other people I know who do amazing things to get to the truth. Long before I had ever heard of David Icke, Dangerous Dan had supplied me with historic photographs of reptilian shapeshifters actually shifting. The real Cottinglea Faeries conspiracy wasn't two little girls painting faeries on photos in the 19th Century. The archives of the Brotherton Collection in Leeds used to show Elsie Wright way too big and bulky for a slightly built twelve year old. Oddly enough actor Mel Gibson was alleged to have bought the entire collection at auction shortly after Dangerous Dan started showing off the really meaty photos. Ordinary non-human people with extraordinary powers and the capacity to become enormous staying amongst us and drinking Tea. - **99**

Story 17, **ELMWOOD FEY**, the geographical location of this Edinburgh golf club has been altered for legal reasons ... but strange stuff goes on not far from where folks have their beers. Our human environment is therefore seen to be interpenetrated by beings seen and unseen with unhuman powers. 'Another pint of lager please, and, oh, the ghost has just moved that big dining table again ..!' - **103**

Story 18, **IMPERIAL PRINCESS**, why am I here and what am I doing ? these are questions that from time to time we must ask ourselves. Indeed have we made any prior arrangements to meet with people we know before we are born and have we a bigger picture in mind for our own soul's progress after we cease to be human and leave here ? So too those same questions arose for me as I discover that agencies of darkness are not the only people that have important things to say and do. I am promised an introduction to an Interstellar Imperium and its Empress. 2001AD - **106**

Story 19, **MULL OF KINTYRE**, So on our great rock and roll journey as one of life's musicians we sometimes end up in strange places and meet strange new people and sometimes for some strange reason that we cannot explain ... we then want, against all good reasons not to .. to stay there with them. Was there some sinister reason that Sir Paul McCartney wrote about this place ? probably not. 1997AD - **110**

Story 20, **THE NEW STAR PARTY**, Based on what we now know about contacting interstellar races and their alleged technologies and their overt displays of solar system mining and free energy engines in their ships its obvious to me and probably to many others that Mankind is not seeing any real benefits from this

Interstellar commerce. The New Star Party m36. anifesto, here presented, opens the discussion as to what should now be possible for mankind based on freely available ideas and speculations. There is a marked absence of these ideas in any version of Exopolitics now practised. Why is an interesting question .. Our best hopes to date the Exopolitics of Dr Michael Salla. - **113**

Story 21, **TAKE ME TO KIRKCALDY**, Somewhere in downtown Scotland, or indeed is it everywhere in downtown Scotland .. aliens have taken over. Our dearest and best Spiritual hopes and religious doctrines seem to be open to re-interpretation. People next door of enormous powers are flying through the air, some are materialising, some with alien friends who have got ray guns whilst enormous space ships offload the starship troopers of the armies of heaven (on film). Can the region of Fife cope with this influx of space kadets ? All of this seems to fit in with the geopolitical idea that Edinburgh and Scotland are some sort of illuminati superstate. 2000AD - **122**

Story 22, **INTERSTELLAR CONTRACT HIT**, It's nice to be wanted. Some of us are always anxious to get what's coming to us and to be taken care of. In fact some people go out of their way to give us that warm glowing feeling. If ever there was some sort of interstellar secret agent the question is would they be driving an Aston Martin and drinking Vodka Martini and what sort of capacities would they have that made the difference. I take it that whatever the motives, they go far beyond this life time. Do check out the photos chapter to see some of the pets she brought with her. 2002AD - **130**

Story 23, **PHASERS ON STUN**, The greys or Zeta's deploy amazing lift and capture time stops, and their best abduction grabs to try to get past my Angelic defences. It's like white light everywhere unless you are protected. Despite this my soul is going elsewhere and somewhere better. No peace shopping at Walmart though. 2002AD - **134**

Story 24, **THE ICE CREAM VAN**, With diplomacy out of the question, and having been totally abandoned by any Government agency, things start to get ridiculous as all kinds of holographic technology and stuff posing as human infrastructure is deployed to give me a hard time. The aliens use shapeshifting technology and personnel to get up close and personal. 2003AD - **138**

Story 25, **ALIEN PIZZA**, If you ever get the feeling that aliens are watching you, then this is the story for you. They don't really have a healthy sense of humour though. See what happens when you order Pizza .. excuses, excuses ... 2003AD - **143**

Story 26, **PARANORMAL FLASH**, If you ever had any sceptical leanings about things paranormal, then you will know that all you need to rationally dispel your doubts is evidence of one, just one, clear measurable contradiction. Once you have that then arguably the eternal universe and total respect can be theoretically yours. - **147**

Story 27, **ALIEN STRIPPERS**, There is sense embedded in this subjective and seemingly irrational alien madness. Our problem is that we underestimate just how important our soul is both to ourselves and to them. They have a farmers interest in our lifestyle choices. I explore this farming mechanism and expose how it can be compromised. If you feel that this isn't relevant to you then you must not be regularly staying on this planet for any length of time. See the Psychology of Transference. - **156**

Story 28, **THE TAROT READER**, This is a story about how to deal with unhuman party entertainment. It covers time travelling too .. so if they don't like what you do that night .. they can come back and give you a going over in the afternoon before you even set off. - **165**

Story 29, **THE CHOICE**, It's my personal belief that we become clothed as human to test our spirit and soul in this hard and desolate environment. We really only have two choices in whatever social role we come here to assume. Do we choose love and eternal life and eternal society, eternal free energy and massive power, i.e. Christ, or, do we choose the way of death, becoming the isolated overlord, and wall ourselves into a self filled and self-fulfilled tower, hoping that we can survive the hungry times of siege before we can again set out to impose our vampiric energy taxes on those we come across. The choice of Christian life on a Cosmic scale will mean that potentially trillions of new Brothers and Sisters will travel, love and entertain us on the road. - **170**

Story 30, **THE COMING EMPIRE**, The universe that we think we can explain is more than likely the smallest part of something unimaginably huge and endless. It will be full of lives though, and many of these lives will have banded together and successfully organised long before our solar system or even cosmic bubble ever became physical. What could really old civilisations have gotten up to ? If they ever met with us what would they want to do ? These themes have been explored in science fiction and science fantasy in the writings of Michael Moorcock; 'Dancers at the end of time' trilogy, and also by Herman Hesse in 'the Glass Bead Game'. - **182**

Story 31, **A TV DINNER IN GOREBRIDGE**, There comes a time in every extra terrestrial's life when they have to make the choice. Do they endlessly spin away between fractal holes in fractal atoms to turbulent universes and foamy bubbles at other scales of magnitude .. or do they swarm somewhere else in this cosmos. Living it up in the hive with the Legion though, if you're that kind of being may be a costly bed and breakfast. Scottish hives never seem to get a mention in those 'Rough Guides to the Universe'. Put that down to the lack of fixtures, fittings, software and soft furnishings in those alien realities. -**188**

Story 32, **A GALAXY OF TARTAN**, Our glorious baggage we take with us on our journey from these shores to other places of repose. Those many mansions in the Cosmos may well need the colours and the flavours of life that we have to offer. If Scotland one day goes under the waves of the Atlantic, I am certain that it will live in me forever, no matter where I next fly my banner. - **197**

Story 33, **INTERSTELLAR GOLF**, Potentially in a universe where everybody could get a hole in one any and every time they want one, golf could have been consigned to the dustbin of human history. However with a couple of adaptations and a suitable handicapping system, every being in the Cosmos could enjoy this and every other human ball game. The secret is in the little droid inside each ball. Golf, invented in Scotland, as was its Interstellar version in 1993AD. - **202**

Story 34, **TRANSFORMATION STUDIES GROUP**, This is the story of a dedicated bunch of enquirers who with childlike disposition looked into certain matters of interstellar provenance, discovered strange new worlds, met strange new people and gave them various ideas about what it means to be Scottish. One big happy family. Featuring a huge big underground bases, a UFO hotspot and some important exchanges between the Scots and some of their non-human neighbours. - **205**

Story 35, **SCOTTISH ANDREW**, Nobody is allegedly a credible contactee without their being able to produce something really advanced out of the hat. Therefore, here is notification of some undeniable and very obvious real scientific advances from Scottish Andrew some of which have market potential very far from planet Earth. Should I be talking to my Agent ? Let's not and say we did ! - **210**

SPOOKY EDINBURGH - AND THE LOTHIANS

In Edinburgh and the Lothians, east central Scotland, there is a strange and fantastical blend of the ancient and the science fiction. It's true to say that what can be identified are cultural themes that are so ancient that they Are science fiction.
From the times of the alleged gods of Atlantis and the wars of the Fall of Eden mentioned in the Book of Enoch and artefacts apparent in Michael Cremo's 'Forbidden Archaeology' – it becomes apparent that even across the water in Fife there are 'strange fires' and epochs inferred in the naming of the town Burntisland. Burntisland got its name from the glassy fusion of its rocks that became vitrified by temperatures that were somewhat nuclear.
We hear how in the Hindu Mahabarat mythology from India how chariots called Vimanas would fly across the sky raining down the power of the sun – so rather like the other vitrified fort in the Dark Isle, Cromarty, near Inverness at a place known traditionally as 'the centre of the Universe' it may be that Scotland has been party to some epic battle at the end of an Age.
Traditional explanations from the National Museum of Antiquities as to how these fortresses became fused glass go along the lines of whole tracts of the Caledonian forests being carried up to the hilltops to be ignited to melt the rock. It then becomes more rational to go with the 'ancient nuclear war' theory than buy into the 'pointless, resource consuming bonfire' theory.
I'm of the opinion today though, knowing what I now know, that although the surface works of some science fiction civilisation of at least 20,000 BC have been erased from the planets surface, there are still pockets of subterranean infrastructure in the hands of non-humanity.
There are supposed to be secret caves full of alchemical and ancient artefacts in the Templar lands east of Aberdeen on the north east coast of Scotland according to a Templar archivist, and in the hills south of Edinburgh at Innerleithen there is a folk tale of a civilisation inside the hills from the 18th century.
Two lovers had gone onto the hills above Innerleithen to play hide and seek. The girl had gone into a small cave to hide and she had discovered a doorway that led her into a wonderful and strange land full of carefree people who drove about in magical horseless coaches and who had cities of domes and spires. She had a very good adventure there but then remembered her lover who was still looking for her.
Her lover, however, had returned to the village without her and as time passed there he was accused of her murder, was tried and was hanged.
The girl though returned to the cave entrance and made her way back home. She did not recognise very much about her village – and when she inquired of her lover she was told that he had been hanged over 50 years ago.
Scotland has for some time been accredited with being one of the world's busiest UFO hotspots with attention in Scotland being focussed initially on Bonnybridge and the Falkirk triangle.
It has been said that much of the sightings there declined in volume after the closure of the local chemical factory that may have been polluting the area. (allegedly with dioxin)

However, more recently, from about 2000, it has become apparent that the small town of Gorebridge - an ex coal mining town about 15 miles south of Edinburgh, Scotland's capital city has had more than its fair share of close encounters and abductions.
On checking the local news and gossip - there have been reported and unreported close encounters in the Gorebridge area for decades.
Geographically and historically, Gorebridge is situated adjacent to Rosslyn Castle and Chapel, which lie a few miles to the west.
In Rosslyn glen by the river there is a Bronze Age carving in stone of a reptilian head and, folklore referring to a tunnel and cavern system.
To the east lie the cavern systems of Cousland and a place called 'Goblin Halls' as well as numerous other references to this reality in village names. e.g. Elphinstone and Elvingston.
Gorebridge, then, a typical post-industrial mining community with abandoned mines and workings has a past intimately tied in to Celtic mythological traditions.
From the village of Gifford beside Goblin Halls, to the seriously haunted Crichton Castle on the edge of the Cousland cavern system all the way from the Moorfoot hills to the Pentland hills that frame the city of Edinburgh, the area is riddled with vast limestone works from ancient times made by ancient peoples.
On midsummer's night, two people from Gorebridge were determined to practise some form of Wicca in the Churchyard adjacent to Crichton Castle - daring the wrath of the Blue Lady, allegedly the wraith of a distressed Nun.
Under a full moon on the stroke of midnight they looked up from what they were doing towards the path that led all the way down to Crichton Castle. They saw, filing past the Churchyard gate on its way down the castle road - a silent procession of fine ladies and gentlemen all in black evening gowns and dinner suits. [Circa 1970]
The two sat there totally struck dumb ... and when the parade reached the castle, they started quickly walking away back to the road, noticing with increasing alarm that there were no cars or coaches parked by the roadside.
This was an enactment of a tradition in Scotland - the midsummer's 'Faerie parade' usually told in terms of medieval symbols, such as Knights and Dames e.g. as in 'the Ballad of Tam Linn.'
Theosophist CW Leadbeater wrote in the late 19th Century in his book 'The Hidden Side of Things' of Faerie tribes in the Pentland Hills to the west of Edinburgh at Flotterstone.
Around the Lothian cavern system edges are place names and villages such as 'Elvingstone' and 'Elphinstone' and of course 'Goblin Halls' this over about 1000 square miles in the Lothians.
Faerie abduction stories are common in folklore – and the abduction of the Borders minstrel Thomas the Rhymer by the Faerie Queen in the middle ages resulted in Thomas coming home with a set of prophesies that after various named conflicts and tribulations, one day Scotland would come into its own .
Faeries, traditionally, can dematerialise and move about as lights - the 'will o' the wisp'.
With the advent of digital cameras, more and more of these beings are being caught on film as ‘orbs’ of light. Indeed one ‘orb’ in Kirkcaldy has been photographed materialising as an anthropoid being holding and pointing some sort of handheld device.
In Mayan times in South America they were referred to as the ‘stars that walk’ – the ‘pashashwaska’, or as the ‘weavers of cloud’ in central America, and in Scotland the

Reverend Robert Kirk in 1697 AD notes that they can materialise bodies for themselves out of cloud and air, and, drink essence through their pores.

This latter observation was also made by West Lothian abductee Garry Woods in the 1990's who watched several Greys bathe in tanks full of translucent green fluid. Garry also noted that they had a genetically designed creature like a tapeworm also in the tank whose function was to absorb any excreted impurities.
It's probably true to say that any number of different beings of varying ethical persuasions can present themselves in the form of glowing lights.
It has been noted for a few years now that Blinkbonny mine, an abandoned coal mine at Gorebridge, has been a centre for nocturnal activity with lights descending from the sky, and curious strangers there who move the locals on.
Two individuals were chased from that locality one year whilst digging up some fir trees for Christmas by a luminous, floating, 'green eye'.
Another local was confronted whilst out on a walk with his dogs by a tall grey extra terrestrial who had .. 'elephantine, wrinkled grey skin and white blue eyes full of intelligence and life.'
Access to that locality has become more controlled over the last few years with some of the other entrances to the mine at other localities becoming filled in by contractors.
It has more recently become an ill-reputed Bikers locality.
Not far down the road from George in Gorebridge is another notable contactee called 'Hazel' who appears to have a whole household of invisible but very tough beings who visit her from their overhead ship.
The beings who 'Hazel' channels claim to have scanned her and conditioned her to respond to their truth. 'Hazel' relates that the scanning process that uploaded her DNA patterns was painful.
One of the beings called 'Alda' who operates with 'Hazel' as some sort of healer sounds like he is part of the medical field hospital from the Korean war comedy drama. One of the stars of that was Alan Alda.
Alda speaks of the coming 'Harvest' – which doesn't sound too reassuring or funny and that there would be programmable ground troops called Mendaps to deal with things in some sort of 'friendly invasion'.
Public predictions made by Alda of a show of ships have materialised, however, but then in Gorebridge that was always going to happen.
Alda is allegedly working on some genetic issues with 'Hazel' re the reproduction of his species and has that in common with stories of the 'Tall Whites' from their airbase in Colorado, USA.
In other localities in and around Gorebridge strange things have been reported such as parked 'silver domes' in the local fields, at Mayfield village, black triangles flying low overhead, and people being pursued by strange glowing intelligent lights, [on film] and sightings of Greys and Men in Black in the local woods and abductees who share the same year and dates of birth.
The men in black story comes from the early 1970's when three boys were out playing in the woods near the abandoned military camp at Newbattle Abbey, near Gorebridge.
They had climbed the old fence and found themselves under the distant gaze of a very strange sentinel. They hid as he came over.
One boy has a memory of his friend saying .. 'let's run ...'

They then had some missing time.
Later that week the same man came to the house of one of the children in some ‘official capacity’. The child hid behind the sofa ... whilst the Man in Black engaged the parents with some questions. He suggested that he was looking for a missing psychiatric patient. As he was talking to the parents, his eyes searched out the young boy who was hiding behind the couch.
Also there is the story of George Whyte a contactee from Gorebridge who has filmed numerous alien craft at close quarters. These images are featured by ‘skywatcher’ on www.youtube.com.
In 2002, George went out at night to his doorstep because he had the 'feeling' that he would film something.
Sure enough he filmed a square shaped and peculiar UFO flying low across his rooftop. Managing also to get the ship at various stages of its approach, so there is front and side elevation in detail.
The next morning George hears the thunder of a helicopter at rooftop height overhead and goes out with his camera to see a dark helicopter eyeballing him at his doorstep with its cameras trained on him.
George then filmed them filming him.
Thinking it bizarre, he contacted a then prominent UFO group in Scotland with his story and his footage but their investigation though revealing that the helicopter was from a company called PDG helicopters, dismissed their activity as normal and routine.
Certainly it’s ‘all routine’ for the security services to survey citizens on their doorstep in the course of their normal duties. What though was the civil emergency that warranted such illegal flying ?
All of George's footage has been dismissed by this UFO group and written up on the Internet as 'rubbish'.
However when he eventually started investigating the suspicious helicopter, which had appeared the morning after a close encounter, and when he examined the images of the pilot he was in for a shock - for he had a clear image of a Grey or at least a very unusual looking pilot working for the UK establishment.
PDG helicopters have declined to identify the pilot and any use of 'strange headgear' etc and they remain silent about their illegal presence on his doorstep.
Perhaps because airtraffic control at Edinburgh had got it wrong – perhaps what was seen and filmed only looked like a helicopter from that company and maybe the original investigator had been misinformed.
The UFO group who initially investigated George's claim of harassment and who had dismissed the incident as routine had failed to note that the helicopter was flying at 150 feet and that 500 feet is the legal ceiling for such activity.
There are also some of George's neighbours who were alarmed by this low flying machine.
Further scrutiny of this clear helicopter footage and survey of the locality by an RAF flight sergeant from Leuchars airbase who is also a bomb disposal expert and Iraq combat veteran reveals a fairly exact confirmation of the height at about 150 feet and that the camera in use to film George and his house was no ordinary routine camera.
The camera in use by the very strange surveillance team was a radiation source-seeking camera, which can see through walls.

The camera operator looks like a Grey with a heart shaped head - a head much like the Faerie head from the 13th century carved in stone in St Giles cathedral Edinburgh. It is called 'the corble stone.'
This is also the Spielberg 'ET' from the film of the same name - perhaps checking if George was following advice to 'be good' and whether or not he had recently acquired any exotic technology from the previous night's encounter with which to 'phone home'.
George had filmed the square UFO shooting off a glowing orb in the direction of the local woods at Gorebridge glen.
Some of the local countryfolk have complained of eerie cries in the night air coming from the direction of those woods. Not the usual fauna they were used to over the many years in the country.
Since then, George has filmed a UFO from his car tailing him down the local road the A7 at Newtongrange that runs by those woods.
The ramifications of George's Grey chopper pilot are staggering - for when 'alien Tony' as he has been dubbed flies back to the airport - how is he facilitated. What are his catering and restroom arrangements?
Working as an alien technological consultant for the UK black ops - he assists in the 'routine surveillance' of UK abductees and contactees.
Does he drive back to Elphinstone or Goblin Halls at night after he clocks off.
George's photo of 'alien Tony' represents the first clear public domain evidence that some part of the Ministry of Defence is clearly working hand in glove with extraterrestrials and that these ET's are helping them with their fieldwork.
Indeed this disclosure makes a recent MoD Condign Report facile and ridiculous. One of its points of laughter was a sub-report entitled 'Elves, Sprites and Blue Jets'.
It's certain from this evidence that the government are intent on policing their monopoly on exotic technology and all the benefits to be had therefrom.
The authorities may only become involved overtly if there is a 'risk' that Joe Public could be receiving technological gifts of strange things.
Close monitoring of the contactee public is done with the use of conventional and unconventional technology and personnel.
A more recent overfly of Gorebridge by a PDG helicopter was reported in late May 2006.
PDG helicopters of Inverness - who were the company cited as responsible by Edinburgh International Airport's air traffic control according to investigator Jim Robertson of Glasgow, were asked to account for their activity and have been shown evidence of their uncivil flying but have yet declined to comment or identify the occupants and their headgear and flightplan.
In chatting to a local gamekeeper it was revealed that he did not go to a certain hill a few miles south of Gorebridge because it always had a low level light over it at night. The gamekeeper related that the light was under the level of the low cumulus clouds.
The same gamekeeper relates that he has seen a strange procession of small monks in dark robes heading from Temple village towards Middleton, near Gorebridge.
Indeed from two independent sources it was confirmed that a field on Leadburn road a few miles to the west had alien and or military technology in it.
A local gypsy called Muriel told me that 'someone' a while back had left a probe in a field near Leadburn village to the west and that if you stood at a certain place it would drift over to where you stood to check you out.

This was also checked out by Garry Woods another prominent Scottish abductee and investigator.
More recently it has come to light that two friends and hill walkers had been in that area and one had said to the other to watch the trees at the top of a hill whilst walking up to a certain point in the field.
When the point had been reached, a Harrier vertical take off and landing 'jump jet' rose above the treeline. The friend then said to the other, now step back, and then the jet sank back down into the trees. Now step forward again and the jet rose up again.
It would appear that some sort of holographic technology may be in use, for there are, according to a Flight Sergeant at RAF Leuchars, air traffic control, no Harriers flying in Scotland - the nearest being 300 miles away at bases such as Peterhead and Norwich.
The hill walker had encountered the Harrier before many times noting that it rose up if he walked forward and then sunk down if he walked back at a spot in the field.
The weird Harrier is in the exact locality identified by the local gypsy as that which contained the 'alien probe'.
There are though many other mining towns in the Scottish region of the Lothians, comprising of West Lothian, Midlothian and East Lothian e.g. Blackridge in West Lothian [closer to Bonnybridge] that have noted ET activity and abductions from craft and beings operating in and around old coal mines. Garry Woods a prominent abductee from Scotland investigated this.
It has been said that a number of abductions had been taking place in Blackridge from ships originating in the direction of the old mine.
I went to check this out with a former employee of the UK version of the American National Security Agency who had been an expert in military communications and he had noted as we drove around the back of the mine that there was a specialist military antennae rising from what looked like an abandoned prefabricated concrete hut.
It may be though that old mines could be utilised in times of national emergency for various reasons and are currently being made secure for that purpose. There does seem to be sightings of dark helicopters associated with these places - as a recent correspondent from West Lothian confirms.
With so many contactees in Gorebridge in Midlothian itself and many more people who have witnessed strange encounters and happenings - it was with interest that I note that an abductee who had parents born in Gorebridge on the same day within 5 minutes of each other and who had then moved to Edinburgh was also being followed up in later life by ongoing ET contact and also happened to be a relative of Mr Whyte.
There is clearly something alien going on at Gorebridge and that when you open your back door and find yourself being confronted by a helicopter cockpit and one of the occupants in plain view is an alien or even a spook wearing a strange mask - then you know that maybe the authorities know something about it too.
Other footage shot by George Whyte reveals an arrowhead shaped craft with visible triangular structural details flying up from the Rosslyn area through the stars of Orion's belt. As it rises heading south in the direction of the Scottish Borders - three cities materialise for it to dock with. This footage provides proof for an anecdote reported by Charles Fort in his book 'New Lands', of a city descending from the sky over the Scottish Borders in the 18th or 19th century.
There was a claim of a sighting of an Aurora jet over the Lothians by a 'respectable witness' i.e. a Policeman from the local town of Penicuik, who claimed to see percussion

smoke rings from faster than sound flight behind it. This does not detract from the fact that the ship filmed by George is not of conventional technology and was clearly leaving the Earths atmosphere. It is enveloped in a bright blue glow and is identical to one filmed on the Martian sands by a NASA satellite.
The UK military though by the looks of 'alien Tony' the chopper occupant have long surpassed the need for jet aircraft restricted by the speed of sound - and the ultimate irony in the recent MoD Condign report that jokingly refers to 'blue jets' is that George had indeed filmed a blue craft - but it was clearly enveloped in a light blue electrogravitational field. [Of the sort described and produced by Townsend Brown in the 1930's for various government sponsored engineering firms and their publications]
Exactly what is going on at Gorebridge ? well two strangers, men in suits, who were walking around conducting some sort of survey, were overheard by Mr Whyte at his doorstep to declare the area a 'hive'.
Well it certainly has been and continues to be a hive of alien activity.
Tunnels and caverns under Rosslyn were not made by the Scottish Coalboard as when Rosslyn Chapel Trust recently tried to claim for subsidence - the coal board proved they had not mined there and were not at fault. A similar claim made by the Catholic diocese in Rosewell - a nearby village was successful though.
There are certainly caverns and tunnels under Rosslyn - not made by human hand though. There is a story from the 19th century of a piper being sent down the tunnel from a shaft at the base of Rosslyn castle - and at one point his pipes stopped playing and he was never heard of again !!
There is on record a letter from Mary Queen of Scots sent to the Edinburgh City hierarchy that promises never to reveal the secret that she was shown at Rosslyn.
Edinburgh National Museum and National Art Gallery, are recipients of millions from the Hawthornden Estates owned by Heinz foods. Hawthornden castle is linked by tunnel to and only a mile from Rosslyn castle and chapel. The Hawthorn tree is symbolic in Celtic lands of the faerie folk. Whereas the Elfin bloodline may patronise the arts, recent withdrawal of a big exhibit from the collection of the 20th century at Edinburgh's National Museum showed that the whole deal is keeping itself covert.
'Rotation of exhibits' is the official story !!
The exhibit from which I have taken photos shows a multinational multi-logo'd tracksuit top for the 'shopper and traveller', an insectoid Holy Grail called the cup of communion, an archetypal ‘zeta reticulan’ wrapped around a cafetierre, and a mantis alien vase.
Even the new Scottish Parliament building itself reputed to be situated on a deep and ancient tunnel system under the capital looks rather like an ant hive - a mound constructed out of grass and straw with some very unique asymmetric ‘alien-looking’ window designs.
There is a strong cultural link between secret societies such as the Templars and Masons and the ancient insectoid ET's.
For example one of the symbols of the Merovingian bloodline, of the secret Templar families is the golden bee. The Order of the Golden Bee was patronised by both Napoleon and the Earl of Rosslyn. It's also true that little ET's such as Kobolds can be found on Templar tapestries.
The beehive is also featured in many Masonic illustrations.

Elizabethan Magi and the Queen's 'eyes and ears' John Dee drew and documented very recognisable insectoid/humanoid 'alien' beings making an appearance during his magical ceremonies.
He signed himself as Her Majesties ‘eyes and ears’ by use of 007.
The secret side to the establishment has a long history of association with non-human beings and ideas.
When Garry Woods was famously abducted at Tarbrax West Lothian, the 'A70 Case' in the early 1990's he was later taken underground into a big cavern that was lined from floor to roof by little sarcophagi in which slept little Greys. He was then taken into the presence of the Emperor Grey ... and Garry, true to his Scottish nature asked him ... 'What do you want here ??' ... the answer was .. 'Sanctuary !'
The Templar lands of the Priory of Torphichen in West Lothian were considered an ancient Sanctuary .
Indeed there is a very recognisable ET on a standing stone inside Brechin Cathedral in Scotland's northeast according to Dr Ralls Macleod.
One of the highest hills in the West Lothian area is an amazing Bronze Age sacred site. It was almost totally unknown and unrecognisable until Mrs Dalziel, mother of a prominent politician Tam Dalziel started getting curious enough to want to excavate at the beginning of the 20th Century.
The story goes that Mrs Dalziel and her two sons - one who later died in a world war were out on a picnic. She had given one of her sons a new raincoat and he had run off to play.
He had been gone some time, but later arrived back without his coat.
When his mother enquired what he had done with it - he said that he 'gave it to the brown boy'.
They searched everywhere - but no trace of him or the coat could be found.
The tradition of the 'brown boy' or faerie child is also associated with Calton Hill in central Edinburgh and the tunnels adjacent to the new Parliament building that run from the central hill called Arthur's Seat to Calton Hill and also to the Edinburgh castle rock.
Mrs Dalziel, determined to get to the bottom of this other-world mystery obtained permission to excavate and then it was revealed that Cairnpapple Hill was a very impressive and important Bronze Age burial and sacred site.
Taking Highlander Paul MacDonald there along with his Reporter friend Bob from Newcastle, I was relating the story of the brown boy when suddenly the entire hilltop shook as if it were undergoing an earthquake and under our feet we could hear the scrape of a stone door grinding open with a cavernous echo.
It appeared to be very much the case that the ancient faerie tradition is still alive and interactive today.
It is traditional within the Templar secrets of Scotland to refer to another Elvish race that is of Reptilian descent - the so-called bluebloods.
They are depicted and symbolised in the paintings of 19th Century Scottish Gnostic and 'sacred' artist John Duncan in e.g. 'The riders of the Sidhe'. A painting that encapsulates the main aspects of this ideology; e.g. the shining/glowing ones - in other words the Illuminati, Aryan, Hindu and Nordic symbolism and overt Reptilian forms.
Their historic roots can be traced back to Mesopotamia and depictions of human reptilian shape shifting and also of strange flying craft in ancient clay tablets. Circa. 2000 BC

The Annunaki as they were called became known as the Anu, and their name became translated into Celtic mythology as the Tuatha De Dannan whose story is featured in the ancient Celtic 'Book of Invasions'.
Some then chose to live underground in Ireland during the Milesian dynasty according to the myth after they had arrived on these shores after a War.
In Rosslyn Glen below the chapel is an ancient Bronze Age carving of a Reptilian head on what has come to be regarded over the centuries as the 'spirit rock' - where locals would come to commune with their unborn children. It is of the same shape and morphology as those Reptilian statues from ancient Sumeria seen depicted in Laurence Gardner's late 1990's books. E.g. 'Bloodline of the Grail'.
A local poet, writing in a charity pamphlet in 1919 called 'the Ballad of the Gore', refers to '... the ancient Race of Dundas.'
Elsewhere in Scotland's western isles there is a myth of the aquatic 'Blue Men of the Minches' according to the Reverend Robert Kirk's 1697 AD treatise called 'The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Faeries'. Indeed the name for the City of Glasgow has Gaelic roots in this notion of blue and maybe that is where the native tradition of becoming super warriors in blue woad originally came from.
That humanity could have god-like strength if they took on the 'blue' characteristics of this other Race.
Dr Ralls-Macleod an ethno-musicologist relates that on searching the old parish records of the Isle of Skye from the 18th century she came across a documented dispute in a village between two parties that had caused the village and parish to record their vote ... and it was recorded that the little people voted for one particular party.
The local Lairds, 'the ancient race of Dundas .. etc' are reputed to have an architectural folly whose purpose is to show that Edinburgh is the latitude of a secret Jerusalem-like Holy City.
This idea is linked to an entrenchment of special attributes and abilities in some geographical locus regarded as sacred.
It was a known fact that Hitler had made preparations to obtain the mansion house in Edinburgh that is now Donaldson's School for the Deaf and was it also co-incidence that the embassy of Rudolph Hess, one of Hitler's henchmen was directed at the Duke of Hamilton – part of the Scottish nobility.
Indeed according to De Brett's Peerage the direct descendant of the Stuart line who is the technical heir to the throne of Scotland is the cousin of Queen Elizabeth the second, the Duke of Bavaria who embarrassingly was a member of the SS and the Luftwaffe during World War 2.
Edinburgh therefore has the historic provenance to be a place where magical ideas and strange beings create strange works.
The Dundas architectural folly, it is alleged is a small ornamental building goes down into a small chamber from where it can be seen that a shaft in the ceiling opens out into the sky.
It is said that at the transit of a luminary - a shaft of light comes down the shaft - much like in the film 'Raiders of the Lost Ark' - and if the recipient places a staff a cubit long in a cupola in the floor, then the shadow cast by the sun is the shadow of the latitude of Jerusalem.
The so called 'tena brosa'.

The idea being that because of the curvature of the Earth, a similar cubit sized staff would produce an entirely different length of shadow nearer the equator in e.g. The Holy Land.
In Scotland at least, Edinburgh, with its seven hills, is a place thought of as a Jerusalem by the elect [see William Comyns Beaumont, 'Britain Key to World History, 1947, or the illustration plate in the paperback edition of the more recent; 1980's 'Holy Blood and the Holy Grail' by Baigent, Lincoln and Leigh, of the Dutch 15th century woodcut of Jerusalem .. you are looking at Edinburgh city centre .. it's in plain view.
In this belief system, St Giles Cathedral becomes the Temple of Solomon, St David is the city's patron Saint, and Holyrood Palace becomes the Palace of Cedars whilst the Gorgie district becomes the site of Golgotha and, Edinburgh Castle or its site, is the fortress.
Beaumont also shows that the Dung Gate of this Jerusalem ideology is Kings Stables road, where indeed the Cleansing Department have their HQ.
There is also a tradition that Pontius Pilate was born in Killin in Perthshire, 70 or so miles North and that his family then stayed outside Edinburgh in Dalkeith.
My problem with this ideology is that I cannot imagine cedars growing anywhere near the latitude of Edinburgh, nor can I envision Arthur's Seat as the Mount of Olives - it has traditionally been very cold in Scotland.
This ideology though has a strong counter-current of anti-Christianity in it with perverse symbolism of the crucified dragon for example.
Also the symbolic story of the White Hynd of Holyrood Park chased by the King's hunting party suggests a strong link with the faerie otherworld in central Edinburgh which is directly adjacent to the hollow hill of Arthur's Seat.
The story of the faerie chase is an archetypal faerie story in the tradition that relates a crossing of the threshold between two worlds.
The entrance to these caverns on the extinct volcano was on the side of the hill above the old rifle range site. This was apparently sealed off by order of the town council in the late 19th century as too many people were going missing in the cavern system.
Some had travelled from Arthur's Seat directly under the site of the new parliament building to come up at another faerie hill called Calton Hill.
Even today, the practise of Wicca still scatters iron pins on the hilltop to scare away and undo the faerie beings.
On the 18th Century maps of the area, Rosslyn, the village was called Paradise. Today the only remnant of that fact is commemorated in the very adjacent village of Loanhead as Paradykes Road.
At the end of Paradykes road an industrial estate backing onto the Cloning labs where Ian Wilmut famously cloned 'Dolly the sheep' and where once stood Paradise Village now stands Dryden Tower fenced off under high security. The Dark Tower of the Earl of Orcus - another title for the earl of Rosslyn, now seems to commemorate a dry and more barren world, which can be a den of iniquity.
With 'Paradise lost' and now a Dryden it is intriguing that from both the
History of the Jews by Flavius Josephus and also the Ethiopic Book of Enoch that it is related that in ancient days, there was a paradise which we can call 'Atlantis' which began to practise dark things under the tutelage of Fallen Angels. Many strange beings, hybrids and chimeras were begotten and the place incurred the wrath of God.
Speaking of 'Dark Towers at Rosslyn' ...

Whilst digging further into these strange magical belief systems that surround the establishment and its cultural heritage I uncovered some very strong links to the JRR Tolkein fantasy epic 'Lord of the Rings'
This is a story about shining elves and goblins and darkness and light and heroes and wizards and an outcast fallen dynasty that will one day regain its true sovereignty after darkness has been overthrown.
The outcast King in the book and film is called an EL - which is a biblical reference to a race of Angels, he is called Elessar or Aragorn, who is of a people called the Rangers of the North, the Dunedain.
Dunedain is Edinburgh's Celtic name.
Before his last battle - he summons a wraith army at the 'stone of erech'.
This army of the dead are alleged to be 'oath breakers' – perhaps alluding to the criminals of the Fall of Atlantis mentioned in the Book of Enoch as an imprisoned army called 'the Grigori'.
In real Scottish history the stone of erec is the name given to the stone of destiny by the first Dalriadan King, which then, historically, becomes Scotland's coronation stone.
This was the stone that tradition has it was brought from Egypt to Ireland and the court at Tara by an eloping princess called Scota.
I cannot imagine it looking like the huge block of sandstone that was famously stolen back from Westminster London by the Scottish National Party – as it just wouldn't fit very well into Princess Scota's handbag.
In the 'Lord of the Rings' book Aragorn replaces the failing Stewards of Gondor - Steward being another name given to the Stuarts the traditional bloodline of Scotland.
In the book and film - the heroes face the Orcs, and historically the Orcs were a tribe of Picts from southeast Fife, across the water from Edinburgh.
Also more locally, Goblins may be found at Goblin Halls at Gifford, East Lothian and their head shape is also commemorated in stone in the East Lothian marker stone in the Millennium monument to the Scottish Regions.
Even the name of the Elven Kingdom of Lothlorien is phonetically similar to Lothian. The region was traditionally named after King Lot, whose daughter was made outcast because she married a strange being, and pregnant with child, she was cast from a local big hill called Traprain Law as her punishment.
She was caught by the Faeries so the story goes and she was born over the river estuary called the Forth to the isle of maidens or the isle of May to give birth in safety.
It does seem rather likely that JRR Tolkein was very aware of Scottish mythology and traditions and also seems to plug into the magical belief system of fallen gods and dynasties.
To add to the somewhat elevated local cultural mythology it is said that the river estuary called the Firth of Forth can be translated from Celtic to mean 'the way of ways'.
The idea of a fallen race of Angels is spoken of in Flavius Josephus' 'History of the Jews' and also referred to in various apocryphal writings such as 'the book of Enoch'.
Indeed the bible makes several references to a species of 'Dragons' and one reference speaks of 'Dragons in their pleasant palaces'
There is also some Templar folklore that suggests that Soutra Law south east of Edinburgh was a place of visions and inspirations to build great works.
It was famously a place of pilgrimage and was also a medieval hospital.

It is claimed that in the Dark Ages St Cuthbert was a shepherd on the east Lothian hills at Soutra when he saw a big orange ball. Such things are being filmed today flying about the sky. It may be that there is some need by the establishment to link ET into the Edinburgh area because it can be seen from other research that St Cuthbert saw his vision in the Scottish Borders, near Melrose, not anywhere near Soutra Law – despite what a well illustrated plaque replete with Saint and orange 'Death Star' near Gorebridge might now be saying.

It is very strange that the biblical idea of rebuilding the Temple is being linked in with the alleged non-human visions of Scottish Saints and the tradition of an obscure valley in the Soutra hills not that far from Goblin Halls.

When the Templar persecutions came in Europe in the early 14th century, it is said that three treasure ships set sail and brought the treasures of the ancients, the wealth of Kings and no doubt the takings of the Crusades to Scotland.

Although Hollywood might suggest differently, it appears to be a fact according to the research of Stephen Prior, that in the early 1300's the Isle of May in the Firth of Forth was bought out from under the Order of St Adrian, who had a monastery there, by The Knights Templar for the price of five times the then national product of Scotland. This gold was paid to the Archbishop in Edinburgh.

What was also purchased by the Templar order was a small private beach at Gullane - presumably to land the treasure from the stockpiles on the island.

At Gullane the local aristocracy the Wemyss, have a designer pyramid crypt and a gateway to it guarded by elfin-like beings. They are one of the wealthiest families within the Scottish nobility.

The idea behind bringing the Templar treasure to Scotland and perhaps Gullane was to rebuild the fallen Temple in Scotland - and according to a contactee in Kirkcaldy - that is exactly what the aliens he meets with are now doing.

There appears to be no need of the Templar gold, however, if the ET's are in charge of the fabrications.

Film from this contactee group in Kirkcaldy was shown at a Film Festival in Glenrothes called Rushes to a group called MIMAC 2001/2002. It depicted a massive, long transporter ship perhaps 2 or 3 miles long, of lenticular shape with three what looked like big circular headlights at the back - they were probably the drive engines - and in this excerpt from 2 hours of camcorder footage by a guy called Steve, hundreds of tiny glowing podships can be seen launching out of various decks in this transporter and assembling like a cloud of midges before flying off over Gullane and the cavern system of Goblin Halls. This fresh influx of visitors was no doubt just in time for the Edinburgh Hogmanay Fireworks street party.

One commentator, who has been seen wearing a Masonic 'pyramid and eye' neck pendant and whose father had been in Airforce Intelligence, stated that he was looking at Grangemouth Oil refinery and was not looking across the estuary to Gullane at a UFO.

A fleet of ships of similar design was photographed by a fisherman over Puerto Rico, a place famous for its non-human activity and bases.

It can be seen from any map however and the testimony of the cameraman Steve that the Gullane locality he filmed with the ship hanging in the sky like a starwars movie was directly due south across the water and that Grangemouth is far west from and more distant to this locality. Steve is also very familiar with the coast he can usually see in the daytime from his flat in the Kirkcaldy tower block.

Edinburgh and the Lothians then appear to read like a script from a science fantasy epic and it becomes more obvious the more one looks that the powers that be know all about it.
One of the most important issues that emerge from this is that collectively we are unsure of the intentions of the non-humanity that is evident.
It doesn't re-assure whatsoever to realise that St Cuthbert is being deliberately linked by historically inaccurate but highly colourful public monuments with the prolific sightings of a huge orange ball ship that has been severally caught on film by two different parties around Edinburgh.
St Cuthbert in Scotland is associated with a shopping Co-operative or the 'Co-op' who used to present cheap affordable foods and goods to the needy in society through its chain of shops. Over the years the incoming supermarket giants have put that chain of shops almost completely out of business in Scotland.
The Co-op today however is still famous for one vital and important service everybody needs ..... Funeral Undertaking.
St Cuthbert, patron Saint of the planet Zool and guardian of the Federated Galactic Collective ... as they say ... 'it's your funeral !!'
Today, Rosslyn is being promoted as a 'stargate', tomorrow maybe the alien hybrids that attend school in the deeps under Gorgie, Edinburgh – according to one Edinburgh abductee [1999] will come forward to say hello.

THE GREEN THING IN THE CASTLE ROCK

Or, 'Things you might want to know about underground Edinburgh but would be too afraid to ask .. '
According to one ex Scottish Tour Guide, Donald, there are famous Tours of underground Edinburgh that include the very haunted Mary Stairs Close., but there is more to the Edinburgh underground than we are all being told about.
Everybody gets to hear about the plague victims that were kept at Mary Stairs Close and they hear the drama of the unquiet ghosts that still object to their unfair treatment by the city Fathers.
Actors will jump out of little dark rooms to scare folks already feeling slightly claustrophobic ... but the thought of some underground monster, on reflection, does seem to be sprung in those moments we suspend our common sense to take the tourist adventure.
Whilst touring about those dark underground cavernous stoneworks one gets the occasional impression that some of the steps in these dark unlit corners go a lot further down.
It may be the strong smell of damp air, or the sense of a different odour than where the tours take place, or maybe our sense of acoustics pick up some strange silence that is not reflecting the local scuffle of our feet.
It may have been something he saw, or heard about, or it may have been some deliberate expedition returning from some activity somewhere down in that lower world beneath Edinburgh, or it may have been the smell on the clothing of maintenance men or one of the magic groups, but somehow, Donald got the idea that someone had been down in those chambers and excavations lower than the three levels everybody told the tourists about.
One night then, Donald waited behind, maybe to lock up, or to look for 'missing keys', or maybe chose his time between the last late tours but with his map and a torch he decided to go exploring.
Heading beyond the Safety notice and the warning rope, on level three Donald proceeded beyond the lit area and noticed as he headed into the unfamiliar chambers that there seemed to be a slight but obviously worn path in the dust, as his torch would occasionally touch on some curve or impression made by a part of a shoe. Rounding a dark stone buttress he found himself in a small dark vault and instantly stopped. The sudden change of air made him pause, and with his torch he picked out stairs going down. He started slowly downstairs, into the earthy damp air acutely aware that perhaps the safety notice was genuine and that the stairs were dangerous and crumbling. He found himself, however on an unmapped fourth level.
His torch flickered upon the familiar structural shapes, rooms and walkways of the other upper levels, but he noticed that things had been left relatively unattended. The underground vaults took on a strong damp smell as if the ancient bubonic plague and its victims were still clawing hopelessly in the darkness.
Turning his head away from fearful ideas to focus on where he was next putting his feet, he noticed that there was a clear, recently used pathway heading off through the rooms and chambers.

He decided to follow it, stopping sometimes to flicker his torch into the gulfs that he could smell and the noiseless echoless spaces beyond where he stood.
He listened, but the rooms were silent but for the sound of his own breathing and the loud, loud shuffle of his feet.
He made progress along a track that had been trodden before, acutely aware that whoever had trodden it once – could well be treading it again – and that whoever it was that had been down here couldn't have been up to much good and would maybe have strong disagreements with his reason for being there, or indeed, his reason for being …
Finally, he came to the end of the scuffled dusty path through the vaults and he stopped suddenly to get his bearings, playing his torch over the damp, black stonework, and seeing that the path he had been following ended in yet more broad stairs going down.
The air seemed to have a faint aroma of decay.
Another level was Level five, not on any map, a totally unknown space and also not recently utilised. There were no safety notices or ropes, no sign of any electric lighting, but it did have that same well-used track.
Looking at his watch, he realised that he had been down here a couple of hours and there were now two things to consider.
One was his presence and absence upstairs relative to other staff some of whom might detect a different but familiar odour on his clothes, the other was the fact that if his torch went at this point things wouldn't be good.
Moving faster through the blackness and galleries and vaults, he wondered who or what would live in the strange looking stone houses with gaping windows flickering in the long shadows. Donald could see a familiar pattern start to emerge with this trail in that as he suspected, the level five trail ended in stairs going down to level six and level six to level seven.
His official map had three levels, but by the time he had reached the seventh level down, he realised that there did not seem to be any end to the descent. There seemed to be endless chambers and stairs.
Stairs going down to where … what sort of Hell under Edinburgh could be populated with human beings that would live in these deeps.
He had heard of the legends of Edinburgh's underworld beings and then suddenly realised that such beings in truth had very good ears, very good noses and very good eyes and had fast long legs ….
He would be unlikely to make it out if he got caught.
Realising that it was time to return to the world of the living as a live man, whatever eldritch secrets were at the bottom of those stairs after that long descent could remain where they were.
Such things have a habit of coming back to bite you.
That expedition spooked him so he came back up, being careful to note the time and that by careful use of the toilets in the upper rooms, he could leave with the last tour party out. Soon after, Donald left the tour company probably because there was something a bit macabre about the whole deal. Why keep something like that secret unless there is something to hide ?
If it's just all about levels of old caves and adapted dwellings then its just more income for tourism.
There would be more tartan nights and storytelling, more parties and perhaps more disturbance of something that should be left undisturbed.

Ultimately what would be the fuss about another gift shop on level 10 ?
What if those levels and chambers pointed to something else that was incredible and unaccountable, perhaps something that didn't agree with history as we have been taught it ?
Scottish historians do tend to be ultra conservative so even the smallest thing out of place may have disturbed their sense of order – but where is the smallest thing that could not be covered up these days with there being such tight control on media and peer review etc
What if these workings are not of human hand ?
In St Giles Cathedral to the left of the gift shop door is the stone head of an alien from the Spielberg movie 'ET' … except this stone head was made in the 13th Century and was found amongst the foundations of St Giles.
Official stories about the Edinburgh tunnels speak of disused shelters and railway tunnels from human industry running in all directions under the city.
Occasionally council road workers in the city centre will accidentally drill into a tunnel from above e.g. in George street.
Indeed there used to be a civilian command centre for Edinburgh Council workers made during the cold war inside Corstorphine hill above the zoo.
There are also stories of covens and warlocks and secret meetings and materialised 'things' in some of the underground spaces that have been opened up under the central streets of the old town of Edinburgh.
The question of who or what use these tunnels becomes interesting.
There are mundane explanations that are obvious such as; sewerage and other utilities, but that merely accounts for the street level finds.
One psychic from the 'Rainbow Family', a Wicca High Priestess was very disturbed by some 'disturbance in the force' off the Royal Mile. She claimed that some demon from the inner planes was contained in the underground room below the street. She said that it had been summoned and wasn't wanting to be here and that it was angry.
That may well have been the 'fatal hotel room' in what used to be a hotel on the site of the 'Z' hotel. The story goes that there was a hotel on the site of the 'Z' that had a room in which a terrible murder took place.
Shortly after that a fearsome Poltergeist created some terrifying disturbances and another guest died in the room.
Then chambermaids and waiters started having bad experiences in that room too which included painful accidents.
The old hotel was knocked down and was replaced by the new one.
Unfortunately on approximately the same floor in the same locality as the room in the old hotel, bad things started happening at the 'Z' and there were many more frightened staff members.
The hotel changed hands and under new management there are no more comments about haunted rooms perhaps because of the power of positive thinking.
Edinburgh is full of tunnels and underground spaces.
For instance there was an underground rifle range from the era of World War 2 under Waverley Station, which at one time could be accessed through the basement kitchen of the 'X' Hotel.

A kitchen porter called 'Vernon' who used to work there stated that in the very deeps of the lowest basement of the hotel he could hear echoes and activity in a space beyond the hotel basement wall.
Indeed adjacent Government buildings in and around Calton Hill connect to old NATO command centres and these things appear to connect to a network of tunnels far more ancient than the 1950's Cold War architecture.
Even the new Scottish Parliament is situated on a known tunnel system that has been seen to link Edinburgh castle with Holyrood Palace, which historically is understandable given the turbulent nature of Scottish history. The caverns of Arthur's Seat are historically linked to all this running directly under the new Parliament to link up with Calton Hill.
Presumably some of these tunnels were lava tubes and vents that were adapted by persons or beings unknown.
Calton Hill is traditionally a faerie hill at which some people were reputed to have eaten a faerie banquet and once upon a time 19th century tradition goes, a poorly faerie boy was found there and adopted by an Edinburgh family.
The entrance to the cavern and tunnel system at Arthur's Seat, above the old rifle range was sealed by order of the Town Council in the late 19th Century as too many people were going missing. One or two had turned up in the caves at Calton hill, but for the most many were never seen again. According to one expert ST, it is a regular feature for Holyrood park workers to go round the area of Salisbury crags sealing up lava tube entrances that have become exposed by weathering.
Could the unstable nature of the foundations and the development of access to this tunnel system be a reason for the massively escalated costs involved in building the Scottish parliament ?
For it is built directly on top of it all.
Indeed it rather looks like an ant hive in its shape and form with its alien windows, mound like form and metallic grass covering.
One man called Julian Stuart stated that he had gained access to a very old brickwork tunnel system under Stockbridge from a riverside culvert at the water of Leith. Circa. 1970.
He suggested that the brickwork was far older than that created by the original city Fathers in the 17th century. He said that the city Fathers had merely used and adapted tunnelling and drainage that were already in place.
Traditionally, Edinburgh castle rock, an old volcanic plug has housed a NATO command bunker under the castle, according to a Military Communications expert who provided technical support there.
So it was understandable therefore that should any external maintenance be required for the castle rock and its environs that the security of the military premises would be attended to by trusted 'weel kent' [well known establishment worthies] tradesmen.
The story begins in 1980, when two building contractors contacted the Philosophical Society in Edinburgh, a society whose aim is to explore the unexplained powers of; man, aliens and nature.
The Philosophical Society is always a good bet to find expertise about the unexplained.
The two men, service veterans, were in a state of fear and alarm and were afraid for their lives.

They related that there had been a rock-fall at Johnston terrace and a split had opened up in the castle rock, and they had been called to come and seal it up, being ex-servicemen and experienced soldiers now in the trades and who had signed the official secrets act.
They had parked their van next to the metal railings on Johnstone Terrace, and looming directly overhead the uprising volcanic rock upon which Edinburgh castle had been built.
Before the time of the medieval version of the castle, it had been used as a place of Druidic sacrifice but today the only tattooing that officially takes place is the Edinburgh Festival's famous Military Tattoo.
The rock fall had been a bit messy, and already Edinburgh's ever-present traffic wardens had placed some traffic cones on the pavement.
They used a small ladder to jump the railings and then they climbed up the few feet necessary to get a close look.
There was a space beyond the split in the rock.
Once their eyes got accustomed to the dark through the split in the rock could be seen a passageway.
This of course was a breach in castle and Ministry of Defence security and would need to be investigated and a full report submitted to their local reporting officer over a pint of Belhaven Ale later on.
The split in the rock was wide enough for them to squeeze through.
They decided that although this could add a couple of hours to their job, Military Intelligence could pick up any parking ticket that might come about.
Getting into the dark, their eyes got acclimatised to the dim light and they both found that they could easily stand up – for they were in some sort of passageway.
Knowing as they did that although NATO had some sort of facility inside the rock, which was probably a communications centre, there were not the reassuring signs of standard trades in the making of this passageway.
There was no; concrete, electric lighting, metallic vents and air conditioning, or, little health and safety signage.
They were thinking maybe this was some additional storage area that nobody really bothered about.
Well they seemed to wander round inside the castle rock, and at some point they were behind the wooden panelling at the officers mess, and at one point they could see princes street and the city centre through a small gap in the rock.
Partial lighting filtered through rock crevices.
Aware no doubt that there is also a military command centre in the rock too they continued to explore when their corridor came to an abrupt end, because at that point the floor just stopped and a black pit yawned open before them.
Realising that they had been lucky not to fall in, one of the men dropped a small rock down into the darkness to attempt to gauge the depth of the drop. There was no sound.
Suddenly a glowing, green reptilian ten-foot monster leaped up out of the pit into the corridor before them. Clawed and snarling it came towards them slowly at first. The men backed away, then they turned and ran … and the monster gave chase.
The men made it back to the entrance at Johnstone terrace and today the brickwork that seals the castle rock and the monster can still be seen.

The story itself doesn't actually stop with the tradesmen because at the same time in the row of houses opposite the castle in Johnstone terrace there used to be an Undertakers and today it is a restaurant after a change of ownership.
These properties sit in the uprising side of the castle rock.
The then owner of the property, the Undertaker, had several basement levels and had become very worried about the noises coming from his lowest basement.
Being an Undertaker tended to add to the drama somewhat, but one night he had had enough of the noise, so he plucked up courage, phoned a friend and together they headed down to the lowest basement.
He was starting to think that perhaps one of his clients was objecting.
He and his friend reached the lowest cellar which smelled damp, and the old brass light switch clunked on to reveal a world of peeling paint and old junk.
It was dark and the door to the cellar room where the thumping noises were coming from was ajar.
There were scuffling and thumping noises just behind the door at the far end of the room.
Picking their way over old, mouldy 1950's bric a brac making sure that their careless feet didn't alert their intruder, they crept up to the noisy room.
They pushed the door open and to their horror, they could see a big, luminous green, reptilian monster leaping about.
They ran.
Thankfully it did not give chase, but after that, the Undertaking profession in Johnston Terrace did not want to have any more to do with alien life forms from the castle rock.

NORMAN DAYSHIFT MANAGER

Norman and Benny Albright were twins. They were twins in the traditional way in that they were both into the same hobbies as each other and competed in the world of Stamp collecting and Judo.
Both were athletic and good at field sports such as hockey and rugby and both had a blistering turn of speed on the sprint, easily turning in a ten point something 100 metres.
Unfortunately, one of their hobbies was to present me with the feeling that I was not worth the paper that I was printed on – which was simply par for the course for my own schooldays which could have rewritten and redefined the definition of bullying as an opportunity to measure how much half the school weighed at any one given time in terms of the metric ton.
The song 'its raining men' from a later era, may well be based on such experiences, but in the era of heavy rock, the gift of life needed to be exercised with some caution.
Hence I ran the chess team and became school champion at a sport with less obvious hands on interference – beating Norman at chess quite regularly and indeed most of the rest of the school.
Norman and Benny were influential, for having beaten both of them in a ten point something 100 metres, on the sports field, the race was at their insistence declared invalid and had to be 'run again' till I was properly beaten.
As a field hockey player I was a rather efficient left sided forward with a good scoring record and could nip in on breakdown situations coming in behind a right sided attack and volleying in.
I got two in the Scottish Schools Cup like that against Grangemouth.
Grangemouth High being next to the Oil refinery were obviously a refined school, as their pitch was covered in a white powder, the fall out from those nights that the local sky turns green.
Next fixture up in the Scottish Schools League was Bo'ness Academy at Hawkhill ground.
The match bullies-off on the centre spot and our centre forward wins the ball and slips it immediately left to me.
Their whole team is behind the ball and no-one has yet arrived to support a forward move.
I'm standing on the centre line across the field and I'm marked by their right sided forward who I run past, heading down the left channel and already halfway into their half. Their immediate cover was a fast running big midfielder who was physically committed momentum wise to a stop and intercept tackle from the side– a sort of slam dunk, but I put the ball beyond his incoming body and accelerate through his line of travel leaving him trailing and going the wrong way.
Next up the Bo'ness right back who came charging out which was a bad move because he had committed himself before he knew which way I was going to turn, so I twisted my angle of run and sent the ball through him leaving him needing to stop and turn and give chase and then there was only the keeper to beat.
I had not yet made my turn to come into the centre of the goal area and was still in the left channel so the goalkeeper came out slowly, positioning himself, waiting, knowing that I would have to try to shoot or dribble round him.

I decided to shoot, but knew that the keeper would attempt to position himself to cover his far left post (my right) by reading my body angle as I went to line up the ball with my stick, so I kept my stick and ball quite close to my feet and pretended to line up a shot a foot or so the keepers left whilst I got myself into effective range.
This worked because the keeper decided, on reading my body language, that he had that left post covered and moved further to his right to cover a possible dribble on his right.
What he didn't know however was that there was actually about four feet to his left not one, and I suddenly twisted around the ball to drive for the target and shot home.
It was a solo goal to grace any league.
The silence from captain Norman though was deafening.
The next game we had we were playing some public school from somewhere. These guys were big. They had to be eating their Porridge oats. The average height had to be six and a half. I was six feet.
They were well built, fast, tackled hard and hit hard.
We couldn't get moving because they were all over us and there was not one foot of space or one moment of time on the ball from one minute to another in that game.
They operated as a proper team should, they moved up and down the park as an organised unit and if ever they needed to remake the Raptor scene in Jurassic Park – just put these guys in the suits.
This modus operandii didn't really suit my playing style which really needed a bit of movement and organised mayhem and add to that fact that I was man-marked it was obvious that this was going to be an unusually hard game.
Norman gets the ball on the centre spot from his centre half position and thinking that I might be on for a pass I drag my marker out to the left field and forward, but Norman doesn't pass in behind him for me to move onto.
Instead, Norman has other plans.
Norman starts walking forward with the ball, slowly inching it forward with his stick, as if an invitation to the half dozen raptors in his vicinity.
Without much more of an invite than that .. in come the raptors, tackle, tackle, chop, tackle, chop, hack, clunk, tackle, chop and not one of the half dozen vigorously hacking monster schoolboys could get their stick on the ball.
There had to be several tackles coming in every other second and it looked like whatever Norman had had for breakfast that morning wasn't being served up at my house.
Next in the middle of all this blur of stickwork, Norman has made several yards forward in the last twenty very busy seconds and I again start thinking that perhaps he is going to do the wise thing and pass it .. because after all the entire flock of raptors were queuing up around him and they were several raptors deep. These B Movie heroics had created some space for the rest of the team.
Alas no, for although I tried to get some sort of angle on my marker by moving further left, Norman suddenly changed his direction, and, flock of tackling, hacking, blocking, chopping raptors in tow, who all the time were doing what B-Movie martial arts look like after the editing – started to walk directly towards me.
Not one of his assailants over the space of thirty or more seconds could get the ball off him, though not for want of trying.
Several tackles broken every other second and he's bringing the ball, in his own time, slowly, straight over to me and no-one else.

This stuff makes human International and Olympic Hockey standards look sleepy and this is on a bumpy, muddy, grass pitch.
Finally, Norman arrives, ignoring the opposition and my marker and stands face to face with me to the total exclusion of the game.
OK then Andrew, you take it from here.
At that point he turned around and walked away, abandoning the attack and leaving me with the ball .. and then the Raptors descended on me ...
With the natural order of supremacy so adeptly restored by these superhuman efforts it became possible to see that Norman and Benny Albright were rather unusual. Indeed another set of Albright twins, this time female, black haired and from a different family who had uncannily similar straight-featured faces were in the year below. They might well have been some sort of strange but alien co-incidence.
Norman and Benny were just progressing from their Judo brown belts making good time up the competition ladder and were about to sit their first Dan Black Belt exam.
Boys being boys, there was a big scene of people learning Karate, Kung Fu and Judo, and who regularly re-enacted swashbuckling movies with school fencing equipment.
In the quiet of the lunch hour, in between bouts with the school bully, a local wresting champion at the Leith gymnasium, I had a gap in my busy schedule to respond to the invite of one of the Chinese guys who was doing Kung Fu.
The school cloakroom first floor was quiet at the time and the guy was anxious to show me one of his Kung Fu moves.
Make like you have a knife he said ... and come at me ... well, er .. ok then ... so I brandished a knife-like object at him .. and before I could say Jackie Chan he had kicked it out of my hand and returned his foot to its resting position. I never saw one bit of that kick, not a blur, no motion whatsoever.
Whatever had just taken place had taken place faster than I had any capacity to recognise. The kind actions of this being had alerted me to the fact that human beings weren't the only kind of beings that go to school.
Another lunch hour with some down time, along comes Norman and he has Ewan with him. Ewan later trains and joins the SAS, (not quite 100% with handgun with his left hand) but not before giving me a bit of pinewood to chop through as part of my don't do karate thing.
Norman, training for his blackbelt wants to show Ewan some stuff and wants to introduce me to the world of Judo. I could have said no, but the time about to be spent in the big gymnasium in the school annexe made today's bullying more interesting.
I hadn't done any Judo before and maybe I could learn a bit about break falls and some principles of balance that could help me in my lunchtime Mortal Kombat bouts with Leith's champion wrestler.
We went to the annexe and I got changed into helpfully supplied Judo kit with my white belt, and there were some mats out.
Norman wore his competition badges and brown belt.
In the ceiling high above, the tube lights cast a glaring light in the big old gymnasium.
The principle of Judo has a lot to do with; balance, counter balance, turning one's opponents energies against themselves, and leverage and as such there is a lot of pushing and pulling, displacement and momentum manipulation.
Norman and I faced up with grips on sleeves.

Not knowing exactly what to push or pull or what sort of systematic thing I could do that would give me any kind of result, I was a bit baffled at exactly what I was supposed to be doing.
No problem though, because without any pushing or pulling, or weight movement or falling forward or weight imbalance and indeed from a neutral standing start, suddenly beyond my capacity to understand or recognise, I was upside down fully extended and seven foot in the air with my feet all the way up fifteen feet into the happy school lights and then crashing down on the mats below.
I was thrown by the arms by a standing opponent in the upright position.
I realised that getting the break-fall training module wasn't the point of this exercise when Ewan announces; 'a Full Ippon'.
What had just happened had not only broken the laws of Judo but also the laws of physics as well.
For me the main issue is the compromise of my humanity.
Clearly all this sports stuff and martial arts garbage out there in the world is just making a fool of people like myself.
Obviously the place has its fair share of imposters messing about in human infrastructure for no human reason.
These people can do absolutely anything they want – for nothing appears physically impossible to them.
All the human sports science, and systematic training and diets, the devoted and dedicated routines, the hard learning and circuit training, and all this sitting for months in a freezing cave in the Chinese mountains learning the way of the insectoid grasshopper just seemed like a load of old Bull.
The furthest east Norman had been had been Easter Road in Edinburgh.
Although my ten point something 100 metres was good to go thirty years ago .. it's obvious that there are plenty of people about that don't suffer from these limitations.
Just what they are all playing at though is anybody's guess … maybe just having a laugh.
Alien Norman and Benny became Supermart managers.

MEDIUM RARE

The story, as far as I am aware, begins thusly ...
"When all the souls had chosen their lives, they went before Lachesis. And she sent with each, as the guardian of his life and the fulfiller of his choice, the daimon that he had chosen." Plato, Republic Book X

And this Being was my soul twin whom I had abandoned long ago on my selfish road of self-discovery. He was the fulfiller of my life and my destiny.
I have memories that are pre-natal.
I am in a discussion with someone presumably male that I cannot see. Below us all is grey and I can just make out the shape of the planets Northern hemisphere.
He is asking me to choose my incarnation. I am then shown about a dozen families in Western Europe and their social potential and shown possible lessons that might fit my needs. There were opportunities and pitfalls in their peer groups and social environments.
I descend momentarily into the probabilities of each family and each womb to see what the 'job description' looks like – i.e. Which of my strengths and weaknesses will be tested in each of the families' dynamics.
I ask – 'which is the most difficult' - he says – 'that one' - then proceeds to attempt to talk me out of it.
I say but this lesson from that part of a past life will get me through this bit, and experience from that previous life will cover this bit - and running six lessons from other existences would get me thus far etc.
The next thing I can remember is standing in a circle with others who are about to be born grey/gold monotone, we are all wearing robes, we each hold a cup and drink the cup of parting.
The next sequence, I am being wrapped in black stuff rather like windings, and these are meant to dim my sensitivities - I complain about this as I descend from the sky towards my incarnation.
The last words from Spirit I hear are 'be wary of the ploys of Satan'.
I must have taken a long time to warm to the idea of being born this time – for according to my biological mother I was 108 hours in labour !! And as they say in Macbeth – I was 'no man born of woman' i.e. a caesarean.
I open my eyes and I am in a cot in the hospital – and three people who I could see as faces, presumably doctors are peering into my cot and at me – two men and one woman.
They unanimously decide that I am non-telepathic deadwood and have me put in the part of the nursery with all the other human deadwood.
'Welcome to planet earth !!!!' – indeed, welcome to Scotland.
The script so far according to my biological mother is that she was living a life of drudgery because she was an illicit child of some aristocratic family.
Her grandfather had once sat her down on his knee when she was a little child and told her – pointing to her wrists .. 'In those veins run Royal blood.'
Worse still, her GP confirmed her unusual blood type as regal.

She then claimed that her true biological mother was actually buried in Lilliesleaf Church in the Scottish Borders.
She said just before she died that if I ever entered there .. that I would be killed by falling masonry.
Was her existence then, some sort of Masonic conspiracy ?
Her own birth details of early September 1925 suggests if this is true that at some aristocratic Hogmanay in 1924, in some ancestral pile in the Scottish Borders, two high ranking individuals from Illuminati families committed an indiscretion and that she was alleging to be the result nine months later.
In Lilliesleaf cemetery the main crypt is predominately Stewart, but perhaps my true Grandmother was buried anonymously and in disgrace.
My own biological mother thought herself to be a Rutherford, which is a sept of the clan Roxburgh.
It was true to say that my mother visited there often and would also drop in to the local Roxburgh estate for afternoon tea in the café as a member of the public on a frequent basis.
The Clan Roxburgh is also thought to be senior and high ranking in these matters of Bloodline and Illuminati provenance.
If this is all true, then it is to be noted the mercy with which the unwanted child my Mother was treated, as stranger things have happened under the full moon in Scotland than having to live with a coal mining family in Gorebridge.
To this set of circumstances comes the relatively genetically degenerate and monkey brained me with Reptilian genetics that did not do very much.
If it was true then my biological relatives are Scottish Lairds and aristocracy, but if God was true for me, then my real family were the company of Angels.
I am lying in my cot; I am born, and about two years old. I can remember my parent's bedroom clearly and I am staring at the picture of a lake on the inside of my cot. The waters start shimmering and moving; it was as if I was watching a real lake in the real outdoors. Then I look up and there is a large, golden, shimmering area above my cot. Then a lady speaks to me.
I am not going goo-goo ga ga, I am having an intelligent conversation at a time science tells me that I should not. She is my guardian, and she asks, ' are you sure you want to do it this way ?' - I considered, and then said yes. I believe I had opted to retain a faculty to be awake – which probably could be stressful because my sense of attunement with the true eternal reality could always be easily subverted by the world.
She said 'I'll be back - see you later'. At that my intelligence faded, and I was back to goo goo, ga ga.
These memories, however strange, are very special to me.
The next memory is of being in a children's hospital ward for a hernia operation and it is time to go to my cot for the evening. We are allowed one toy to play with and I was in a queue at the toy cupboard. All the other little boys were choosing little metal miniature cars – and I chose a big red plastic sports car toy to take to my cot.
I remember looking over at the other three-year-old boys who were having great fun with their little cars. They were executives in control, driving their cars up and down the valleys and mountains of their blankets. My big red plastic toy was too big to have any fun with in the cot. I remember hearing one little boy telepathically say – 'we're going to

get you because we know what we are doing and you don't' and at that, I threw my big plastic car out of my cot.
I remember the nurse coming over and she was angry with me and she said 'you've made your choice' as she shoved the useless big toy back into my cot.
During my rather solitary and cloistered childhood I played in the trees and lawns of my back garden with an invisible friend called the Colonel, who stayed, as they do, in a small apple tree out of sight of the house. He suggested games and ways to play with my toy armies and I was never bored or lonely practising these battles.
The first indication that I was on the rocky road betwixt the light and the dark came at the age of twelve, during an unpleasant school career.
My last year of primary school and the class was saying the Lords prayer.
I suddenly have a vision.
I am surrounded by grey blue mist - I can see myself, a young man with short hair in a clean long robe. Around, all is mist, but a path clears, and I find myself journeying between two walls of mist along that path, being torn and buffeted from all directions.
Clawed hands would suddenly tear at me like I was in an invisible gauntlet.
I stagger and fall to my knees and I see myself, ragged, torn, bleeding, bearded, and I crawl on and come to a clearing in this cruel mist.
On a cross amidst a pile of stones in the centre of the clearing is a figure, crucified, I crawl to the base of the cross and reach out to touch the foot of the figure.
I may have thought that I was seeing myself crucified then, but in truth I was seeing my quest to find the path of the true Christ who had been crucified and broken in a torment beyond my capacities to fully understand.
The ego trip being that because we have a hard time here on Earth, we often think that no-one could possibly have had it harder. Yet even the most sensitive human could never be compromised and ruptured to any order of magnitude, especially in a world filled with Angels of Love and their ministry.
My twenty first birthday was a cracker literally.
We went to Balmarino beach in north Fife to look for little seashore agates when I spotted one about twenty feet up the seaside cliff. It was a big orange brown agate about four inches in diameter.
I clambered over the boulder strewn shingle beach to the base of the cliff and started climbing for it.
The big three feet boulders at the foot of the cliff made it difficult to get a foothold, but eventually I managed to scramble up some fifteen feet in the general direction of the semi-precious gem.
Needing to pull up another two or three feet I grappled onto a handhold in the volcanic rock, which had been weathered by long exposure to the sea.
Suddenly a huge slab of it started to come away from the cliff directly above my head and my handhold was now empty air and falling rock.
At that point, just as I realised that I was going to fall about fifteen feet between a rock and a hard place, an image of a newspaper flashed through my mind.
It was of a newspaper called the Dundee Courier and it had as its headline: 'Boy 13, Dies in Cliff Plunge'. I remember thinking, 'but I'm not 13' and suddenly things started to slow down around me.

I twisted around to face the direction of fall, and slowly fell through the air directing my angle of body and angle of contact with my arms to an area between two of the bigger rocks.
I landed arms first, then waist, followed by my legs, then my face and nose went into the rock as things started to return to normal speed.
I had only broken my nose and my wrist, but without the benefit of slow motion I would have landed badly and without any precision.
My Guardian Angel had interceded to save me.
I subsequently find out later that there is definitely a newspaper based in Dundee called 'the Courier' but I'm not sure if it ever looked like that or had run that headline.
Being interested in geology and lapidary my Uncle and I set out on an expedition to Greenstone point on Scotland's west coast across from the isle of Iona to see if we could find any green stones.
The green stones were probably the famous serpentine marbles that could also be found on Iona.
We parked the car and set off across the peat and the bracken and wild moor land till we came to the sea.
Finally we arrived at an Atlantic Ocean storm beach where it was obvious that enormous forces were moving enormous boulders and ocean wreckage up and down inlets almost at will every other tide.
The ocean comes crashing in here in the most explosive way.
When we picked our way down to the beach, the stones appeared grey and ships flotsam and an old rusted oceanic marker buoy lay parked up where recently thrown.
The beach rocks and stones, however, were grey and colourless.
We went down to the waterline as sometimes the smaller stones naturally accumulate lower down the beach put there by the receding tides, but nothing to be seen – just more of the same dark grey colour rocks and shingle.
Then I had the idea to wade out.
I took off my socks and shoes whilst my Uncle downed another can of Tennents super strength lager – a bad brew made in Scotland.
I started wading out and had gone ten or fifteen feet out passing the bigger rocks and boulders on the shoreline.
As I turned to come back, not having seen any change in the colouration of shingle underfoot I saw that one of the shore rocks had a crack in it about a foot and a half above the current waterline. In that crack to my wonder and amazement was a small light green pebble about an inch in diameter.
It was a green stone – probably the only green stone on the beach, and it had been put there by the force of the sea, by the very hand of nature.
Green serpentine marble.
I thanked providence and pulled it out of the rock.
The probabilities of that event being usual were not on any scale that involved human ones and zeros.
This was some sort of faerie thing happening.
I envisioned the Celtic goddess of the sea, called Sula or in Latin Solan, after whom the Solan geese are named.

The story goes that the goddess Sula, who traditionally stays on the bass rock in Eastern Scotland in East Lothian amongst the flock of indigenous Solan geese, is said to dive into the seas of fate to save Celtic souls for Christ.
A Scottish prophecy speaks of the coming steward of advent .. ' syne all the lentryne but leis and the lang reid, and als in the advent, the Soland stewart was sent ..' [c.a 1450AD] [then all lent, without lying, and the long reid, and also in the advent, the Solan goose was sent as steward].
My own arts company from 1984AD was called the Solan Company and we put on several Edinburgh fringe shows and made several recordings.
So maybe this connection with the sea and Scottish mythology was very strong in me.
As my arts career progressed, my band called the Wild Geese went on road trips to venues all over Scotland including points north in the Highlands.
We had an old and big Mercedes van, which had coach seats and could take all our four souls and all our kit, which included public address system and drums, and numerous other items in our haulage compartment.
Heading up north to a gig in Aberdeen we were making our usual headway up the A90 motorway. The van had just been serviced and the powerful motor enabled it to move along in a responsive manner on hills etc.
It was raining on the way up, and we passed the usual Eddie Stobbart and Tesco heavy goods vehicles that were grinding along in their customary manner.
We had cut through to Dundee from Perth and were progressing to Aberdeen city limits on the 50mph dual carriage way at 50mph when suddenly all hell breaks loose with the steering.
I wrestle and pull and tug and spin the wheel to get direction and brake, but the van is veering left. If I hit the brakes too hard we would all be in huge trouble as the van could over turn. So bringing it to a controlled stop as soon as possible given that the load and its momentum were the dangerous factors was the best option.
As I continued to apply the brakes, the van slowed and slowed and then gradually veered left straight into a waiting lay by and came to a stop.
By some act of God the steering track rod had gone at the most harmless time possible on that journey. We could have been debris under some huge truck at any time had God not had a say.
We were in a lay-by, adjacent to a garage, toilet and phone box and only a few miles from our intended destination across the city before us.
Whilst all my life was progressing though, there was no sign whatsoever that any of my Mothers fears, hopes and aspirations of Illuminati high society would want to materialise.
One day however, whilst running my UFO group called the Transformation Studies Group, a strange and attractive young lady called Minnie MacEwe walks in.
It turns out that she was descended from an Illuminati bloodline and was involved in some sort of sexual prostitution circus that had Reptilian bloodlines and mind control and trauma and military and America and specialised ‘training’ in Paris.
For me this was a bit of overload.
She seemed certain that I would be interested in being her slave, would be up for wearing drag and hair extensions and sing happy songs celebrating Monika Lewinsky’s infamous deeds.
She even wanted to do my makeup.

Well, I was really just a rock and roll musician tending to mind my own business, so I wasn't quite sure what this kind of circus had to do with my life at all.
It just didn't seem relevant.
She did say something about my twin soul and mentioned the usual Illuminati rhetoric about balancing left-brains and right brains. Then would I come with her for a couple of weekends to a castle in Fife whilst wearing dresses and being a pair of happy slappers together.
It was maybe not a co-incidence that perhaps my mother had allegedly been the child of such a circus.
Perhaps all this blueblood nonsense was somehow trying to drag me into that world. She did say that she was to be my handler, but frankly this was getting to be a pain in the ass.
Also, who had told her that I thought that I had a twin soul ?
Once she discovered that I was not going to play along with that indecent proposal she disappeared out of my life.
I cannot attribute any real Heir to the throne of Scotland type conspiracy stuff to that though as this kind of seedy stuff is pretty usual.
It might be observed though that in some interpretations of the Talmud, the homosexual cannot be made priest king – that is according to one of those black and red Masonic Templar type publications on Illuminati bloodlines, grails and such. [M Baigent]
My Guardian Angel had prevented me from being subsumed by some sort of perverted mind control agency.
Life returned to merely alien insectoid issues after that and the whole world of Blueblood Reptilia took a back seat as a swarm of aliens like ants on crack came in for the kill.

THE GAUNTLET AND THE FORGE

From the Book of Enoch in the apocrypha, the collection of Books that never made it into the Bible, we hear that there was a war in Heaven and many prisoners taken.
They were an army called 'the Grigori' and were billeted in the lower realms.
After the war there was a great taking stock and re-ordering of priorities.
From the real archaeology that we can sometimes access such as Michael Cremo's 'Forbidden Archaeology', 2001AD, we can pick out the evidence for a high tech civilisation that many legends call Atlantis.
Atlantis was a global civilisation that spread into the galaxy from the evidence of obvious pyramids on Mars e.g. at ianni chaos and other Sumerian temple like structures photographed by the ESA , European Space Agency camera.
What caused the wars of the Fall ?
People in these old deleted books such as the Apocrypha speak of the crimes of passion and crimes against creation as Giants were cloned into being by rogue Atlanteans that usurped a beautiful way of Life.
The ruling Reptilian hierarchy managed to bring the wars under control and the human experiment was devised.
How then could such crimes and desecration of a great Civilisation have taken place ?
What had gone wrong ?
People needed to know more about themselves, and needed to do so without the encumbrances of many lifetimes knowledge.
Merely being good at many Arts and Sciences was not in itself guarantee that Civilisation was sustainable for any length of time.
Such issues of genius really cluttered things up and it became difficult to know where the true matters of the heart were actually taking us all.
They therefore devised humanity.
This created a semi-functional and limited organic being that would have a fixed temporary nature and be restricted in capacity. Any Atlantean souls using these slow human opportunities would have to prioritise their issues in such restrictions.
Symbolised by the Sphinx, the half animal, half divine/Reptilian human was created to be a soul development opportunity amongst artificially constrained social simulations.
Earth's surface became a technologically primitive nursery school dedicated to the growth and education of the Spirit and Soul.
Inventions would never catch on epoch by epoch and strange guardians and limiters of knowledge and truth would lurk behind the scenes to perpetuate the primitive nature of the nursery so that souls incarnated as human to work out in this spiritual gymnasium always had only the basic ingredients to hand.
There was a general conspiracy amongst the Reptilian Elohim or Watchers to see that fair play for the soul took place.
As Christ said, 'beware He who can kill the soul not the body'.
Humanity came here to choose between how to live supplied by eternal love and free energy or whether to wither as a rapacious and selfish vampire.
As an epoch of technology arrived in the dark ages amongst the retarded social simulations so did more of the dark beings we today call the Greys.

The Picts in the Bronze Age had also worshipped them on Scottish standing stones. [c.f. Brechin Cathedral]
Attracted to the scene of social and creative disease they were the ideal devils advocates for they deliver annulment to the creative mind.
They would feed by injecting spiritual and creative disease in their victims and they were legion.
A soul-stealing insectoid hive with multiple personality disorder.
The hive, the bees and the insectoid kobolds are woven into Merovingian Templar ornaments and Teutonic tapestries.
There is a whole era of self-empowered mages such as the 16th Century Elizabethan Dr John Dee who wrote of the keys of Enoch and drew the demonic features we see from today's abduction accounts that pay tribute to the alliances with dark otherworldly beings.
That also included Aleister Crowley in the 20th Century with his Lam abduction accounts of fleshy demonic UFO's.
The living death of trying to play god would drown us in a swamp of diseased ego. Totally disconnected from any love we would be gnawed in an endless cycle of biology whose worm did not die nor its fires go out.
As we humans played out our spiritual choices that analogously translated into biological damage, the others here, the immortals, would shape shift and mutate their lives from one generation of humans to the next.
There was also a hierarchy of good and neutral non-human beings traditionally in Scotland known as the Seelie and also the unSeelie court.
The natural order of beings on the planets surface though was a mixture of those good and evil incarnated to work on their issues, plus, the indigenous Reptilians who had massive subsurface cities [e.g. the reptilian Naga of Shamballah under Tibet] from ancient times dedicated to monitoring the human soul workshops that would take place amongst the nursery toys that humans would call civilisation.
The main goal though was the relaunch of Atlantis after its Fall from Grace such that crimes of passion, crimes of technology and crimes of the soul could be better understood and picked up early.
The dark Greys as one might expect were unlikely to play along with their tolerated role as painful nursery toys.
The Reptilian Watchers, the planetary owners, the Elohim are painted as the EL's or Elves in the painting by 19th Century Scottish colourist John Duncan.
The painting is called 'the Riders of the Sidhe' [pronounced she]
In this painting, red haired and blonde haired nobles with reptilian motifs and horse harness with Hindu swastikas ride along as they shine in their illuminated or Illuminati state.
Little reptilian children run alongside the horses.
These are light filled Reptilian and blueblood dynasties we hear of so much in the fringe literature.
As we all know, there is the good and the bad of everything, not as Dr Greer the UFO expert and exopolitician has maintained when he said that All of the non-human is good.
The planets surface therefore is a place to try out and work on our issues. A temporary workshop opportunity amongst lots of people both good and evil who want to teach us our lessons and give us a very hard time in the process.

The traditional human being is a soul who is partitioned before birth, with all of his or her memories of past epochs and multiple skills safely tucked away beyond damage or recall.
The traditional human being is tabla rasa .. a blank slate who can get to choose the qualities of their peer group and probable set of lessons and exposures to harm.
There are planned a few driving issues within their domestic and social environment that then propels the clumsy performer out into the world to begin the process of engagement and refinement within their chosen social context.
The ponderous, human, low capacity, restrictive, degenerating DNA though is on a timer.
Most usually there are nurturing provisions made by those seen and unseen who watch. i.e. The Watchers, the AngEL's or Elohim.
From the book of Wisdom 9:13-18
What man can know the intentions of God ?
Who can divine the will of the Lord ?
The reasonings of mortals are unsure and our intentions unstable; for a perishable body presses down on the soul, and this tent of clay weighs down the teeming mind. It is hard enough for us to work out what is on earth, laborious to know what lies within our reach; who, then, can discover what is in the heavens ? As for your intention, who could have learned it, had you not granted Wisdom and sent your holy spirit from above ?
Thus have the paths of those on earth been straightened and men been taught what pleases you, and saved, by Wisdom.'
The human, more monkey than shining ability has to then take the challenge of life's artificial gauntlet.
Then in the school of hard knocks and in the University of Life, by aping our superiors and applying monkey see, monkey do and by the virtue of persistence and repetition and self defence, we can usually make some progress in this dark retarded games room.
The whole point of the exercise though is not to get carried away with our prowess in our stunted disconnected state for there are always half a ton of supermen who can come forward to do what we think we can do well with superb and crushingly good ability.
The whole point of the exercise is to love your brother and sister as you would love yourself, and love God as you would love yourself.
In that revelation lies the guarantee that whatever we inherit beyond our temporary human restrictions we will have the spiritual health to keep forever.
Many people that incarnated as humans though did not know how spiritually healthy they were and opted for the most severe tests and great hardships. None would ever proceed alone though.
Everyone had an Angel.
In my life, I needed to feel that I was questing for reality, questing for truth and in so doing, do some good in the process.
I was always a bit of a fighter and altruist at heart, but I recognised that those were the ideals that we would call Chivalry when I started reading the tales of the Knights of the round table. [Le Morte d'Arthur. by Sir Thomas Malory]
It seemed natural then that when the opportunity arose in my mid twenties to join the Sovereign Military Order of the Scottish Knights Templar, I would sign up, when these virtues seemed at the time to be embodied in the rhetoric of the day.
As some of the ceremony progressed, being recorded for the BBC Radio Parade series .. I could definitely empathise ... being tried and tested in the heat of battle, in the forge of

life for we know not what but that is only so that from the dross and the clay, the refined may be liberated. So that our spirit, sharp and keen, may be used by God, in the battle against darkness and evil.
I had no idea that the place was full of Pretenders to the Scottish throne, massive ructions and divisions and indeed that there was a whole world of somewhat pagan ideas that led to Reptile central.
Indeed, being a tabla rasa human, I didn't know anything about this human reptilian stuff, just assuming that people were better at stuff because they worked harder, not that they were turbo charged beyond the speed of alleged natural processes and lit up in the dark !
Or that they had access to the memories and skills of many lifetimes.
Amongst the Templar Officers circulated the story about the landing of Mary Queen of Scots at Leith in Edinburgh in the 15th Century.
A Black Knight with no insignia in full lacquered black field plate armour with black tabard and horse and banner, rode all the way through Edinburgh and down to the Leith quayside where the Queen had just landed on her ship from France.
This strange event could be heard by the crowds as the big warhorse pounded the cobbled roads with its iron-shod hooves down to the docks at Leith shore. Reigning in his warlike stallion, the Black Knight dismounted and fell to his knees, presenting his sword in service to the Queen.
Who was this strange Knight-in-Black ? what kind of Being ?
The status quo order of things for the rank and file however, was more or less mundane activities just for the ground troops. These were split up into commanderies and Priories but I soon noticed that they seemed to be awarding themselves expensive medals for next to nothing.
One rich American guy, a total stranger, came into one of the meetings as a guy in a suit and before you could say abracadabra with the aid of his loyal magicians assistant, some Templar officer, he put on and took off in quick succession several robes of office and became thusly elevated to Darth Mac Vader Master and Commander of the Templar legions with powers to raise an army of darkness.
That stuff was both funny and impressive at the same time.
There just had to be something more Spiritual than this stuff going on.
Sure enough there was.
Where we met I started to notice that there always seemed to be an enclave of attractive young women who sat in the library seemingly guarded by one or two Templar officer guys.
Artistic, classy and refined and not into football, this was more like it.
I had spoken to one of them, called Emma, a strong psychic with a relationship with a very powerful Angel, and she was the kind of person who alleged could fly to the top of the nearest hill with or without her body.
She also alleged contact with Opus Dei.
She invited me to meet Anne.
Anne was special.
She soon demonstrated not only her powers of telepathy by completing the sentences I was going to say but she also had the power to pick me up and shove me to one side with the actions of her will power alone.

This was all a bit above my head.
Her husband and guardian was into Wagner and the Ring cycle and they enthused about being Jedi.
Another lady there who married an Archduke and became a princess was able to create psychic masterpieces of enormous power and magnitude and create ornate energy roses at certain ancient Scottish sites.
The structure, according to the Templar historian, was called 'the rose of X' which fact shows that a whole encyclopaedia and culture of energy systems and forms that humans cannot ever see exists and was accessible by these strange people.
There was a whole world of Elves and Faeries, Goblins and Trolls and a Scottish underworld full of special and mystical challenges.
There was also a whole world of magical combat with the forces of darkness.
Because of my own life experiences, any system I could study that might enable me to deal with these issues and problems seemed like a good idea. I was after all a systematic person.
This was the Star Temple or Stella Templum and it is an International organisation that meets every year in a castle in Majorca.
Its emblem is the white cross of spirit on the blue of the spiritual sea.
Stella Templum in Scotland, as far as I could see, specialised in the study, maintenance and restoration of Scottish artefacts, archaeological sites and historical references with special emphasis on the hidden spiritual realities with the Scottish lands and its forms.
Star Temple Ceremonial artefacts such as a jewelled brooch called 'ladies rock' had a biblical reference that pointed to the Ark of the Covenant being hid in a mountain called the Scottish Snowdon.
Ladies Rock in actual Scottish geography sits adjacent to Stirling castle.
It is not a mountain.
Another artefact, a painting showed a fallen old Knight at the end of his quest being uplifted by Angels.
I was walking round the pavement walkway at St James shopping Mall in Edinburgh one afternoon when I jumped out of my skin in complete surprise.
There coming towards me was Anne and her husband.
Well it was the same couple but they were dressed totally differently from anything they usually wore, looked much younger and had deep suntans. They met my eyes and smiled as they walked past.
I thought to stop them and engage them in chat but to my willpower, as they passed me by only two feet away, they could have been two miles away.
I spoke to the usual Anne the next day, who had no suntan and appeared normal and after I described what I had seen, she explained that that was the sort of garb she and her husband wore several years ago.
Her husband enigmatically quipped 'Mr and Mrs Doppelganger !'
Somehow I had just discovered a world of shifting and changing life forms that I had had absolutely no prior knowledge of.
Without any objection to my crude and untutored social state I was invited to an elite dinner party one evening.
Some high-ranking officers were there including Anne, and before we ate, the ladies sat down in a circle to produce a creative visualisation.
There was the holding of hands and the willing of power.

Emma, the youngest, and somewhat of a savant, announced that I would be as a young fool on a charger whose lightweight lance would shatter in battle.
I'm only human after all.
Thereafter, two of the male officers started to get a bit heavy on the quotation from Matthew 22:11-14. When the king came in to look at the guests he noticed one man who was not wearing a wedding garment. [This translates into their context as not wearing shining reptilian genetics] and said to him, How did you get in here, my friend, without a wedding garment, and the man was silent. Then the king said to the attendants, Bind him hand and foot and throw him out into the dark, where there will be a weeping and grinding of teeth. For many are called, but few are chosen.'
The other male officer remarked that there were many people from different ranks in the order from dustmen to dukes.
As I, mere man of dust, did not have the measure of such inhuman excellence at the time I took the insult realising that my humanity had been affronted and that it was up to me to at least prove to myself that I was not a man of dust or straw.
No spiritual insult whether by accident or design could have motivated me more to turn my life around.
Monty Python in the Quest for the Holy Grail said it rather well. ' Strange people lying in ponds, distributing swords, is no basis for a system of government. Supreme executive power comes from a mandate from the masses not from some farcical aquatic ceremony. If I went round saying that I was an emperor because some moistened bint had lobbed a scimitar at me, they'd put me away !!
Though bluntly denied fraternity, in truth though to the greater spiritual good, I was being sent out on my own life's Grail quest.
The Templar scene in Scotland disintegrated shortly after that as; political infighting, theft, destruction of records, splinter groups, pretenders, government moles, spooks, competing Illuminati organisations all weighed in with their stuff.
I have had profound assistance from some of the Templar players since then, though not in any official capacity, but as a questing fool and candidate for the drop into dust, it was my life's incarnated duty and choice to run the gauntlet and be tested in life's forge.
It was my life's purpose to find myself and to find Christ, and to take on the robe and mantle of humanity and be of some service to Earth.
What I did learn about life and Chivalry is that it is not the colour of your race or genetics or your origins that are important or necessary, only that as a servant of God and Christ, that you love your brother and sister, as yourself and love God as you love yourself.
That way we become part of something bigger and special, we become part of the Holy Spirit living in and because of the Grail of Christ.
No bit of paper or diploma on your wall that alleges to empower life should be telling you anything different.
Perhaps the glory days of Atlantis are soon to return.

The Ghost of Botanical Street

The Cauldron Club in Scotland was born as a philanthropic group in Edinburgh in the early 1900's, and occupies a big prestigious building in Botanical Street in the seaside town of Portobello, Edinburgh.
It had attracted many important contributors to global and Scottish culture through its doors over the course of the last century from; the founder of the Bahai Faith to global Gurus, Scottish Artists such as John Duncan and black magicians of the calibre of Macgregor Mathers.
In Edinburgh it acted as an umbrella organisation for every magical belief system under the sun and facilitated creative meditations and legitimate; workshops and magical meetings and ecumenical ceremonies of e.g. a version of the Rosicrucian's, Knights Templars, Star Temples, The Order of the Golden Dawn, Marconi Scientists with ultra low frequency devices, Buddhists, Daoists, Maoists, Liberal Catholics, Krishnamurti, Gnostics, Coptic, Co-masons, unco Masons, journalists, socialists, scientists, healers, spooks, special forces, chemists, CIA, KGB, MI5, NSA, MK Ultra, Special Boat Services, alchemists, chiropodists, questers, jesters, High Priestesses, Warlocks, Witches, Illuminati, White Magicians, not so White Magicians and a million other ideas and beliefs besides.
It didn't come as a surprise therefore given the chaos of magical thoughts and the disturbances of will that the place would have a ghost.
The story begins in the early 1900's in the days of Aleister Crowleigh and his infamous Golden Dawn group. Crowleigh's excesses were often scary and legendary and he clearly saw himself as some 'beast'. His law was 'do what thou wilt', the law of Thelema.
Some people, therefore had meticulously followed that advice and had created some sort of portal under the guidance of a breakaway group led by Mathers in the building of the Cauldron Club.
Stories relating to Crowleigh and his Golden Dawn group speak of goat footprints all over a wall and ceiling of a room in Paris and of his famous Lam meditations included demons inside fleshy flying saucers.
It turns out that an offshoot from his Golden Dawn group originally led by Macgregor Mathers from the 1930's had been paying rent even into the 1970's for a small room at the top of the building.
According to one lady, a High Priestess of an international magical order and temple, in the early 1980's she had tried to deal with the powers in that room. There was visible to her eyes a pyramidal structure in the middle of the floor made of energy, and that it acted as a door.
In and out of that door there was something that would come from the formless realms beyond.
Very few people had any good feeling about being in that room and added to that fact that the carpets were dark brown and the walls a muddy colour it could well have been a portal to some dismal cyclopean swamp.
She said that she had gone into that room to confront the thing when it turned up, having heard the song of the building change when it entered. She had then been attacked by an astral, vaporous monster with burning red eyes that attempted to envelope her in its

tentacles of evil energy. It leached all her energy and left her weak and collapsed on the floor, and she remembered crawling through the doorway of the dark room and into the bright hallway beyond, and shouting to her husband for help.
Now this lady had considerable power and was the Matronna or High Priestess of a secretive Templar organisation called the Star Temple. 'Stella Templum'.
This International organisation met each year in a castle in Majorca and included American top brass in its membership.
She was an innate mystic and sensitive and could use her powers to read ancient history from the stones and summon Elfin Knights.
She had many gifts and abilities including the ability to lift people up with the power of her mind alone and move them about.
She has the power of command and could recognise great works of life and spirit that hung in the air like spiritual roses and joked that she was a Jedi.
If she had been unable to deal with it, then it might be of some concern.
She relocated to the north of England thereafter.
As luck would have it – we had a self-styled Magus practised in the Crowleigh way called 'Gerald'. Gerald was the business. He did alchemy at home, his sporting activity of choice was handguns, he created spells and alchemical potions to international standards that could allegedly supersede the most powerful pharmaceuticals in the National Health Service. He could also persuade highly educated people to ingest them with his enormous education in the arcane, and could also introduce you to the children of light. He could destroy and summon demons, he had books on 'necrophilia by the lakeshore' and his day job was literally cutting up bodies in the hospital morgue. Gerald saw himself as a man of power.
He was left alone in the dark room … with 'the thing' and after several loud decrees, declarations and commands in the name of whatever, various OM's etc and probably a passage or two from the 'Necromonicon' he emerged shaken but not stirred after 40 minutes attempting to restructure the gateway in the room..
The Ancient Order of the Golden Dawn had somehow deeply ingrained into the very superstructure of that room a resilient and powerful portal at great personal sacrifice to themselves which had been worked into and fused with the very superstructure of the building.
The will of Gerald, however, had failed and not prevailed.
'Gerald' departed under a cloud not long after that.
The next potential contender for the Botanical street challenge arrived from Tibet. He was a genuine bona-fide Llama from a Buddhist tradition that was 'pre-Buddhist'. He was a Llama of the Bon Po School.
He had the capacity to teach many wondrous things and soon accumulated a group of happy followers determined to work on their karma.
Many thousands of incessant prayers were the answer to many requests he would teach.
Many thousands of repetitions and many hundreds of hours of silence and isolation beseeching the One.
He seemed to be saying that even in the days before the internet … there was another kind of internet.
Unfortunately, as we can all tell from the submerged continents and pyramids all over the world, those were the days of windows 95.

A man of genuine spiritual power, he is the genuine article though … so he was asked to perform a ritual exorcism or indeed pacification of the 'Golden Dawn room'.
There were; robes and incense, candles and gongs, holy water and cymbals … ceremonies and incantations, movements east, movements west, north and south, prayers and intentions, peace and appeasements and the all embracing contribution of technical support direct from the astral akashic internet in Tibet.
Despite many pictures of Tibetan Holy places and all his efforts to bring peace and neutrality, things didn't get any better.
In the meantime the building was constantly in use throughout the 80's and early 1990's and had a small video unit on the premises at that time.
'J Y', the film crew man complained that doors would open by themselves and bang shut, that creaky hinges and unquiet things had him a bit spooked.
Things would literally go bump in the night.
Somehow there were just too many film critics in that building.
Now J Y was no sapling in the Magi stakes either … super Templar and Reptilian Naga magic man in his own right – he was not too happy.
If JY could not restore order here in the Templar tradition, then things were not going to get better.
In the mid 1990's a group met there called the Transformation Studies Group and amongst many of the talents that came to discuss and evaluate the world in transformation in relation to the objects of the society, there came Dr Alan Parkes from Edinburgh Universities then Chair of Parapsychology.
Now defunct.
There was a real opportunity for some overnight research with meters and scanners, microphones and ultra violet lighting, camera and kinetics gear – plus the place was full of comfortable chairs in other adjacent rooms and the facility to make tea or coffee.
Students from the faculty could come in as teams to study this phenomena at first hand.
The keys were available on request and were given freely – so overnights were possible and stake out vigils were a real possibility.
Dr Parkes was fully briefed even to the possibility of some minor funding should we work in tandem with the Parapsychology Faculty at the University.
Alas Alan decided not to get his team in.
Perhaps that was wise though.
The Transformation group leader 'Angus' would often be in the building on his own late at night cleaning up and he complained of some really oppressive vibes on the top landing.
If he could ever sense the feeling of not being wanted in his life – it was obvious to him that some mad salivating demon had issues.
Doors would slam shut and a basin in the kitchen bounced onto the floor creating a rather unwelcoming impression.
Realising that the Poltergeist that was making him unwelcome was a rather pathetic energy hungry vampire with bad taste he spoke out aloud telling it to get lost.
This demon was a critic, it didn't like Super Templars and Supernormal People and now it had issues with the little guy.
There was a row of large framed photographs on the stair wall that led up to the top landing. Angus had personally commissioned those to brighten the place up. Angus had

complained that one of the pictures launched itself several feet off the wall and landed near his feet.
The frame was smashed.
To Angus things were getting a bit over the top.
At that time an American professor claiming to have been on the US Mind Control Programme, MK Ultra, alleging to have 'regressed Chelsea Clinton', and to have trained the US Marshalls Office in Remote Viewing, had showed up with impressive credentials. She alleged to have had top clearances to enter most levels of the Black Ops Deep Bases and underground facilities and also claimed to have worked with ex-Vietnam veterans who 'survived heavy machinegun crossfire because they had been glowing gold'.
She was being facilitated by an educated lady who claimed to know an MI5 Colonel called Hugh Beech who had been targeting the Greenham Common women.
One can imagine the one liner introduction on intended female targets.
Despite attempting a gathering of the spirit of eternal Templars, the re-incarnated old souls that would lead us forward into a new millennium of Templarism on an astral landscape and assault course full of spiritual challenges – she could not bring forward the spirit of team Templar to shape and mutate the destiny and reality of the Cauldron Club.
Meanwhile upstairs the brooding intelligence was watching and waiting.
One night, the Transformation Studies group was meeting downstairs in the large hall and folks were peacefully conducting a discussion and the Rosicrucians had been conducting ceremonies upstairs in another room.
The Golden Dawn room, which was still empty was directly above the back of the large downstairs hall where Angus was making the tea.
No sooner had the Rosicrucians vacated the building than there was a massive crash on the hall ceiling.
The ceiling shook. It was as if a fully laden 4 drawer filing cabinet had been dropped from a very great height in the Golden Dawn room.
The group of about ten people froze into silence. Angus was first to react and headed up the stairs towards the malignance, but had started to realise that this poltergeist activity was spoiling his fun.
As his group left the building that night, Angus stayed behind for he had some business with 'the thing that came through the gate'.
He prayed to his Angels and grasped the banister and of all things cut his little finger on a flake of paint.
A little blob of blood appeared on his finger-tip and suddenly he realised that he must seal the gate.
He entered the dark brooding room and although he could not see the vision of the pyramid gate he stood where he intuitively thought he should stand.
'In the name of Love, and God and Christ and all the Angels and Saints you cannot and will not pass here again' he said and pressed his blooded finger to the floor in the pyramid centre as a sign that the gate should be sealed – though not ever by his own personal power. Our loving Father does not require sacrifice, but mercy.
He felt sure that the Holy Spirit would do the rest.
That seemed to work for him, for he was never bothered again, and Angus kept the event secret just to keep the peace.

Subsequently after the millennium a wise old Feng Shui Master from the far east, a world renowned and travelled expert – keeper of a sacred art was let loose in the room and building, bringing his sagacious and considerable magical, geomantic powers and experience to bear, creating a new order of energies and peoples at Botanical street – and it is now considered a safe and beautiful space by the many people that now use it.
A Garden of Many Flowers.

THE FAERIE TRADITION

One of Scotland's first recorded abductees in the 17th century was the Reverend Robert Kirk. In 1697AD his treatise on 'The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Faeries', ISBN 0 85991 016 4, collected together the tales of strange beings that circulated amongst the Highland folks from his parish in Aberfoyle in Perthshire, to the Highlanders from the western isles and Hebrides.
He ultimately found out too much about their ways and found himself on a level with them such that some of the bad ones were able to attack him and kill him.
Much of what he collected about their ways is again today echoed in the stories of abductees.
From the contemporary works of Brad Steiger and John Keel from the 1980's we can see that the evolution of faerie transport and clothing does seem to mirror what is going on amongst the infrastructure and fashions of the human era.
Flying chariots become replaced by flying coaches that in turn are replaced by ghost vintage cars and ultimately grey super sleek flying sports cars.
A monoplane that circled the Empire State building in the early 1900's was many years ahead of the development of real monoplanes in the era of biplanes and there were sightings of powered dirigibles before the days that engines were attached to hot air balloons.
The beings themselves can take on any fashion and aspect but then they have that in common with all beings in the cosmos that live amongst energy and beyond the restrictions of humanity.
There are Scottish references to shape shifting and rematerialisation in common with Mexican and Eastern traditions e.g. weavers of mist and the reptilian Naga, and indeed similar stories from Europe were latterly put out by the Brother's Grimm in 1901AD in a work called 'Grimm's Teutonic Mythology'.
It can be seen from various stone sculptures that the ancient Scots had an affinity with creepy unknown things and from many of the stone monoliths they carved in eastern Scotland from Fife to Inverness there was a tradition of worship of the snake amongst the Pictish tribes. e.g. the tribe of Orc.
The word 'Reptile' isn't in Kirk's book - but he does refer to strange aquatic Faeries in Scotland's Western Isles called 'the blue men of the Minch'.
It can be seen from the reptilian head at Rosslyn glen worshipped in the Bronze Age that long before the famous blueblood chapel was built there was perhaps some extra angle to this blue woad idea where maybe the Picts felt that by painting themselves the same colour as these beings that somehow they took on their godlike properties of speed and endurance in battle.
The Reverend Robert Kirk conducted a study of these beings and their social relations and life processes in the 17th Century but didn't live a long and healthy life as a result.

sith, 'S or Fairies, they call sluaghinaith or the good people: it would seem, to prevent the dint of their ill attempts: for the Irish use to bless all they fear harnie of and are said to be of a middle nature betwixt man and Angel (as were daemons thought to be of old); of intelligent Studious spirits, and light changeable bodies (those called Astral) somewhat of the nature of a condens'd cloud, and best seem in twilight. These bodies be so plyable thorough the subtilty of the spirits, that agitate them that they can make them appear or disappear at pleasure.

Some have bodies or vehicles so spungious, thin and defecate, that they are fed by only sucking into some fine spirituous liquor that pierce like pure air and oyl: others feed more gross on the foyson or substance of comes and liquors, or on corn itself, that grows on the surface of the Earth; which these fairies steal away, partly invisible, partly preying on the grain as do Crows and Mice. Wherefore in this Same age they are sometimes heard to bake bread, strike hammers, and to do such like services within the little hillocks where they most haunt- some whereof of old before the Gospel dispell'd paganism, and in some Barbarous places as yet, enter houses after all are at rest, and set the kitchins in order, cleansing all the vessels. such drudges go under the name of Brounies. when we have plentie, they have scarcity at their homes; and on the Contrarie, (for they are not empowered to catch as much prey everie where as they please.) Their robberies notwithstanding, oftimes occasione great Ricks of corn not to bleed so well (as they call it) or prove so copious by very far as was expected by the owner.

Their bodies of congealed air, are some times carried aloft, other whiles grovel in different shapes, and enter in anie Cranie or cleft of the earth'

It now remains to show that it is not unsuitable to Reason, nor the Holy Scriptures. First that it’s not repugnant to Reason doth appear from this, That it is no less strange for Immortal Sparks and Souls to come and be immersed into gross Terrestrial Elementary Bodies, and be so propagated, so nourished, so fed, so cloathed as they are, and breath in such an air, and world prepared for them, then (p.68) for Hollanders or Hollow-cavern Inhabitants to live and traffic amongst us in another State of Being without our knowledge, For Thaymond de Subunde in his third Book chap.12.3 argues quaintly that all sorts of living creatures have a happie rational polity of their own with great contentment, which government, and mutual converse. They all pride and pluime themselves, because it is as unknown to man, as man’s is to them. Much more that the Son of the Highest Spirit should assume a Bodie like Ours, convinces all the world that no other thing that is possible, neide be much wondered at.

The Manucodiata or Bird of Paradise living in the Highest Region of the air; Common Birds in the Second Region; Flies and Insects in the Lowest, Men and Beasts on Earthes Surface; Wormes, Otters, Badgers,...'

(p.81) '..... perfectly happie against the last day, salves all the difficultie; But in everie deed, and speaking suitable to the nature of things; There is no more absurdity for a spirit to inform an Infantin Body of Air, than a Body composed of dull and drousie Earth; The best of spirits having aiwayes delighted more to

appear into aereal, then into Terrestrial Body's. They feed mostwhat on quintessences, and 'Ethereal Essences: the pith and spirits only of Womens milk feed their Children, being artificially convey'd (as air and oyl sink into our Bodys) to make them vigorous and fresh. And this shorter way of conveying a pure Aliment (without the usual digestions) by transfusing it, and transpiring through the pores into the veins and arteries, and Vessels that supply the body, is nothing more absurd, than an Infants being fed by the Navel be-fore it is borne, Or than a plant which groweth by attracting a lively juice from the Earth throw manie small roots and tendons; whose / Courser (p.S2) parts being adapted and made connatural to the whole, doth quickly coalesce by the ambient cold, and so are condensed, and baked up into a confirmed wood in the one, and solid body of flesh and bone in the other. A Notion, which if entertained and approved, may show that the late Invention of soaking and transfusing (not blood, but) 'Ethereal virtual Spirits, may be useful both for nourishment and health; whereof there is a Vestige in the damnable practise of Evil Angels, their sucking of blood and spirits out of witches bodys (till they drain them, into a deformed and dry leanness) to feed their own Vehicles withal, leaving what wee call the witches mark behind. A spot that I have seen as a small Mole horny and brown coloured, throw which mark, when a large brass pin was thrust (both in / Buttock or Nose, and roof of the (p.83) mouth) till it bowed and became crooked; the witches, both men and Women, neither felt a pain, nor did bleed, nor knew the precise time when this was a doing to them their eyes only being covered.) Now the air being a body as well as Earth, no reason can be given why there may not be particles of more vivific Spirit formed of it for pro creation, then is possible to be of Earth, which takes more time and pains to rarify & ripen it, ore it cane come to have a prolific virtue. And if our Tripping Darlings did not thus procreate, their whole number would be so exhausted after a considerable space of time. For though they are of more refined bodys and intellectuals than wee, and of far less heavy and corruptive humours, (which cause a dissolution) yet manie of their lives being dissonant to / Right Reason and their own Laws, (p.84) and their Vehicles, not being wholly free of Lust and Passion, especially of the more Spiritual and haughty Sins, they pass (after a long healthy lyfe)

During the middle ages in 15th century London there is the story of Springheel Jack who could and did leap tall buildings and jump across rooftops from street level.
The common people were in a state of fear and alarm as the black garbed and cloaked man could be seen leering from rooftops and flying through the air.
There are stories from Scotland and Ireland of these beings walking at incredible speeds and seeming to bend time and space and they appear to have more in common with the X-Men of Hollywood in that they can appear superior to ponderous human beings.
Traditions from the Scottish borders such as Tam Linn and Thomas the Rhymer have the faerie folk riding the faerie parade or procession on some nights of solstice or the full moon in all their finery and abducting humans who stray into their glamours and woven delusions.

The faerie Queen though is an enigmatic character with an interest in the world of mankind. Sometimes she will bestow gifts of strange things on people as in the traditions of the good faerie Godmother. Thomas the Rhymer had the gift of prophesy after he returned from entertaining the faerie Queen at court.

e.g. from the Prophesies of Thomas the Rhymer.

‘ …. From high above shall grace come down
and thy state, Scotland be,
in latter ends more prosperous
that former age shall see.
[21]
Old prophesies foretell to thee
a warlike hier is born
who shall recover new your right,
advance this kingdom's horn.
[22]
Then shall fair Scotland be advanced
above her enemies power;
her cruel foes shall be dispersed
and scattered from her bower.
[23]
Fair Scotland’s enemies may invade,
but not escape a plague;
with sword, and thirst and tears and pest,
with fears and such like ague.
[24]
And after enemies thrown down
and master'd in the war,
then Scotland in peace and quietness
pass joyful days for ever. ..’

The Ettrick Shepherd, 18th Century, James Hogg from the Scottish Borders was steeped in the traditions and folklore and love of the faerie otherworld and of the finer qualities of the good neighbours. The dark side of the faerie people is known as the Hag side and like the seasons, the triple aspected face of Faerie is said to take on three aspects of; maiden, mother and hag, represented by; spring, summer/autumn, and winter.
In this vision that is locked into a cycle that is material and often evil there is no vision of God but a vision of recycling in endless biological materials – not the high energy cosmology promised in Christianity. The poems and writings of James Hogg reflect on a magical world full of magical personae that are both light and dark and, warm and deceptive.

LITTLE PYNKIE [the Maiden]
little pynkie came to kilboggie yett
it was on a hallow day
and the lady babies with her met
to hear what she would say
for pynkie was the littlest bairn
that ever danced on the green
and pynkie was the bonniest thing
that ever on earth was seen
the baron came forth to the green
and he took her by the hand
little pynkie, you are welcome here,
the flower of fair scotland
and I will sing a sang to you
and dance a faerie wheel
till you and all your bonny may bairns
can dance it wonder weel
were I to tell little pynkies sang
it might do muckle ill
for it was not framed of earthly words
though it sounded sweet and shrill
the first round that little pynkie made
was gentle soft and sweet
but the second round little pynkie made
they could not keep their feet
and aye she sang with twirle and spang
around them on the plain
till her feet they shimmered abude their heads
then kissed the sward again
and round and round and faster round
the faerie ring they flew
and aye the longer that they danc'd
the madder on fun they grew
but the strains that little pynkie sung
at the setting of the sun
were never forgot by old or young
till life with them was done
what then was said or what was done
no minstrel ever knew
but the bonnie maids of kilbogie
with beauty bloomed anew
some deemed that they would pass away
to other land than this
but they lived the life that women live
of social earthly bliss
but many a tale in westland dale
quaint rhyme and faerie lay

there yet remains of pynkies strains
upon the hallow day

THE FAERIE QUEEN [The Mother]
oh come on thy path of the starry ray
thou queen of the land of the gloaming grey
and the dawnings mild and pallid hue
from thy valleys beyond the land of the dew
the realm of a thousand gilded domes
the richest sphere that fancy roams
I have sought for thee in the blue hare bell
and deep in the fox gloves silken cell
for I feared thou hadst drunk of its potion deep
and the breeze of the world had rock'd thee asleep
then into the wild rose I cast mine eye
and trembled because the prickles were nigh
and deem'd the specks on its foliage green
might be the blood of my faerie queen
then anxious lain on the dewy lea
and look'd to a twinkling star for thee
that nightly mounted in orient sheen
streaming in purple and glowing in green
and thought as I eyed its changing sphere
my faerie queen might sojourn there
but now I have found thee, wandering heart
and music, a wondrous spell shall start
it was sweet as the woodland breeze of leven
as pure as the star of western heaven
as fair as the dawn of the sunny east
and soft as the down of the solans breast
since now I have found thee, I'll hold thee fast
till thou garnish my song - it is the last.

THE MERMAID [The Hag]
oh where won ye, my bonny lass,
wi look sae wild an' cheery ?
there's something in that witching face
that I lo'e wonder dearly
I live where the harbell never grew
where the streamlet never ran
where the winds o' heaven never blew
now find me gin you can
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep
long is thy night of sorrow
the maiden of the mountain deep

shall meet you on the morrow
tis but your wild an' wily way
the gloaming makes you eerie
for ye are the lass o' the braken-brae
an nae lad maun come near ye
but I am sick, am very sick
wi a passion strange and new
for ae kiss of thy rosy cheeks
and lips o' coral hue.
Go hie you from this lonely brake
nor dare your walk renew
for I'm the maid of the mountain lake
an I come with the falling dew
be you the maid of the crystal wave
or she of the braken brae
one tender kiss I mean to have
you shall not say me nae
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep
long is thy night of sorrow
the maiden of the mountain deep
shall meet you on the morrow
for passions like the burning beal
upon the mountains brow
that wastes itself to ashes pale
and sae will it fare wi you
oh mother, mother make my bed
and make it soft and easy
and with the cold dew bathe my head
for pains of anguish seize me
or stretch me in the chill blue lake
to quench this bosoms burning
an' lay me by yon lonely brake
for hope there's none returning
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep
long is thy night of sorrow
the maiden of the mountain deep
shall meet you on the morrow
I've been where man should not have been
oft in my lonely roaming
and seen what man should not have seen
by greenwood in the gloaming
Oh passions deadlier than the grave
A' human things undoing
the maiden of the mountain wave
has lured me to my ruin.
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep
long is thy night of sorrow

the maiden of the mountain deep
shall meet you on the morrow

These beings appear to be more than fictional fabrications.

From 'British Calendar Customs', M Banks, 1937, vol1 p.162

> ' In Stratshspey [Scotland] there is a lake still called Loch Nan Spioradan, Lake of the Spirits. Two of these are supposed frequently to make their appearance, the one in the form of a horse, beautifully caparisoned with golden trappings.'

It is true to say though that the aims and ambitions of most humans are not necessarily centered anywhere spiritual but in the world of materials and passions and worldly riches that diminishes our perspectives of love and childhood and innocence.
There are obviously grim and evil otherworldly beings that do that too. The internet abounds with such contemporary testimonies from alien research e.g. Harvard University Professor John E Mack – whose profound academic analysis of abduction victims brought credibility and scientific perspective to the idea of alien intrusion in human society. He then met with a bizarre 'accident' whilst in London. Circa 2000 AD
As can be seen from carvings on stone age standing stones in Scotland, e.g. in Brechin Cathedral and the 5th century vision of the orange ball UFO by St Cuthbert outside Edinburgh at Soutra and also the 13th century corble stone in St Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, Greys, aliens and faeries have been with us for millennia.

> From; Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Livington in 1880. In the book: Faeries
> 'Faeries have a rather curious code of ethics for themselves. Whilst there is a definite code of honor between the different denizens of the faerie world (and a tale of the poor unfortunate Trow boy banished for ever from Trow land for stealing a silver spoon from another Trow), a faerie will have no qualms at appropriating victuals, goods and livestock from mortals. Sometimes, as in the case of the Brownie who sat between two greedy servant girls and consumed most of the stolen junket they were eating, faeries will take advantage of their magic powers to remove food from under the very noses of those about to eat it.
> Disturbingly, this faerie pilfering does not stop short of mortals, and particularly human babies who are greatly valued to inject new blood into this dwindling race. Golden-haired babes are at greatest risk and mortal mothers should take all possible precautions to guard their offspring until they are safely baptised. Again, mortal midwives are often spirited away into the land of faerie to care for a faerie baby.
> Dependence on humans among certain types of faeries is very significant. For example, every seven years, the land of Faerie has to pay a tithe of TEIND to Hell and human captives are used as payment. The most common way of taking a human is to steal a human baby and leave a changeling in its place. This changeling can be an ugly old elf or even a manufactured one of wood, but (A CLONE) under a faerie enchantment, it appears to be an exact replica of the stolen child. Sometimes it then seems to die and so is buried, while the real baby is brought up in Faerieland to inject a dwindling and weak stock with a

fresh, healthy human strain. It might eventually be offered as part of the septannual tithe.
Should the baby replica not die, it may develop a wizened or deformed appearance, or be sickly and fretful, or else have a voracious appetite. The changeling can be forced to betray its faerie nature by various means. One is to place it on a red-hot shovel or throw it on the fire. It will then fly up the chimney. A less brutal and more common method is to go through the motions of brewing water in empty halves of eggshells. The changeling, noticing this, sits up and in a strange old voice declares, 'I have seen the egg before the hen. I have seen the first acorn before the oak. But I have never seen brewing in an eggshell before,' thus revealing its ancient age. It can then be thrown on the fire from which, laughing and shrieking, it will fly up the chimney. The true baby will then very likely be found at the door.'

Their fascination and experimentation with human reproduction is not new.

From Middle Ages England, Jane Lead produced some incredible and visionary writing as if she had been chosen by some powers to give birth to a strange child.

JANE LEAD – MYSTIC AND HYBRID MOTHER ?
December the 4th. 1676.

Look back to November 23. 1676. and there is the Vision, and here is the Interpretation of it.
THERE was much from this Vision manifested to me, first was, that this shewed, there must be a passing out of a gross, ponderous, heavy laden dark Image and Body; for in the pure Airy Region, only AEtheral Spirits in Winged Bodies of Power could live and swiftly move. Such a Translation it became us to wait and look after, that it might be really accomplished, as the Figure doth call up to. For it was said, this must be till we come this Change to see, all to be in the very Body, by virtue of that Crystalline Stone, that formed must be within, who to its own Clarity must sublime us throughout, before we can go forth, like Eagles to mount, and to take our Prey. As to the resistency which I saw, it was thus to be understood, that at the first going forth, though thus impowered and spirited, yet it would not be understood by the very Elect, who were to be gathered to that Region: for something of Reluctancy there would be, till further confirmed by another Witness, that also should wing up in Spirit and Powers; And should marvellously draw and gather in the Scattered, who to Wisdom's Ministry do belong, which must prepare for the state of Mount Paran, and so for the New Jerusalem. Then queried I further about the last Flight, who were so few in Number, yet very troublesome, blindly lifting up themselves against us. It was shewed me, that there were dark sensitive Spirits, whose center was in the dark Holes of the Earth, that had some particular knowledge and relation to us, while we appeared to walk with them after their Similitude, but being herefrom changed, and something being formed in us, that hath given us a Winged Raise, and so made the Separation and Alienation, they would pursue to bring us down, that they might know us in their own Likeness, for in this

Transformation they cannot, without they could come to be, as we are. Which is impossible, till the Holy Lump in them be made, and they be separated for this state, from all low things to live, whereunto we are called and appointed to live in the Ghostly Body, where we shall meet the Lord our Bridegroom, in the Airy Region.

This Word much followed me, The Birth in you is the Son of God, but it doth not yet appear what it shall be: when as it shall work quite through, expect great alteration, even unto Transfiguration. At which I rebounded with this answer, Ah Lord, how thick down do flow thy Prophecies, but what makes the working Wheel so slack to effect this mighty thing? Then said the Spirit in me, Thou art in haste, before the Earthly Mold be laid waste, not considering that ye are but come unto the restoring Ministry, that is preparing for the Birth of the Dove, out to fly, that carrieth all Wonders in its sevenfold Eye, which is your Lump within, that getteth formation by degrees. Therefore it is not to be stirred, before it comes to its full Age: all that you are to do, is to drink in, what is brought to Hand by its Virgin Mother, for daily succour, as the Word of Counsel, Caution, and Direction, which is at present; all which ye are to expend upon, for stay and strength, till its Birth-Day shall in and through you break.

December the 5th. 1676.

In the Night in my sleep, the Accuser, and watchful Enemy assaulted me hard, upbraiding me with false and deceivable hopes, that I had in this Ghostly Birth; demanding, why we should more than others in the World seek for it, that were left in the same common Faith with others, ever since the Holy Ghost withdrew, which was not again to be born through any one in Flesh, according as we looked for. Then this Word was present with me to repel, Oh get thee behind me, thou Spirit of Perdition, that goest about to pervert Truth, and wouldst make void the Love's Election of God. Knowing well thou standest not in his Counsel any more, but art afraid; nay, it is thy terrour to see Faith risen so high in any one, as thereby to conceive such a mighty Birth as this, that will so rise, as to overturn thy Kingdom and Reign, that hath been so long in the Earth: for hereby cast out thou wilt be. Therefore we will not doubt, nor throw away our Confidence, because the Birth we trust to, hath already upon it, the Foundation-Seal, being already named, which cannot be obliterated, without it be by yielding to thy daily renewed subtilties. Which as in the day of Eve, so again thou wouldst be prevalent; storming high, so much as thou seest the Day grow nigh, of overturning the Babylonish Captivity. Much contest I had of this kind both sleeping and waking: One thing more I remember was his charge, that he some proof would see of the Father's Almightiness from his Birth in us. With that I roused up my Faith, and said, that thou mayest, and wilt, unto thy perpetual downfall: therefore away, depart with all thy Wiles from me. For I will no more give Ear to the underminings of such a Serpentine Spirit, who would circumvent me, in the process of my New Birth after the manner of Jesus. After this I fell into Sleep again, towards the Morning, then I felt such bitter Agonies in my outward Man, as if my Life had been just parting asunder, and throws and

pains, as if my Back had been cleaving in two which awaked me. And I was amazed, when I came unto my self, that I found all was so well with me: for I perceived the Evil One had beleagered me in his dark Magick, but could neither hurt me in Mind or Body. The watchful Eye of my Jesus being vigilant to preserve me from his Fury.

December the 7th. 1676.

In the Night season after some rising Ejaculations had ascended, and I falling into a Sleep, I was suddenly awaked, as if some Person had been in the Bed with me. Which in some kind of fear I rose up to see; but saw nothing, so lying still in the consideration a little while, I felt sensibly a Hand all over-spread upon me, with an influence of great Heat, at which I marvelled what it should signifie. Then this Word spake, saying, Fear not, this Hand is stretched out, for to encompass the Birth, and by the Heat to fix the Life's impregnacy, that it might be past the Dragon's power any more for to slay. Who cannot cease to watch it with an Evil Eye, for which cause I have overshadowed thee with my Airy Body, which may bring forth accordingly, as Faith shall operate in its own Mystery, which is the great thing whereby the Paradisiacal World shall spring again, without toil and care. For this cannot be, until such a Birth be brought forth, that hath all Faith to go forth with all Power, as without guilt of Sin; for that quencheth the Seal of Love, and Bird-limes the Wings of Faith, which is also a twisting Cord to bind down its Eagle-Body: but it is able to free it self from all, that brought it under the bondage of Evil. Now this renewing Birth, set your Minds fully upon, for it will be to you, the Noah that will comfort you, by restoring a New World from which the Curse will fly. I your Jesus must abide in my Heavenly Reservatory, till this Birth in you grow ripe, for it is the Elias that will come in another and more perfect Ministration, than ever yet hath been, that must prepare for the Coming of me your Lord from Heaven. Who left this Work to be accomplished by the Birth of the Holy Ghost, which was to bring forth the most perfect Restoration, that so you might come to know Elias track, through the burning Chariot, for Translation.

December the 15th. 1676.

This Word came, Behold yet, and see, here is the Birth-prize within your most pure Womb-Hearts now laid; there is no prohibition, but all Love-Emanations, and Incitations by Spirit provocations, to put you upon the believing the possibility thereof. And know for a truth, that this Birth will go forward, and grow mightily, if you do but keep to these two Rules, and observe them nicely: The first is to eschew drinking out of that Cup, wherein is mingled very subtlely Red Wine, that is sugar'd with all sweet sensibility, that flows readily into this Wine, being from the strange and Wild Vine. Therefore it must be refused, in regard of the evil Consequences that do attend it. For the Poyson of every earthly Essence is mingled here withal, which contributed, doth feed up that old Life-Birth, by which this is warned to depart out; for what doth feed up the one, doth starve the other; they cannot be Twins in this sanctified and holy Vehickle,

which only is allotted for the Nazarite. For whom a choice and particular provision is appointed by the Father of it. Now charge in special to you is given, who herein may be concerned that you henceforth refuse to taste any of their delicious Fruits, that do spring from the neathermost part and lowest Region, for they are all crude and sour for want of that kind way of ripening from the everlasting warm heat of the one blessed Element, which by giving proof of your Fear, Love and Care herein (lest thereby this Holy Thing should suffer) ye must faithfully abstain from all her crude earthly Fruits, then may ye hope firmly, and claim boldly Stores and Supplies out from the Treasury of a God all-sufficiency, that will most marvellously excel all of this earthly growth millions of degrees, for Vigour, Strength, and Pleasantness; That for the nutriment of this holy Birth-Stone shall be conveyed, though unseen, yet tasted and felt, by them that shall carry this Birth in them, till it cometh to its full Number and Date.

December the 28th. 1676.

In the forepart of this Night, I was much pondering, and considering the weightiness of the Ghostly Formation, how difficult a thing it was, and hard to be by any brought forth: though many have hard travelled for it, yet there wanted both Strength, and Perfection of Righteousness, which I saw we also were deficient in; Therefore not sufficient to carry through such a wonderful Restorative Birth of Life. But as I was complaining, and owning our impotencies and unmeetness hereunto, this Word came: My Grace can make strong, where sense of the greatest Weakness is; therefore hope and believe down all Discouragements. Which Word much comforted and quieted me; and I fell asleep. In which I saw a young Elephant that was to be bred up, and it was presented to be my care and charge to feed it. When I awaked, it was said to me, that as this Elephant for strength, so we should grow to be; And no burthen of weight what ever cast upon us, should cause any shrinking, or bowing under it. For such a strong Elephant-Power should by degrees grow upon us, if careful we would be, here to feed up this young Elephant, which was by this Figure presented to us; The Mystery hereof lying hid in us, for its appointed time. …'

You can see from the Spiritual, moral and intellectual struggle of Jane Lead that in her heart she was bearing unnatural fruit and giving birth to strange fruits and beings and that the tethered grey elephant in her mind may well have been one of the screen memories that Greys are wont to place to protect human sensibilities from the variety of hybrid forms that they can be exposed to.
Though probably not because they are being nice.
Yet the good faerie 'psychiatrists' were practising their medicines many millennia ago.

British Calendar Customs, M Banks, 1937 vol1. p136, 'In Strathill at Strathfillan, unhappy lunatics were thrown from a high rock down into the well and then bound up for the night in the ruined chapel. They were tied up to a pillar supposed to be far more ancient than the Christian Church [of the very Scottish St Fillan who is the patron Saint of the lunatic] wherein it stood. If next morning the patients were found to be loose, the cure was expected to be perfect.

BCC, vol1 p166 ‘It is related that one Hallowe’en two farm servants, while on their way to Todholes to see their sweethearts, heard sounds of most enchanting music issuing from Polveoch Burn. Turning aside to discover from whence it came, they were astonished to see in a green opening among the trees a company of faeries, male and female, dancing to a band of pipers. All were dressed in the most elegant style, and their delicate little bodies swirled round in a fashion that quite entranced the awestruck swains. One, however, thought the strange sight could bode no good, and he beat a hasty retreat, leaving his companion gazing admiringly on the dazzling show. Long he stood and feasted his eyes and ears on the exquisite scene and the delicious melody, when, his presence being discovered by one of the company, he was invited to take part in the dance, and presented with fruit and wine. He daringly accepted; the refreshments seemed to put new life into him, and he joined in the dance with the most lively spirit, acquitting himself so well that he was made quite a hero by the little ladies in green, who did all in their power to make him enjoy himself. To drink of the faeries’ wine was to lose all calculation of time, and twelve months went round and found the young fellow still enjoying himself with the wee folks. On Hallowe’en following he was found at the same place by his companion, who, refusing a drink that was proffered him, gave offence to the faeries, and, dragging hold of his friend, pulled him away, and broke the spell that bound him. He could scarcely believe he had been twelve months with the faeries, and said the time only seemed like an hour or two. Ever afterwards he was endowed with second sight. [William Wilson, Folk Lore and Geneologies of Upper Nithsdale. Dumfries Courier and Herald Press (1904) pp.75.76

The wife of a farmer in Lothian had been carried off by the faeries, and, during the year of probation, repeatedly appeared on Sunday in the midst of her children, combing their hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband; when she related to him the unfortunate event which had separated them, instructed him by what means he might win her, and exhorted him to exert all his courage, since her temporal and eternal happiness depended on the success of his attempt. The farmer, who ardently loved his wife, set out on Hallowe’en, and, in the midst of a plot of furze, waited impatiently for the procession of the fairies. At the ringing of the fairy bridles, and the wild unearthly sound which accompanied the cavalcade, his heart failed him, and he suffered the ghostly train to pass by without interruption. When the last rode by, the whole troop vanished, with loud shouts of laughter, and exultation; among which he plainly discovered the voice of his wife, lamenting that he ahd lost her for ever. [Sir W Scott, Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, ed. T.F. Henderson (1902), II, 370]

British Calendar Customs, (1937) vol2, p24 ‘These Siths or Fairies, they call Sleagh Maith (sluagth math) or the Good People remove to other lodgings at the beginning of each quarter of the year, so travelling till Domesady – finding some ease by so journeying and changing habitats. Their chamaelion-lyke bodies swim in the air near the Earth with bag and baggage and at such

> revolution of time, Seers, or men of the second sight (females being seldom so qualified) have very terrifying encounters with them, even on highways.'
>
> British Calendar Customs, (1937) vol2, p16 'A goblin came to a door one night and failed to get admittance. He said 'if it were the red cock of autumn that were in the house he would open the door for me. It isn't that that is in it, but the black cock of the spring march.'

Goblins, Elves, Wights and Federation Aliens still come to our doors and windows and travel through them.
Modern abductee Barry B is taken to a secret underground city in Edinburgh to attend hybrid classes with strange children, and is given medical examinations of apparatus and is regularly covered in red marks.
He has memories of being floated through his window and being made a surrogate care assistant in a Grey hybrid nursery and of particularly discussing myself, Andrew Hennessey with the Greys on the day of my birthday on april 14th 1996, as I could see from the notes in his journals. I also took a scan of that page too.
The greys had noted that I was somehow not ordinary, next to a note of my name and birthday.
They regularly manifest all sorts of watchers that shadow his footsteps and have taken him to many of their hi-tek cities in the sky and beyond this dimension where he has witnessed clone regulation on new batches of drones.
They expect him to take up duties in the future as some sort of hive queen or nymph and have him regularly interact with small flocks of collectively organised birds.
This might not be a good idea though by the sounds of it ... these beings just don't have his sense of humour. He could end up being a TV Dinner for a bunch of evil alien larvae.

> Mark 3:32-35. 'A crowd was sitting round him at the time the message was passed to him, 'Your mother and brothers and sisters are outside asking for you'. He replied, 'Who are my mother and my brothers ? And looking round at those sitting in a circle about him, he said, 'Here are my mother and my brothers. Anyone who does the will of God, that person is my brother and sister and mother.'
>
> Mark 12:29-31 'Listen, Israel, the Lord our God is the one Lord, and you must love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength. You must love your neighbour as yourself. There is no commandment greater than these.'

The resultant empowerment is a greater destiny than the prisons of Hell. For us therefore, the Kingdom of Heaven and a life of joy.

BEING THERE

Typical Scottish further education usually comprised of an all round hands on assault course in preparation for the career road ahead.
According to the Dean, it was going to take 'working hard and playing hard' and although a mere UK college, the quality of course textbooks were comparable to the best of any used even today in modern Universities.
I enjoyed for instance the fact that the Pineal gland, mankind's so-called telepathic 'Third Eye' is of reptilian biochemistry, and, in physics, that atomic chemistry could be laid out in a harmonic series from as early as the late 1800's.
For some reason perhaps to do with my personal and ongoing struggle, I had been hoping to make the world a 'better place', and had been working through my course material with diligence, eventually becoming the top student in the biology faculty at one point.
There was a distinct adolescent sub culture that involved the students and many headed off to the billiard rooms of Teviot Row Union in Edinburgh for the traditional pint and good student food on a fairly frequent basis.
It wasn't that important to these guys to get grades as such, they were happy just to directly crib my stuff and then present it all scribbled and roughly written out, in the process getting better marks than I did.
I realised that perhaps I should chill out a bit more, maybe relax a little and stop using rulers and neat handwriting and stop taking such care over these exercises for that lecturer after that.
After all if someone badly copies what you do and then gets a better grade than you from a PhD then one obviously isn't winning the popularity vote.
So with the Dean's advice of 'working hard and playing hard' in mind I decided to tag along to the Teviot Row Students Union billiard room one lunch time to see if I could work on getting better marks for my 'street cred'.
Gerald was known to be good and was definitely cool before the word was ever used and he had arranged to meet me at the bar in the billiard room in the deeps of the lower floor.
I wouldn't get course marks for this, but at least I was somehow taking part in 'student life'.
It was dark and dingy and somewhat smelly with tobacco and the six or so tables were pretty much unoccupied
It wasn't that busy at this time, but then we were eating into a bit of the afternoon lecture schedule to do this.
In the background the sound of the classic Space Invaders arcade game became loud and orchestrated as the attackers went into the next phase.
The low hung lights produced six oblong batches of bright green in the dark room, and on the walls could be barely made out the blackboards for the scores and the racks of cues.
Gerald arrived, got his pint of beer and we chose our cues.
I had never played billiards before, but understood the rules and the principles from watching it on TV.
It was all down to technique and practise – which Gerald possessed in abundance.

The first two games went as expected. Aided by my misjudgements, poor position play and chaotic distribution it was obvious to me that this wasn't looking that good for my 'street cred' research.
In game three, I had just missed another sitter when I felt and heard a cry of exasperation from my left and I turned round thinking that there was a spectator that we had not seen.
Indeed there was, he was a ghost, a young man in his early twenties and clearly he was totally upset by Gerald thinking he was brilliant just because he was beating a loser like me.
He was leaning against the wall in a semi transparent state totally upset and he asked me if he could have a shot.
I felt it was ok to say yes, so I invited him to give this billiard thing a go.
No doubt something he used to do a lot before he met with an untimely fate.
Suddenly, I was playing like a total megastar.
I was making double and triple bounce shots and big long distance pots and I started to totally turn this game around. I was successfully doing shunts and ricochets and finally I needed the blue at the very far end of the table to win what had been a comprehensive victory with an unmistakeably respectable score-line.
The cue ball was at the bottom end of the table, in the middle, just off the cushion and the blue ball was almost lying right on the top cushion in the middle of the table.
To pot the blue ball in the top right hand corner from this long range, there would need to be a hard and accurate kiss on its left side to send it almost at a ninety degree angle rolling half the breadth of the table into the top right pocket.
It's a shot that pros wouldn't usually attempt in tournaments because of the risk factor.
Gerald dared me and thanks to the assistance of my unforeseen friend I made the shot, sunk the blue and totally blew Gerald's ego away.
I heard my friend smile then, and he left me to it, and I could see that Gerald had been shaken.
Back at College there was an opportunity to get away from it all during a Human Biology lecture. Taking my usual care with my notes, and engrossed in the process of memorising the ideas, I suddenly found myself totally out of my body and standing in the middle if the floor at the front of the class next to the lecturer.
Obviously this wasn't too good from my point of view.
I could clearly see the whole class from the front, and the lecturer seemed to stop what he was doing briefly to look me in the eye.
If this was what working hard and playing hard really meant then I recognised that maybe I wasn't on a level playing field at all.
It was my plan to complete the course and then move onto other graduate and post-graduate studies.
The next issue on my busy schedule was that romance thingy everybody seemed to be enjoying, but after I found out the girl I was flirting with could change her eye colour before the days of colour contacts from translucent ginger brown to milky green at a moments notice I could see that maybe some people didn't need to use hair dyes.
With year two exams coming up my promising faculty grades boded well for my career, which depended on moving to a University. Our Biochemistry lecturer Dr Drac had been explaining to the class his experimental cure for hangovers based on the sugar called dextrose in honey. He then waxed eloquently about the incoming exams. He said that he

knew someone who felt so pressurised during an exam that he just sat there for an hour and a half writing his name over and over and over.
The day of our biochemistry exam came, Dr Drac handed the papers out, and as usual, reasonably confident that my hundred plus hours of revision would at least enable me to have a good mark I started out on my exam.
For some reason though, I could just not concentrate, could not focus on the exam paper question and could not recall any of my notes.
As the minutes ticked by, I struggled to recall anything at all, then eventually started seeing photographically clear images of my crib notes.
Still nothing written though.
This was a bit disconcerting because looking across the room; I could see John reading stuff straight from the textbook under his table.
One would think that at the very least I could do the same kind of transcription.
With virtually nothing written on my exam paper the allotted time ended, and as I handed my paper over to Dr Drac, I recalled what he had said about the person who just wrote his name over and over and over.
What a strange co-incidence.
For the first time in my student life I totally failed an exam with 39%, but someone then benevolently gave me another 1% to make it a pass.
Overwhelmed by all this generosity and mind control I made it to the end of year two and into the season of summer placements.
Not long after that, Dr Drac's life changed for the worse. Feeling that his marriage had broken down, he was caught poisoning cartons of drinks in a supermarket with one of his biochemical concoctions and promptly lost his job and was sent to prison.
My course, officially called a sandwich course that included industrial placements at various scientific laboratories usually offered their students a degree of more nutritional relish and refreshment on their sandwich placement.
I was approached by the director of studies for the course a Dr Lovey who had found a summer placement for me at a Viral Research Lab at Newbattle Abbey. It was doing laboratory assistance to the research on the tomato mosaic virus. The centre had many greenhouses under lights and sterile conditions and was considered quite an important job.
What I didn't know, but many years later found out from a local, was that the laboratory was a military black op.
The place was actually full of men in black who had been abducting locals and that there were other extensive human and alien stuff going on underground.
Strange military personnel were sometimes seen there too, and when the lab closed down in the late seventies, officials sealed the area, and people moved on, so that stuff could be moved out.
The tomato thing was likely to be just a cover for the other stuff that was alleged to be going on.
Who knows, they say that cannabis plants look a bit like tomatoes.
For some reason at that time my own inner spiritual guidance made me miss the job interview.
I didn't know where the place was, and was going to get a lift, but the lift never happened etc as this was not on any regular bus route.

Director of studies Dr Lovey was on my case just shortly after that asking me exactly what I had said to these wonderful people to make them put in such a complaint about the abuse that I had given them when I had turned up for the interview.
I don't know if Dr Lovey knew of the provenance of this outrageous tomato sauce but at the time I was glad that I had not been interviewed by or gone to work for these strange people.
At that time, my night time sleep was occasionally interrupted by poltergeist disturbances, strange lady ghosts in Victorian garb, monks with hoods etc etc in other words the usual suspects. There was that and a bit of levitation and the manifestation of a three-foot black hole at the bottom of my bed. It seemed to pull at me trying to drag me into its pit but I held fast and prayed to God and my guardian Angel and I remained safe.
The psychic nonsense was merely a bit of party entertainment on life's happy journey.
I knew that I had been born with a Covenant that I had made with God written in my soul. Time seemed to stop around me one night in my room. It was as if the lighting became a bit grainy and stippled and I could see through the packets of light. My heart rate fell to about three beats per minute in time that was relative to me, but I felt secure in that no matter what it was all about, you're never alone.
There is a constant battle between the forces of Light and the forces of darkness.
Another fact of life is that in places academic there seem to be some very talented people with the extraordinary capacity to influence your results for the good or the bad.
What they appear to be selling is another story.
One wonders what the men in black had in mind, but then I was going to get another opportunity to find out.

GETTING OUT

One night, alone in my bedroom, it was dark and as I looked over to my bookcase, I could see two little green fluorescent balls bouncing over the tops of my books. They proceeded along one row at a time and when they got to one end they hopped down to the next shelf and started on their merry way again.
Thinking that I was hallucinating, I turned over on my side for a few minutes, and when I looked back .. they were still there doing their thing. It was then I noticed that I seemed to have left a table lamp on and judging from the shadows it was in the far corner of the room. Then I realised that I did not have a table lamp and when I looked across I could see a silvery sparkling sphere about two feet in diameter flickering and casting wavering shadows with the outlines of the furniture.
I then heard some voice say .. ' Don't be afraid ..' and the sphere drifted over to the foot of my bed. Next the voice said '.. If you are afraid, pull the covers over your head.' I decided that that was the best thing to do at that point and I lost consciousness. I awoke and looked across at the clock, and noted that two hours had passed and then realised that I had gone asleep with the covers over my head but that somehow they had been folded down and that they had been tucked in so tightly that I could not move my arms.
I started working my arms free realising that I could see images of some white room and strange beings. I asked my guardian angel what had just happened and he said 'not to worry'.
According to the research of Harvard University Professor John E Mack who met with an untimely end in London, this was a classic bedroom encounter with the Greys, who everyone now realises are not up to much that is good.
The best work of my guardian Angel though has been to keep my experience of being human as ecumenical and hands on as possible thus preserving my humanity from the need to be up front superhuman and hence beyond the need for this kind of life here – as we still have stuff to work on.
No-one who was ever human has avoided this stuff.
Of the many flying dreams that he has taken me on in my life, that have included flying as a couple of gulls over a becalmed trireme on a glassy bronze sea or swooping over beautiful pine forests and mountains – as part of my programme of education in interstellar reality he took me on a space flight in our astral bodies across the interplanetary deeps to the planet Mars.
I am on the rim of a crater there and can see inside the crater a huge metallic dome, which I am told, is a factory.
I have since seen and acquired a similar photograph from the NASA satellite films of Mars.
We fly over to the top of the metallic dome and somehow float down through the roof to the inside. It is a huge factory and is running stuff off on its production line.
We go down to ground level for a closer look and I can see lots and lots of little oranges in packing and containers and some on what looked like a conveyor belt.
I follow these oranges up to the unit that they are emerging from and I can see one of them cut open. They are full of red veins like blood oranges, and I look at the centre of them expecting to see little pips and pith, but instead see a little heart and small organs.

These were blood oranges in the truest sense. Someone somewhere has a taste for humanity. This didn't sound like it was all that wonderful to me.
Today, allegedly human tastes are producing human genes in one of the world's largest staple crops – rice.

> By SEAN POULTER, Daily Mail September, 2007
> 'The laboratory-created rice produces some of the human proteins found in breast milk and saliva. The rice is a major step in so-called Frankenstein Foods, the first mingling of human-origin genes and those from plants. But the U.S. Department of Agriculture has already signalled it plans to allow commercial cultivation. The rice's producers, California-based Ventria Bioscience, have been given preliminary approval to grow it on more than 3,000 acres in Kansas. The company plans to harvest the proteins and use them in drinks, desserts, yoghurts and muesli bars.'

With a series of strange phone calls, cars outside the house and these somewhat strange dreams and a bizarre plain clothes stop and search in the days before bizarre stop and search, things didn't seem to be getting any better.
In 1985, having been finally overborne by incoming and inconsolable social nonsense my mind finally submitted to that which my heart had been telling me – that I couldn't do this alone and needed some help.
That was probably a bad move.
My mother, felt that she was somehow descended from Scottish Royalty and had unusual royal blood a fact unfortunately supported by her GP and that her real mother, Scottish Nobility, lay in the Stewart cemetery at Lilliesleaf in the Scottish Borders. She recommended that I see someone about my problems.
The psychiatrist, however, didn't focus on my mother but instead upon my under-achievements, and before you could say the word lunatic I was the prize patient of Scotland's then leading Professor and his Teaching Hospital.
I was just getting metabolically acclimatised to extreme and severe levels of liquid cosh in my ward of four men when I could make out through waves of relative unconsciousness that the older man in the next bed was giving me sinister attitudes and seemed to have taken an interest in and direct hate for my life. There was nothing anybody could do about that.
I couldn't move.
Nighttime falls and the bedlam of noise subsides as the omnipresent neutralisation of extreme and ingested biochemicals created the socially expected and desirable shutdown behind the eyelids.
I am well gone.
Suddenly in my head the shout of 'No .. !!' and I open my eyes slowly coming back from the land of the chemically dead and my eyes open on a scene of dread. To my amazement my eyes open and start to focus on my body, which is totally animated, and exerting itself.
It is kicking out at this strong man who had been making progress between an item of furniture and was coming up the narrow gap afforded by my bed to access my head and shoulders.

He stood there pushing away at my flailing feet and legs with his arms and he was fully awake.
Eventually order is restored in the customary way and I hear the excuse that the guy was just sleepwalking. The next night however, the exact same thing happened again and again my guardian Angel got into my legs and kept him off while I was waking up and help arrived.
I was getting help.
My assailant had allegedly been sleepwalking in a very intelligent way, navigating those difficult obstacles to get round to my vulnerable areas yet again though perhaps they conceded that some familiar pattern was emerging.
It didn't get to be third time lucky though.
He was then considered so healthy after that that he got discharged almost the next day.
It is absolutely true that my life had been saved on two occasions by an intervention from my Guardian Angel.
My next opportunity for social madness was my introduction to Big Ted, a cockney nightmare built like a brick shit house. He would sort of get me alone in these places where one tries to go to get away from the explosive personalities. His main line of questioning about my life was whether I was an ok and safe citizen in a security context and whether or not my politics were safe. We would play catch with medicine ball in the gym as he returned to his central theme 'are you Alright ??'
The dialog would go amongst the pushing and shoving. 'I'm alwight are you alwight ??'
When he suggested that I would not like to meet his friends as they did bad things and were part of some ultimate security network I was inclined to believe him, as I was not really sure what their social and political agenda was for my life at all...
As this was after all not quite a Russian Gulag I was surprised to hear Professor Zak advise me that I 'should not go Russian into things.'
I would have been more reassured to hear the word 'rushing' in reference to my academic aspirations though.
I was after all ... 'alright' at least as far as I was concerned.
I did allegedly seem to have these troublesome pretensions in that I thought that I could play the violin according to the medical students who were studying my case of under-achievement as part of their course.
[I actually have a 22 CD catalogue of professional recordings]
When they then started asking questions about what I read and evaluated how I thought about issues they discovered that my intellectual pretensions knew no bounds and that I was interested in advancing my own theory of relativity in the philosophy of science.
I could of course not play the violin supplied at the time on the dosage of biochemical suppressant recommended, as violin playing is somewhat dependent on the player being able to move their arms and fingers. I was therefore going to fail the official examination of my musicality and social relevance and be officially stereotyped as some sort of loser who cannot even do music.
All of my ridiculous under achievements were being collated into an official case study, which proved beyond any doubt to any professional, and any trainee professional that I was a pointless waster and loser with ideas and aspirations beyond my capacity to attain.
I'm lying on my bed fully medicated, starting to think that things could only get better when my eyes started seeing marine plankton swimming about the room. I could recognise from the days I worked out as a biologist.

It was as if I were looking down a microscope at a variety of translucent zooplankton of the type found at the bottom of the sea. They appeared to be both alive and busy grazing on whatever was down there, and I remember thinking that I'm a bit exposed here.
I was just thinking out loud .. Give me a break .. when my Guardian Angel appeared above me and lifted my spirit out of my body and embraced me.
This was the true reality.
I was some years later to take photographs of this kind of pseudo marine paranormal life with flash photography.
Having just settled down on my bed feeling a bit better, professor Zak appears and tells me that I have a couple of visitors and would I mind coming along to the counselling room with him.
Visitors, I thought, that sounds intriguing as I'm sure that my mother was too busy stalking the Roxburgh manor to get her Scottish crown back than bother come see me....
I enter the room with professor Zak and see the most amazing sight I had ever seen at that time.
Two men six foot three, well built, both looked alike, western complexion, in their fifties, fair and older, curly, short trimmed hair, both looking in fact like identical twins were standing there wearing grey long tailed morning suits with dark pin stripes as though they had been or were going to a wedding.
Their shirt collars were white starched comprising of a white band folded down and over at the throat to create two triangular wings under which was a dark ornate silk bow tie pinned with a solitary white pearl.
Professor Zak introduces me though I cannot remember the names, they were from some institute, but he then said 'would you mind explaining your theory of relativity' to these men.
I have memories of lying on the floor. Then as I came round, professor Zak said 'you can go now !'
The only reference to this meeting in my case notes which I later accessed under the Freedom of Information Act was; 'had two visitors, was settled.' Unfortunately though my case notes have since totally disappeared and are no longer on record.
These intimidating establishment figures, often dark and oriental, but generally wearing the recognisable garb of authority are legendary in UFOLOGY as the men in black.
It is of course very easy to officially deny that kind of encounter in that kind of environment. After all who would believe you if you had some sort of 'formal thought disorder'.
I could not help but wonder at what sort of horrors might be inflicted in these places on innocent and vulnerable human beings.
Next thing I know my luck is again in ... as I have been invited before a case review .. a conference of students who have been studying and investigating my life as part of their attempts to understand social redundancy.
These 'students' though were already fully qualified as Doctors of Medicine and other post graduate degrees.
I am suitably prepared for the meeting with copious amounts of liquid thorizine and am able to shuffle, keeping most of my saliva under control, to the appointed hall.
The door is opened for me, thankfully, and I enter a big room absolutely full of highly trained and educated, and socially mobile and successful people. At least 60 professionals. They had been selling tickets no doubt.

I sat down up front next to the teaching Professional in one of the two available chairs. The professor then got round to my central problem in life as far as this assembled legion was concerned. My unarticulated and un-educated ideas on relativity.
Would you mind explaining them to everyone, and there is a blackboard behind you if you need it.
Salivating at the very thought I realised that this opportunity had caught me perhaps deliberately, at a bad time, as I was at a huge disadvantage not having the normal use of my organs of speech.
Neither was standing up much of a long term option which had a lot to do with my heart being unable to supply lots of blood to my head, it being seriously invalidated with chemicals.
Unprepared and unexpectedly socially compromised I tried my best to explore the philosophical ground based on what reading I could at that time remember.
Suddenly the professor stands up and screams at me 'Get Out !!', 'Get Out !!' and points to the door stiffly with his arm like the heartless plank of wood that he was. 'Get OUT !! a third time and I am being dismissed like a dog in what amounted to an attempt at a total execution of my self-esteem.
The lesson for the day from this medical teaching professional therefore is how to deal with and administer to people who have had a bad time.
Certainly in his lifetime, I would refute his reason for being.
I would today pay money to see that case study, however, it looks like some Man in Black has gone and buried it.
It is now officially as if I was never there – and well, maybe I am just delusional about ever having been there in the first place.
The Men in Black that had been trying to get me in 1977 at the Newbattle Abbey Black Op were back in for me in 1985. Their focus of attention appeared to be my sense of intellectual independence.
Perhaps it was less my theory of relativity they were after and more trying to target my awakening sense of reality which would enable me to identify the alien inconsistencies so obvious in human society.
As I discovered though, these alien creeps do seem to get a lot of help and support from an assorted collection of human official and deniable operations.
I would seamlessly proceed on from there straight into one of the top administration jobs in the Scottish civil service and there spend an excellent two or three years working for management services team and numerous heads of department.
The aliens and their circus though, were persistent.

THE HOSPITAL HYPOTHESIS "You got Visitors"

Today I came across another ET contact story that relates an all too familiar conversation. No matter how tall or small or human or non-human-like the visitors, the encouragement that the contactee receives is the self-empowering or encouraging idea that its up to them to make changes in the geopolitical paradigm.
i.e. Their future is in their hands.
I would contend that that's naïve BS.
Although its nice to hear these encouraging stories from our brothers and sisters from beyond this planet all of these stories have one thing in common – namely that they usually in no way allude to the known established order of Reptilian interstellar culture and bloodline and ownership of this planet. Neither do they speak of the reportedly massive detuned cities in our skies and oceans or underground etc that belong to an interstellar controlling or management system for the endless spiritual challenges for the inmates of this planet.
These conversations with allegedly rebel ET's are valid in only one way – that they encourage the individual to shine. The theme of 'changing self to change the world' manifests through some of these conversations and seems to incite broader changes.
They do not directly empower social revolutions e.g. with artefacts though the ET's may talk of them.
I hypothesise that in a world full of invisible ships and drones, invisible and telepathic ET's, overhead airtraffic control, we appear to be in a surveillance matrix not unlike a prison or intensive care unit.
There are though two versions of Earth:

1. the pre-stellar technically dysfunctional Disneyland with its thematic desolate cartoon that appears to be following an apocryphal script or recipe.
2. the interstellar corporate Earth with its fully functioning people with no prelife amnesia and full of prelife skills and encyclopaedic knowledge who as a matter of routine appear to be making up the crews on these many flights out.

Several sentient blonde races have appeared to make contact but that the promised human technologies never materialised in public use – indeed it's still up to us allegedly. Other telepathic channelling doesn't download molecule sketches for cures or dictate the technical spec for free energy generators either. And it can be seen from my article 'the hidden hand' that ET social engineering to keep us retarded does seem to give us all plenty time to work out our long term issues that have accumulated in various dysfunctional lives.
If we all got into spaceships right now we would all carry our feelings of insufficiency and amnesia with us. The artificially preserved social cul de sac although sabotaged, preventing real science and technology, gives us all an opportunity to relate and struggle with issues and relationships. Although perpetually pre-stellar, it has themes of dark and light to facilitate choices, vices and virtues though at this time it may be winding down to a close.

Whenever interstellar contact with the controlling interests on this planet are described – we appear to be dealing with the Bogeymen.
Dark wet cold worlds full of hard evil logicians and heartless cruelty.
For all that though it does appear that all those nice blondes are co-operating. Good Guy, Bad Guy, Mutt and Jeff.
Our status quo has been immutable for millennia.
Why is the question. Why do intergalactic souls with massive amounts of memory and skills and capacity need to come here to be worked on as the short term stupid ? e.g.

1. the prisoners of some interstellar conflict being powerlessly recycled between containment vehicles and restripped of their memories and assets and potentially farmed for their life essences.
2. citizens of a bigger social continuum who need the restrictions imposed by dysfunctional human DNA to help them prioritise their personal issues without the baggage of extraneous massive capacities and intellectual data.
3. those people who want to investigate whether they are strong enough to identify the soul choice of eternal life and essence in Christ in the maelstrom and barrage of the evil that is barracked here.

Against this background of underperformance from our alleged ET neighbours who are allegedly 'fighting' the dark controllers their real contribution is consistent with a policy of non-interference in the human pre-stellar status quo. We are indeed subject to spiritual treatment and healing in the sometimes cruel, bloody and painful game of life and that we are perceived to be needy of remaining for a while to enact the full consequences of our choices from various previous lives on our biological bodies.
As Christ said, fear not those that can destroy the body but He who can destroy the soul.
The fact that allegedly 'rebel' ET's are here at all in my opinion reflects a need for there to be a credible social hope in this social simulation. It provides some continuity in the overall social plot. Pre-stellar Earth ET's who appear to be going against the authorities honourably reflects interstellar civilisations perpetual battle with ignorance and social inertia. The management incidentally appears to have kept our skies relatively free of large-scale dogfights and missing continents and numerous independence days and wasted cities over the millennia.
The idea of Rebel ET's on Earth and there have to be large scale intergalactic wars creates the carefully maintained illusion of interstellar politics. They sound like a fairly realistic contribution to a fairly static human social simulation.
Rebel ET's on earth are very unlikely to be rebels at all – have you seen the stuff in our skies when it detunes ??
We hear of individuals and institutions being approached and that lots of evidence for social changes are presented – but that Earth's controlling influences will not allow humanity – the biologically straight-jacketed inmates their interstellar rights.
A seeming anti-human and anti-life cull fomented by the old technologies of combustion is given precedence as the dark and painful faerie tale that plays devils advocate continues.
We get to choose though.
The whole point of planet Earth's surface simulations though isn't the evolution of science or interstellar technology but a maintained workshop opportunity for the testing

and healing of the souls of those who have in some way halted their progress in the real civilisations of the Galaxy and beyond.
Non performing human social institutions linked to uncredible nation state politics and finance levels continually fail to serve human evolution and in that respect if we look at the unusual brakes and controls in human society even historically e.g. on the use of the heavy plough and the horse, it might take a similar 500 years before free energy is harnessed too at this rate.

> The misuse of Ox harness postponed the urbanisation and scientific revolution in Europe by 500 years. [Chant C and Goodman, 1999, Cities and technology, Open University Press]

With artificial Earth 'society' failing can our souls triumph over the root disease of decay and entropy – a disease that must pre-occupy massive interstellar societies and would certainly be worth a study.
I don't think that one of these allegedly 'revolutionary ET's' that land here ever get to dock or scout without permissions and whilst they fly their UFOs in our skies – they do so under the temporarily non-visible docking bays and cities in the sky that abductees such as Jeffrey Morgan Foss and Barry B have been taken to.
Our skies are technically the insides of a detuned semi permeable technological envelope under the control of the Reptilian Empire of Atlantis.
Contact themes are generally devoid of the truth behind the status quo on this planet's surface. That is why tell a human being that their life is already obsolete as a way of being because they are just temporal test subjects sitting an examination of the health of their souls.
The main thrust of encouragement in the ET rebels against the stage managed mortal evils helps us adjust as individuals to further our personal struggle with hardship that comes from the failure of global rhetoric and the so-called rebel ET's presence gives our temporal human struggle true meaning and real context.
It may be true that the contactees are meeting again friends that they have known before they came or were sent here to test or heal their spiritual issues and problems.
It's just that these friends are all reading from the same contact protocol sheets – every time – or else …. Maybe matron or the big night nurse-in-black would have an objection.
No free-energy reactors, ambassador xorg's embassy or ferry ticket – no checking out from this strange hotel California – but I'm sure that we all won't be here for much longer if the earth changes come around.
We will all be called home one way or another to those peoples that we all came from.
The ET's that seem to be of different races and who seem to be rebels such as Blondes from Lyra etc etc probably send many of their kind here to try themselves out in the social challenge to either heal or strengthen themselves or indeed to chastise and I'm pretty sure that whatever we have on galactic good guys and bad guys is pretty controlled for the purposes of healthy social simulation and good opportunities to heal.
Earth is probably the Last Resort. A painful holiday workshop.
It may be that we have a health insurance contract and that we may even get to phone home for our visitors and friends should our hospital suffer a geological collapse.
We may all even have an interstellar social worker or parole officer constantly on our case.

It may also be the case that many of us have completed our programme of rehab and are ready to find that which we lost before we came. It may be that we don't even need those memories or some of our skill sets anymore and it has become time for us all to put a beautiful Hollywood ending to the millennia of the human romance.
Some of us may have fond memories of our old hospital, Earth or good memories of having been steeped in greatness from distant epochs but its pretty certain that all of us have friends awaiting our discharge from the states of incapacity in which we are currently wrapped and in which we socially live.
I think therefore that the numbers and frequencies of contact will increase and that even though our visitors still have the pantomime of a non-interference protocol from the racial custodians to negotiate – its getting nearer and nearer visiting time.
A Long time ago in the 20th century of Mankind in the sixties on British TV was a long running cult series called 'The Prisoner' starring Patrick McGoohan.
It was about a rebel secret agent being taken to and held in a place called 'The Village' which was a high security mind control holiday resort and various number 2's in the hierarchy kept trying to break him .. for information – they insisted that he was number 6 but Patrick insisted that he was not a number, he was a free man .... To the resounding laughs of the controller ...
We all knew that this series was an analogy for planet Earth but in the very last episode of the Prisoner, Patrick McGoohan alias number six gets to meet his captor and tears the mask off finding himself facing none other than himself. Essentially it was the dark side of number 6 that held him prisoner in the Disneyland high security resort.
I will argue that this is exactly the real ExtraTerrestrial position for planet Earth.
Most abductees agree that the Beings they meet are telepathic and can communicate mind to mind with some very highly sophisticated data and interfaces.
For some reason against the run of nature and natural evolution even in the apes, the best most men and women can do is get a 'feeling' - its as if their broadband internet connection has been disabled.
This sense of disconnection and isolation is prevalent amongst mankind.
In amongst mankind's innate struggle for life and reality driven by their feeling of disconnection comes the darkness of evil beings who tempt and twist and contradict and lie and cheat and steal away the keys to life of the emerging human identity.
The endorsed presence of this evil here illustrates our collective commitment to test ourselves.
If it were not so then it would not be a fitting test of our sense of Life and Christ.
The people that are temporarily human though usually have a whole galactic scene awaiting them along with their memories when they exit the human scene.
In the Universe at large, warfare and criminality will be as widespread as any human model could envisage – as beings intent on embracing the thrills of the self and the powers of chaos will rip their way through orderly society on their devastating power trips.
In the real Universe there is no death as such unless souls are deliberately extinguished and ground down by evil. Usually sparks or energy orbs we are people that do not die we simply migrate from container or vessel to vessel. This makes the death penalty in the real and God-fearing Universe and in a Christian civilisation that deals with real issues of eternity not the ultimate sanction.

You cannot just execute Beings as they come back again after they find another body. It would mean that some quite long-term solutions have to be found for anti-social spiritual diseases that bring hardship to peoples societies.
Simply storing them in detention has to prove counterproductive and also un-Christian as simply expediting vengeance upon them will not induce co-operation if in the long-term they can choose to refuse to operate the social value systems that they are dedicated to destroy.
Evil beings and places do not have such mercy.
What are the choices for organised Christian civilisation therefore with such long-term problems from beings that are dedicated to chaos and mayhem. They cannot be executed, they cannot ultimately be controlled, they should not be stored for long periods, they will not be educated and they clearly have issues.
Invent an open-air prison on a planets surface with a modelled society that they may co-operate with or operate against.
Even an organic dairy or beef herd might do as some sort of socially useful detention cell.
Ensure that they cannot escape or do other souls harm on the planets surface by denying them access to interstellar technologies and sciences that destroy souls.
Place their beings inside a restrictive straight jacket that does not have full capacity to project mental force and the ability to inflict acts of psionic crime from their diseased spirits.
Process the beings on earth such that they recycle between these limited lives and give the order of social evolution on planet earth the appearance of end based evolution.
Present these beings with the opportunities to choose darkness and to serve the dark and allow them to test the full consequences of selling their spirits and souls into chaos.
To these ends the invited zeta reticulii, dark insectoids are enabled to interact under the watchful gaze of the Angels.
Also, present these beings with an opportunity to choose the path of Christ. *'You must love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength, and with all your mind, and your neighbour as yourself.' Luke 10,27*

By choosing the path of social nurture we become freely energised from the source, but by turning our backs on the source and taking and hoarding for ourselves we become hungry parasites and vampires sold into the cycle of chaos, the seasons and death. On such roads of being biology and endless hell-fires of biological metabolism and low frequency anima motivate and inspire our spirit and such gold or loot we may choose to pay for then walking on water sinks our souls like lead.
The reality of true spiritual powers and gifts are known to the greater communities within the galaxies. Some beings though have chosen to deny such life and truth to others for the sake of the thrills – a thrilling pastime for hungry souls, and many lured by the ease of rich pickings of easy essence predation eventually get caught by a predatory being bigger than they are.
As we already know – capital punishment isn't a punishment for these beings – its perhaps time to take them on a holiday to the 'village' to become 'Prisoners' with an opportunity to work out their issues.
I met Ralph X in 1981, he had been working a desk job for the accounts department of the CIA in Canada. Outside of work he had met and fallen in with a young lady with a Scientology background who ran a group focussing on regressions and past life issues.

Ralph could remember being a German fighter pilot in World War 1, crashing his biplane and then being taken to a computerised control room – and then recycles into his next earthly life. Ralph also remembers being a solo pilot on another occasion when he was not human. He was flying this star wars craft with a joystick to a secret rendezvous where he remembers handing over state secrets that propagated an interstellar war – he was also sure that he had been a treacherous interstellar spy with other crimes on his book.
Ralph remembered having come from Orion and had gone AWOL, in Toronto, jumping on the American intelligence transport plane network called Air America, which comprised of free global flights on US military transports for intel personnel, and came to Scotland looking for cyborg robots stored underground in some of the alien bases in the Eildon hills.
Ralph though was not a field operative, as his main job was to look at stockmarket bonds and other such tedious stuff, so he had to have invented a great story to get on that military transport, leaving his car parked, as you do, on the runway.
An above top secret mission to recover alien technology no doubt sounded plausible to the guards.
There were traditional and mythological faerie strongholds at the Eildon hills in the Scottish Borders e.g. where the middle ages bard Thomas the Rhymer was abducted by the faerie Queen.
At the time, his employers the CIA, were said to be upset, mainly because nobody had told the Brits about there being no paperwork for him or that there was no official reason for him being there.
Ralph lived and shortly thereafter passed on a brave man with the courage of his convictions tested to the maximum.
It may be on planet earth that more than one type of person comes here to pull on the human straightjacket to work on more than just criminal issues – many of us wish to put our spiritual fire to the test under severe constraints. It may also be true that the highly able and gifted Watchers, the Reptilian ELs for which there is a mass of cultural evidence, have employed computer geniuses to run the prison hospital – but it seems to be obvious that none of us can progress our issues unless we can face up to our own worst enemy … 'ourselves'.
It's when these magical synchronicities start to appear to us whether the very worst or very best case scenarios that we are faced with important choices.
The choices we then make will either honour or dishonour us in the eyes of our watching brothers and sisters.
The beings that can make such happen to us are beyond time and space as humanity understands it – but not as the rest of the galaxy would understand it. Events beyond co-incidence and luck present themselves as banes or gifts. Yet the human condition is deliberately uneducated in these issues and concepts.
This to keep the freshness and clarity of the actual spiritual examination intact for the humans sitting these tests, without colouring our responses with prior bias or knowledge.
But the days of Earth as we have seemed to understand them are coming to a geological close – or so we are led to believe. We all need to hope so we can work with our issues be driven to greater heights of spiritual attainment – even in this desolate Disneyland and testing ground.
The status quo of spiritual and soul testing amongst these predators in a controlled environment has never changed in hundreds or thousands of years.

Nor have any alleged offers of extra terrestrial help been made to manifest in the public domain.
Sights of low grade black triangles with negative ET's flying about do not inspire us with the massive social and science fiction vision of Star Trek.
It is likely that these black budget facilities and short range solar system colonies are all an information gathering exercise by civilised beings working with humanised criminal minds. Its just that the criminals get to feel a bit superior whilst they are being studied in their grade A uniforms.
To see for example how they have rehabilitated their psychopathology in terms of a low grade interstellar social model.
The human condition is a very unique state of being, less telepathic than the apes, short of general genius, suppressed sciences and technologies and cures and in this rigged game of cards – the stakes are very high indeed.
We can choose to tune into loving principles and by the law of attraction, I believe that like goes to like and love goes to love.
But the keynote of Earth is choice – many of us will choose to continue working with civilisation in the future – so our time on earth has been a good opportunity to learn about darkness – that we may shine even more brightly next time out.

THE HIDDEN HAND

'*Talk to the hand ...*'
Mayor of L.A. Arnie Schwarzenegger in the film TERMINATOR 3

The activity of a 'Hidden Hand' that intervenes and steers human history is a recurring complaint amongst hard done by humans.
John Robison (1739-1805) was a Scottish physicist and inventor. He was a professor of philosophy at the University of Edinburgh.
Towards the end of his life, he became an enthusiastic conspiracy theorist, publishing Proofs of a Conspiracy in 1797, 'Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the secret meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati and Reading Societies.'
One may find reference to it in modern conspiracy legends and myths penned by e.g. Trevor Ravenscroft in his 'Spear of Destiny', or Roberts and Gilbertson's 'The Dark Gods', however, merely recycling historical rumour – often within the context of self-referential non-academic bibliographies is ultimately fruitless.
Having operated as an Ethnologist within the conspiracy community and having studied numerous amazing and difficult to substantiate events, it is refreshing to find that had I merely continued with a standard academic education at the UK's OPEN UNIVERSITY, I would have discovered what the academics already knew – there's nothing as strange as History.

OU COURSE AT308 provided two textbooks on 'Pre-industrial Cities and Technologies' edited by Chant and Goodman, 1999AD.
From these various academic works, the editors drew upon the efforts of Social historians, Technologists, Archaeologists and other Scientists to assemble a History of Technology.
The three examples cited here in this paper however, disown the other academic comment and course material supplied and deployed around these textbooks in other pamphlets etc. This other content was probably more intended to emphasise the Open Universities' own distinctive agenda in the social sciences as opposed to some other UK Universities specialist leanings in e.g. Philosophy, which can compete in the same scientific publications market for shelf-room in bookshops.
The two course textbooks on 'Pre-industrial Cities and Technology' are definitive and sufficient enough to supply all the material that I needed to write very good course essays with.
Any material quoted is representative of the ideologies that are said therein by this teaching University to give shape and form to the dilemmas of history that retarded the evolution of science and technology on this planet.
This very popular Open University Course AT308 has been very thoroughly researched and discussed and has retained its rigorous framework for technological evolution on this planet throughout the 2001 CE deployment of the contradictory and refutational archaeological data of Michael Cremo, in his startling publication 'The hidden history of the Human Race.'

This amazing compilation of archaeological finds presented without spin and with recourse to professional scientific method could not have left even the subscribers to Charles Fort with a sceptical overview of high technology history. Although Charles Fort's collection of strange paranormal absurdities as witnessed can be dismissed as relative hear-say, the archaeological finds as presented by Cremo were thoroughly researched by the professional scientists who found them and carry the weight of scientific legitimacy and falsifiability.
The Open University does pay attention to such developments.
Recent AT308 Course updates in 2003 CE included the finding of a very large submersed agricultural settlement in the Indian Ocean. The alleged contradiction it provided to the paradigm supplied by V G Childe's theory of 'urban revolution' – an expansion driven along a militaristic infrastructure from the Tigris and Euphrates basin, propagated by the continuity of trade and ideologies was dismissed.
Although the submerged buildings in the Indian Ocean were numerous and ordered, seasonal cultivation and pastoral needs did not particularly endear a fixed locality to inhabitants in need of food and water throughout the entire year in ancient times. This could also be deduced from the presence of tartan amongst red-haired mummies in Dolmens in northern China. People were prepared to 'shop around' for a good meal and beverage and place to chill in those days.
The alleged city in the Indian Ocean was downgraded by the OU to a mere agricultural settlement as the morphology of the settlement and therefore its implied functions, as deduced from the oceanographic scans did not immediately confer upon it the status of a specialised and diverse place of; trade, skills, manufacture and habitation. Presumably the restaurant and shipwright signage was a bit barnacled.
Open University Course AT308, therefore, is a source of technological history that can be defined as a tool for upwardly mobile education that is both stable, and able – a definition in common with the cruise-liner 'Titanic'.
The three examples of academic breakage that illustrate an insufficiency in scientific reason to account for the total failure of reality come from 3 continents and civilised epochs.

1. CHINA
2. EUROPE
3. SOUTH AMERICA

1. *The slow boat from China.*

China, from around the time that the Huns, Goths etc were finishing off Rome circa 500 AD although also experiencing the wrath of Kublai Khan in the north of China – began a tangential approach to Civilisation that incorporated a more spiritual cosmology within the approach of civilised values to community and society.
Drawing also on Indian mathematics and astrological expertise, many important cultural exchanges took place between India and China that included the import of; architectural idiom, gunpowder components such as saltpetre, decimalisation and absolute zero.
[Chant and Goodman 1999, p. 271]

India therefore, was an important supplier of religious values, images and ideas, of opulent religious ideologies, ostentatious displays of wealth and empire. i.e. a good place to borrow some gold from in the event of a crisis.
The industrialisation of China was fraught with destructive and recurring rebellion and war, but in the main, the vast country of 4.3 million square miles was well served by extensive use of river and canal navigation and a very large stock of boats and ships over a period of 1500 years from 500 AD.
Frequent wars amongst warlords with the resources and aspirations to build and rebuild and relocate huge capital cities would have created a frequent need to replenish treasure stocks for mercenary campaigns and the industries needed to supply them.
Although it could be said that the 'silk road' an 8000 kilometre road running from Chang' an in west China to Baghdad and Persia through the central Asian city of Samarakand through the Gobi desert in northern Tibet was the domain of the Mongol Hordes and blocked the opportunity to trade in the Mediterranean by overland commerce, the same could not be said of the far easier journey south around the Malaysian Peninsula and into the Indian ocean.
Consider that from the comfort of one's own expeditionary fleet, and borne south by favourable currents and winds, there would be no absence of supplies such as fresh water on the far shorter route to the places of known treasure.
It is strange therefore to consider that from e.g. the Sui and Tang Dynasties circa 479 AD right up to the Ming and Ch'ing Dynasties circa 1840 AD that this in fact, did not happen.
It may be that various aspects of the bad things from the east intimidated the ancient warlords of China e.g. Jesuit priests, Marco Polo (1271-1295 AD), or the Black Death 1347 AD but that the origins of rich Indian treasure would not have escaped any well-organised imperialist of those eras.
Whilst the Emperor Yong Le, in the early 15th century sent naval expeditions into the Indian Ocean to trade with India and explore east Africa, warmongering was rather restricted presumably because of the possibility of an Indian alliance with Mongols.
The practise of even politically correct Emperors and warlords outsourcing new resources stopped around 1433 AD.
[Chant and Goodman 1999, p. 289] relate, however, that ' some civil servants .. disgusted by alien .. government, withdrew from public life.' [Chant and Goodman 1999, p. 291] continue by saying that 'Historians have documented new Mongol threats from the north and steep increases in the cost of timber needed for shipbuilding to explain the end of naval exploration. They have noted political infighting associated with relocation of the capital…' 'It is hard to escape the view, however, that something deeper than politics and the price of timber was at issue. For the governing class to turn its back so abruptly on the rest of the world, and also to lose interest in science and mathematics, suggests a shift in values and a defensive, unadventurous outlook.'
[Chant and Goodman 1999, p. 282] The Chinese navy, founded in 1132 AD, had sailing ships and also paddle-powered and sail-less top armoured attack craft that could travel and manoeuvre independent of wind direction and also move in reverse. All naval vessels were equipped to catapult gunpowder bombs into the enemy. Cannonade was also in use against the Mongol hordes as early as the 12th and 13th centuries and would also have been available for military ships.
Although the Chinese navy failed the stop the 18th and 19th century European expeditions from e.g. the Dutch East India Company and then the English East India

Company, there appears to be no reason whatsoever for the superior Chinese navy not to have over-ran the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf and the continent of Africa in its quest for the resources that could keep the empire defended, or some warlord in a mercenary campaign in the intervening 600 years after the founding of the navy and the recognition of its uses.
The only academic explanation for the non-conquest and non-exploitation of the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Gulf and East Africa offered by leading academics is of a 'defensive and unadventurous' outlook to which [Mr Regis Huc in Chant C, 1999, p. 216] would add .. 'patient and resigned shopkeeper mentality.'
The Chinese (warlords) in their quest for the gold and treasure etc that would fuel their ambitions of conquest, conspiracy and defence never thought about the possibilities for conquest that used the abundant surplus of powerful military shipping and the proven expertise available to use it.
The non-exploitation of a proven resource base in India over a period of 700 years for the financing of huge mercenary campaigns e.g. against the Tartar and Mongol hordes, or White Lotus rebellion, because a gold hungry warlord was too lazy to send one of many thousands of efficient war ships from this vast continent to re-explore the proven treasure centres of India is ludicrous.

2.*Europe*

'A Horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a Horse ...'
[Shakespeare W, King Richard III, Act 5 Scene 4.]

From ancient Sumer c.a. 3500 BC, it took 4000 years into Europe to discover how to harness a horse for heavy loads and heavy plough by adapting an ox harness.
Getting a new take on the yoke harness used for Oxen such that a collar harness could be attached to another draft animal with less muscles in front of the windpipe appeared to be impossibly hard.
The sort of difficult discovery civilisation makes once it starts using very hot drinks in the cold jars it used to drink from.
Taking 4000 years to get a handle on a horse and how it breathes, however is a bit of a stretch of credibility.
The excuse of 'unfamiliarity with horse anatomy' by Burford doesn't wear in any of those war zones whatsoever.
The introduction of the heavy plough in northern Europe in the 10th century AD created the agricultural surplus necessary for the beginnings of; trade, specialisation and urban revolution that became the European Renaissance in the 15th century.
This inability to comprehend a horse over 4000 years delayed intensive cultivation and intensive social and scientific urbanisation, industrialisation and scientific invention by at least 400 years in Middle Ages Europe.
It was approximately 400 years after the introduction of the use of draft horses on the heavy plough that the Renaissance took place in Europe. [Burford A, in Chant 1999 page 29] and [White L, in Chant 1999, p 99].
Warring nobles, Goths, Huns, Mongols, Kings, Queens etc from about the time of the fall of Rome c.a. 500 AD would have been requiring supplies and heavy transport to conduct

their campaigns often in the most difficult of terrain that could not always be accessed by porter or river transport. In the absence of Oxen, siege engines such as; ballista, rams, trebuchets etc and other applications of woodland for military use would have needed use of much of the spare horses from the numerous fallen in those battles.
500 years of stupidity before someone effectively straps up a horse doesn't seem credible. Campaign after campaign, army after army, necessity after necessity, battle after battle, retreat after retreat, sagacious investigation of supply logistics from everyone who has ever seen, eaten, butchered, harnessed, shod, ridden and or collided with a horse later, and in 500 years cannot devise a contraption to allow it to pull a heavy load without choking it.
A bit much considering scorched earth warfare between petty nobles and highly organised armies probably required burger king ox steak cuisine and an overwhelming need to get half a ton of arrows etc. to point B from whatever stronghold it was required to over-winter in.
Regardless of who ate the local Oxen, with hundreds of years of recurrent necessity in anarchic Eurasia [e.g. 600 AD – 1400AD], and always plenty of unoccupied medium cavalry horses to use, in tens of thousands of combat dilemmas the military hierarchy were totally unable to harness a horse to a cart without strangling it or to invent a better harness to solve matters of large scale life and death than the Ox harness used in ancient Sumer and Rome.
There were 20th century schools of military thought that suggested that war and militarism was a driving factor in the evolution of human industry, and would cite the benefits of the cold war and the nuclear arms race as an influential factor in e.g. the electronics industry.
The arms race in the 20th century also became the space race and the subsequent development of super-light and super-tough alloys, plastics and fabrics and the process of miniaturisation could be seen to bring household benefits in; television technology, cold weather gear etc.
That however, does not take it away from the middle ages of Europe and their own early modern ways of thinking.
Burford in Chant 1999, p36, relates that oxen were sufficient for Rome, but had clearly forgotten that it was the sight of massed horseman using short composite horse bow that had seared its way across the static impediments to warfare created by Roman thinking all over northern Eurasia.
From then on, efficient mobilisation of arms and resources would be the best response to such threats, as hard-hitting light cavalry could get everywhere at short notice.
Whereas the era of the beef burger drive thru had clearly commenced – people in the dark ages clearly knew what a horse was and how it could be variously used.
In short, therefore, there is no true rational explanation for the several centuries of retarded thinking that allegedly held back a scientific revolution in Europe because horses could not be harnessed properly.
We are told in the same textbook that the Chinese created horse harnesses as soon as they came under attack from the Mongols – which in relative European terms, is instantaneous.

3. *Getting stoned in South America.*

The sites and structures of the ancient Mayan civilisation in South America are impressive indeed. As are the number of new age beliefs attributed to the accuracy of sunspot predictions, the mathematics of Mayan chaos theory and other aspects of astronomy and science that seem to show, according to irrational 'hippy' beliefs, a penchant for design that would have got them all jobs with the George Lucas Star wars films at Hollywood.

Much as I rather empathise with the sentiment of such imagery of perhaps a golden bee that looks like an aerodynamic 20th century jet fighter in a 'Von Däniken' book – the very thought that petroleum engines and considerations of atmospheric friction appeared to be touted as evidence of space faring beliefs, enabled me to ignore those crystal skulls and other such at least for the time being until I could discover what it was that the population of the Mayan Empire actually did for a living.

The impractical new age of the 20th century never actually did any meaningful work and seemed to assume that neither did their spaced out space brother counterparts from ancient but spacey south America.

Myself, obviously being more of a practical sort, reckoned that such a magnificent achievement as building walls on those mountainsides that had polygonal 50 - 100 tonne blocks with angular sides that could have made a very challenging Xmas party game by Ronco toys – would have been hard even with the tools, metals and technologies available to the concurrent pyramid and temple builders of; Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece and Rome. To assemble the; geometric, asymmetric, many sided, irregular, shapes and forms from which those massive walls at Cuzco and Sacsahuaman were made would take; cutting tools, hoists, ramps, pulleys, metal smelting and mining and a mathematical precision of such finesse that even today in the 3rd millennium of humanity on this planets surface, one still could not insert a razor blade between them.

Had I only but known - for the hardest edged tools that the Mayans possessed was allegedly obsidian – a volcanic glass that could be splintered to cut meat and textiles, and the bronze Aztec blades later used against Cortez, the Conquistador.

Neither bronze or obsidian are hard enough to provide an impact on the metamorphic volcanic rocks of the Andes mountain chain – and whereas there may be local and regional variation within the static and drift geology, no skills within the construction industry were cited in Chant and Goodman 1999, pps. 242-251 as being able to make the tools that could cut those rocks to such precise geometric shapes. Muscle power and earthen ramps by default were cited as the cause of these incredible and massive and precise and ornate structures.Worse still, it was with the utmost horror that I came to a shuddering stop at p. 251 of Chant and Goodman 1999.

I can only quote verbatim what I saw there ....

> 'There are strong similarities to the Egyptian pyramids. Like the Pharaohs, the Incas imposed a system of compulsory labour on tens of thousands of captives. They hauled huge boulders from quarries as in ancient Egypt, used log rollers, inclined planes and bronze crowbars to move them. The precise shaping and fitting is thought to have been achieved by the constant pounding of boulders by harder stones, a continuous action maintained by a force of thousands of labourers working in shifts (Gasparini and Margioles, 1980, p324:Hardoy,1973. p.465.)

I can buy the quarry stuff where-by banging wedges into sandstone and limestone in e.g. Egypt one could isolate and dislocate a large rough-hewn boulder for subsequent refinement and roll it away on rollers etc and haul it up a ramp. Also the geology of the Andean mountain chain, although predominately Igneous and metamorphic rock suggests that there was plenty of available materials to use of roughly equivalent hardness to make both tools and building materials out of.
However the organisation required to pound these massive and hard boulders into the precise polygonal shapes we today see as precisely fitting would have taken immense effort by the use of skills even if most of the civilian population worked along side the captives. [e.g. as in the Chinese canal system upgrade near 9th century Tang Dynasty, Chang' an]
Given the hand tools used were of roughly equivalent hardness or even harder than the boulders, the rocks themselves would be in constant use and not much more than another factor of 10 or 20 % harder than the construction material. Not being diamonds, they would need constant replacement too if used ceaselessly by thousands and thousands of labourers, skilled and unskilled.
Given that there was no substance harder than this cutting tool and that the cutting tool was an arbitrary shaped rock of useful size, shape and weight for use in this sort of construction, it would mean that the supervisors on these projects would need a relative army of tool searchers to acquire tools of the right size and weight.
As the local stone tools got used up, gradually, the search would have to widen to keep an army of thousands and thousands of workers working efficiently in shifts and moderately supplied with food and water.
Not every stone found that was hard enough could be of use to deliver efficient craftsmanship.
The logistics of such an undertaking beggar belief. If the hand-tools sourced were too soft or too heavy or too bulky, then the project would slow down and the labour force would expire.
I am aware of the Scottish saying that 'a bad workman always blames his tools' but then at the same time – not everyone was born to cut surfaces in rock like they were brain surgeons.
Perhaps it was the jealous cynic in me – but that's a lot of guys standing around with a sore arm for days on end being unable to eat. I suppose that they would not come to any 'arm.
However, the crème de la crème of anaemic academic investigation still sticks with the heavy rock theory instead of taking the light sabre approach for the 21st century.
In conclusion it is my belief that the human academic paradigm cannot adequately explain or account for the distribution and assets of ancient civilisation on this planets surface.

THE BLACK DOGS OF ROSSLYN

Isaiah 13:22 *And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.*

Speaking of wild beasts and desolate houses, I came across two references in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries, Scotland from the 1930's that mention the discovery of two very repugnant dark underground dens lined with stone, whose cultural purpose and function was unknown. One in the vicinity of Gorebridge near Borthwick castle and one further downriver above the river Esk at Dalkeith.
It was stated that they had been filled in.
Between Borthwick castle and Gorebridge is a place the locals call 'dinosaur valley' because of all the large gnawed bones lying about.
One man on a walk in that vicinity recently had come across another 'den' in the hillside with some bones in it.
Recently reported in the local news early 2007, a deer mutilation at Newtongrange where the big beast had been draped, hanging from a tree.
A local, 'George' did actually camp out in 'Dinosaur valley' a few years ago and had found a cave entrance but his night time peace and quiet kept getting disturbed by weird and strange animal cries.
To the west of Gorebridge and Borthwick along the valley lies Rosslyn Glen, which has its own legend of the 'black dog' with glowing red eyes.
A local policeman who had patrolled that area out of Loanhead in the 1970's had been a serviceman and former jungle fighter in Asia and for some reason would not go out alone on that beat without his Alsatian dog.
Just down the valley from Rosslyn at Loanhead and the Dryden tower in the mid 1990's according to researcher Garry Woods, three painter and decorators entered the warehouse district of Loanhead on a Sunday night to go to a paint warehouse to stock up for a job on the Monday morning.
The streets of the small town were empty at that time of night.
It was a clear night and there was a full moon.
They unpadlocked the wire gate and swung it in, and were heading into the yard when one of the painters spotted a man on the roof of the warehouse.
Thinking that it was a night watchman up there for some reason, they stopped the car and one of the men got out and went forward to attract his attention.
He might have been up there repairing a plastic seal in the drainage system or unblocking the guttering.
When the night watchman came into focus the painter was looking at a feral, hairy, toothy werewolf on top of the warehouse.
Things weren't looking like a practical joke when the man in the furry and toothy mask leapt off the warehouse roof to land on his hairy feet in the courtyard below.
The painter was looking at a being with a very unusual undercoat.
He ran for the estate car and dived in, thankful that the guys had left the motor running.

They got the picture pretty quickly as the wolf man was coming in at pace to supply some close ups. The guys reversed out the yard and through the gates at high speed and drove off as fast as their vehicle would go.
They were all to become severely disturbed by their encounter.
This story puts a different gloss on things at Rosslyn.
Without doubt that geographic area is full of scientific and magical activities related to the blood and to the moon and combined with; tunnels to Hawthornden castle, and the famous Cloning Institute where Sir Ian Wilmut cloned Dolly the sheep at Rosslyn and then also allegedly became a director of the famous bloodline Rosslyn Chapel trust it does suggest that there are serious issues surrounding the next King of Scotland..
There is also Rosslyn Lee mental hospital, and not that far away the ongoing worship of a Reptilian Bronze Age stone head in the woods of Rosslyn Glen, itself linked in with the lunar cycles at the ancient spirit rock.
Over the years, the locals have seen their fair share of weird people in capes conducting rituals in the woods.
Now the same 'wierdos' they used to chase out the village at night are part of an ongoing local industry that involves Hollywood, the Da Vinci Code and Dan Brown plus a veritable library of new and revisionist literature that places Rosslyn at the centre of some sort of Stargate and the business end of big tour parties.
Local and famous Edinburgh author JK Rowling [Harry Potter] also adds another reason for being a tourist at Rosslyn where the chapel itself is a Gnostic and Masonic Guild encyclopaedia carved in stone.
There are strong indications that the boundaries of reality are somewhat blurred at Rosslyn.
Folks are never sure if Robert the Bruce is being cloned secretly in some bubbling vat at the lab that is only a quarter of a mile from the Chapel.
If orchestras play the recently decoded glyphs and the ruby Templar Matthew laser, lights up the mystery keystone, will there be a howling in the local woods.
The real issue of the day though is the fact that the said Black Dog of Rosslyn Glen has been thriving in this area for centuries.
Known to campers and historians, and with an appetite for local Deer, its no wonder he was at the paint warehouse in Loanhead if those dark stonelined chambers are still his interior decor.
They are so … 1600's
The reality therefore is that there has to be a breeding family or tribe of them in the area.
There being plenty of underground accommodation in the 500 square miles in and around the capital city.
Clearly the big mutilated Deer hanging in the tree might be a warning to locals to keep their distance.
Some of the B Movie stuff surrounding this scenario isn't really very funny.
There are one or two local clues as to the secretive nature of the Celtic tradition and the old ways locally. e.g. Gowkshill at the back of the haunted Crichton castle and Gowksmoss roundabout at the Rosslyn junction. The Gowk tending to be a fool, or a strange man, perhaps a man of the woods.

With the power of nature bursting through their human visage, the 180 + carved green men at Rosslyn chapel seem to illustrate a tradition of shapeshifting that is driven by natural forces.
The black dog of Rosslyn glen appears to be one of many otherworld beings and creatures regularly seen in this area that thrives upon the magnetic tidal forces of the moon.

NIGHT FLIGHT plc

Being human is considered an insult by some people on this planet.
Human beings are full of processing incapacity, cannot multitask, cannot learn skills to any great degree, have no real capacity for genius or the creation of anything socially fine or valuable and it has been argued that there are just too many billions of them and that they are last years model and just have to go.
The big interstellar corporations that included the alien hybridisation programme that was breeding so-called 'starchildren' or 'indigos' had the intention to replace the human race with beings of far greater provenance and capacities.
As the cloning Vats of Huxleys 'Brave New World' rolled out the new alien master race, George Orwell's 'big brother' of 1984 was watching the death throes of humanity as it exited on a toxic cocktail of; food additives, sugars, alcohol, drugs and tobacco.
My Uncle and Sister lost to the demon drink, their internal organs and cardio-vascular systems beyond repair it was obvious to me that that was not a good way to go.
My Uncle had severe blood pressure problems, was constantly flushed and his face was covered in a network of blue-red veins – a condition called rosacea which was symptomatic of the cardio-vascular condition and blood pressure problems that he was terminally experiencing.
It passed without notice at the time that the death of Professor John E Mack, Harvard University professor of Psychology, who had been responsible for exposing a very alien penetration of human society, had been perpetrated by some drunk in a car that had driven it up onto the pavement. Obviously, in my opinion, this was someone acting under alien control that had suddenly departed from his usual routine of self-preservation.
Not long after my Uncle's death I had been walking in Edinburgh along George IV Bridge and had been verbally accosted from a doorway by a man lying flat out, his head propped up by an elbow.
He looked like a very unhealthy individual indeed, his complexion deep red and his face had the tell tale signs of advanced rosacea, with dark thread-like veins all over his face.
I apologised that I had no change and as I walked past, suddenly, very suddenly he was bolt upright and horizontal and right in my face. He never got to his feet via stages of push from the arms to kneeling then best foot forward and drag himself up, being careful not to disturb his malfunctioning heart and blood, being gentle and intoxicated and slow, so as not to pass out … but absolute lightning bolt upright without even bending at the knees from horizontal to vertical.
That event was totally incredible to the world of human biology as far as I was concerned.
So I suddenly sympathised with professor John E Mack that the world of drunks just wasn't what it should be … after all my Uncle was allegedly notorious for long haul drives on a gallon of alcohol, so its funny that a couple of pints should totally alter reality for a London driver to the total exclusion of the necessity for and recognition of a road.
Something had changed about humanity the streets were full of socially and economically and inviable people, some of them imposters and the word on the internet from those students of United Nations publications, was that we were all past our sell by date and the next generation of colonists were moving in. We are told that; Cities underground were linked by networks of fast hitek monorails, and that there were space

bases on an alien controlled moon and colonies on Mars and Europa, and alleged expeditions to places such as Serpo or Orion etc.
These events transpired as elite beings of all persuasions got hold of their plastic cards and entered a world full of caverns full of Baked Beans, secret leisure facilities and bizarre little men in white coats. A world guarded by the best of the best; champion intellects, special people, wonderful geniuses, top rate this and la de da that swanning about in a delusional daze as the deserving few that really made it.
In the world above these strange underground toilets the collaborators that aided and abetted the cover up and exit of humanity maybe made their peace with God or continually subverted the emerging truths for the surety of a plastic card that allowed them first choice on what beans were left at Walmart if they could make it through the snow drifts or the tsunamis of the Earth changes.
With the expected Ice Age to come in the Northern hemisphere as the Atlantic conveyor belt slowed down preventing warm water from going not much further north than Spain, the UK was going to get frozen out of the warm water loop, Ice would form big time and supercharged winds would sweep us all away. They even made a film called 'The Day After Tomorrow' about the possibility of this idea. (Just as an icebreaker to get us in the party mood)
The other scenario is the 2012AD Earth crustal displacement predicted by the Mayans and others that puts Everest on the seabed and the north pole at the equator. This would finally enable the children of Africa to meet Santa Claus.
With no truth about this kind of reality on the public agenda of the elite it is business as usual for the masses whilst the elite continue to make their plans for better days and people. The social infrastructure, then, becomes serviceable to the last moment without getting swept away by a tide of panic as every last drop of productivity is squeezed out of the work forces and factories. Well, that could be the plan.
Into this rather bleak picture, however, comes the hope of a massive extra terrestrial intervention from benevolent ET's.
One way or another it became prudent to see whether or not there was a ticket out.
Being somewhat of a contactee with scientific solutions to important human scientific paradoxes and author of a real version of a new theory of relativity - there was not in fact any guarantee of that hoped for interstellar bus pass. The truth was that academic science as perpetrated for humanity was a redundant joke amongst interstellar beings who flew their ships on physics beyond the comprehension of Albert Einstein and 100 years of subsequent castles in the sand like quantum physics and superstrings.
The junk they give us that they call science is just to keep us buried up a cul de sac whilst they cull us without any sight of free energy and the resultant change in our lines of supply and resources that interplanetary travel could bring.
On real sciences, Earth and even three times its current surface population would be indefinitely sustainable.
They already had this stuff I had developed, and, the robotics stuff that I worked out. They already had the ideas for the starship engine, they had it all and they were; better, faster, more able, more skilled, could remember thousands of years of social and academic learning, could multitask, play Mozart whilst simultaneously snowboarding down mount Everest and could leap tall buildings and walk at 50 mph.
Into the public office where I worked one day walks Emma double barrelled name. Emma was interested in arts, was between training and new work and had an interest in

my theatrical contacts as I had a database of people and projects and my own theatre company at the time.
Emma eventually returned having checked out a few of my leads and contacts and further asked my opinion on several related though slightly different matters to do with the subject matter of related projects.
It became clear that Emma seemed to possess some detailed knowledge of my own background and, rather fearful of the social conditions of one of my sisters at the time who was being bothered by an alleged employee of the then Military Commander for Scotland – according to the policeman who checked his vehicle registration I decided to co-operate.
She was pleasant, educated and high class and appeared to be tuned into a world in another dimension, where in this alternate reality she was of an order of beings that had great powers.
What was more convincing was that her father appeared to be a very important person in Naval High Command and that she was attended to at the time by a guy from the elite organisation called MENSA for people of very high IQ.
Ok then.
As things developed she introduced me first to Captain Eric of the SAS .. really a first contact situation for myself and then to some successful guy called Jeremy who had a rich lifestyle and threw some good parties. Captain Eric attended those too.
So the picture started to evolve that there was an elite subculture of people with very special gifts nurtured by Governments and guarded by special forces and that they were preparing for some stuff that might yet happen.
Next up Jeremy tells me that his business organisation is very special and is called Nightflight and then he showed me his letterhead and logo which was of a small bright starship rising over the Earths horizon and heading off to a relatively close red spherical place that looked like Mars.
We seemed to be doing a re-run of that alleged hoax TV programme called Alternative 3 where elite people were designated to move from our dying planet as the third best hope of keeping our species going. They would have to build an elite colony on Mars and adapt people from earth to use as semi-robotic labour went that story.
The other two options were blow away all our greenhouse gasses with nukes or stay underground and fry.
If I could think of Alternative 4 at that time; which was to take the machinery that teleported the steel of the USS Eldridge in the Philadelphia Experiment of the 1940's 200 miles west, and retune this machinery to pick up the frequencies of carbon dioxide and point the process directly away from Earth's centre of gravity 200 miles straight up to act as a funnel into space – then no doubt real geniuses already had half a dozen more Alternatives than just the three the programme had gone on about.
It was neither vital or necessary to do Alternative 3.
Besides everybody and their brother knows about the massive interstellar cities beneath Earth's surface that have been there for millennia throughout even the devastation and extinction of the dinosaurs on the planet's surface.
No doubt these galactic citizens could easily re-engineer the planet's atmosphere could our buddies in Agharti or Shamballah.

Things seemed to go downhill not long after that and the promised dinner party with the serving of 'Beef Wellington' never arrived in the manner that I expected. It did arrive though.
I was merely a monkey and relative retard etc. said a social scene comprised of people that alleged they worked for the security services. I played the Scottish fiddle so I was circulating amongst people who had a professional interest in the clandestine suppression of Scottish identity and the separatist and active nationalism that was so rife on the folk music scene. In those days there were anonymous phone calls and such things and people showing professional looking ID in public bars that declared that I wanted to be 'a Bonny Prince Charlie folk hero.' with my rabble rousing and vivacious violin style.
I was working for the UK civil service at the time, and one day one of my office colleagues collared me at the big filing system and said.
'There was a race of interstellar beings that worked with mankind during Egyptian times and they were very catlike in appearance. They had that same headshape as a cat and they could easily control humans.
Realising that the guy was an avid reader of scifi I put this remark down to one of the many magazines on mythology that he had no doubt been reading.
The next day however, a small young lady wearing silver clothing with a startlingly catlike looking head and jawline started working with us.
As things went I found myself sitting next to Miss C to help her adjust to my duties which were to do with employment records.
She didn't know me from Adam, yet held a piece of paper with the name of a public bar on it called 'the Fiddlers Arms' under the table where I could see it.
Well I was a fiddler, so was she suggesting that she wanted to be safe in my arms ?
Could this be love or what ?
Next up I'm on reception duties and Miss C is sitting to my left working on some filing and job records when suddenly my mind is swirling round and round and I'm standing alone with Miss C in a mindspace environment surrounded by a swirling helix of white light in a scene not dissimilar to the ending of the StarTrek 1 movie where the two lovers finally fuse their minds in some sort of Vulcan mind meld and their identities totally integrate.
Just as my poor dumb monkey brain was about to snap under the processing overload and overdriving of my sensitivities, into the office walks a seven and a half foot tall lady with long shoulder length red hair in her fifties – a total stranger and member of the public who looks at us and says to Miss C .. 'Upstairs ..'
At that point Miss C's eyes fill with tears and she literally runs across the office and heads upstairs.
Shaken by my experience which later resonated for weeks after – my mind had been blown down by some very real issues at that time beyond my comprehension.
Last I heard of Miss C and her other buddy was that they had headed for a flying Disco near the centre of the UFO hotspot in West Lothian. Not with any takeaway they had recently acquired though.
I saw Captain Eric in the public office once or twice after that and I was told that he had rented a flat relatively close to my office.
Shortly after that I am told by telephone from another colleague in music that if I do not leave my ceilidh band project which was just getting commercial and viable that the friends that I played with would be harmed by heavies.

A few years after the ensuing collapse of that career I was on the internet and just really starting to take control of my own creative identity again. I had developed some interstellar themes and some ideas for interstellar society and infrastructure.
Into my life comes a lady from Europe who turns out to be English called Anna Summers. She contacted me allegedly because my ideas on extra terrestrials etc were interesting. This was at the time when easynet technical support, my internet provider complained that my net connection went through several strange servers in London, Cheltenham and various army sounding places in the UK before it ever found the internet out there somewhere.
Anna Summers was a facilitator of the new people that were emerging within human populations. The hybrids and starseeds could not use the drinks machine without her say so.
There was an expansive and wonderful social scene full of class and social wonder and merriment somewhere out there, but alas, it was not for me.
In her professional opinion she could find no special thing about my life that in any way qualified it to be extraordinary. Presumably this meant that I was not going to be allowed to die of shame in spiritual squalor in a glossy concrete bunker whilst millions of my brothers and sisters were extinguished by the convulsions of a recycling planet.
Although it is not good to feel excluded I was pleased that I had avoided the underland of ego and dead alien minds.
It soon became obvious to me that there were other possibilities for interstellar life above and beyond what the governments were doing with solar system colonists.
It was never entirely clear to me what merited any attention from that strange clandestine world until an older lady operative with a background in 'special operations' some of a surgical nature, conducted in some MK lab south of London suggested that it was time that I was reconstructed and be made to wear a pink dress and sit in the corner of presumably somewhere a bit reptilian and be humiliated. She was leader of a surgically modified army of hermaphroditic elite troops with Aryan and Anglo Saxon provenance who might have been somewhat Germanic in aspirations.
These new beings were to celebrate the Coming Man the 6th root race that Adolph had been going on about.
I could assume from that that my intellect wasn't my most useful asset to the elite.
Then the Black Budget Professor from the secret US mind control programme called MK Ultra turned up with credentials awarded from the usual; Institutes, Universities; UCLA, MIT, Stanford, and clearance at deep underground bases, training X files Texas Rangers, Remote Viewers, she had conducted X files studies of war veterans who turned into gold light when hit by heavy machine gun fire, seemingly they had got a glowing commendation from Uncle Sam, not to mention Top US Illuminati families (I didn't) etc etc
The US MK Ultra professor was being facilitated by a lady called Irene whose mentor was MI5 colonel Hugh Beech. He was the man responsible for harassing the Greenham Common anti-nuclear women's peace camp – no doubt his social introductions said it all … 'you beech !!
My discussion group at a local meeting place then took on new spice as an attractive young lady also friends with Irene arrived and suggested that she wanted to be my handler, fit hair extensions on me and that we should turn up at special events wearing dresses.

We could both be a pair of slappers.
She had been educated in France, but it was definitely no go for her and her crew as I had been educated in Scotland.
This was the bottom line if you get the drift.
I was starting to get the feeling that my intellect was not appreciated.
It was true to say though that I had met people that were off the planet.
It was about then that my future interstellar family started coming forward to show me a better road. They demonstrated that my intellect is only part of what I am, that my humanity and inner child is valuable and precious and that in matters of the heart they could offer me a life.
There was life after and well beyond the Military Industrial Complex, there was just the small matter of dealing with the alien starship troopers on the ground and all their funky stuff..

THE HIGHLANDER

Robert MacLeod is an amazing character whose life is steeped in the artefacts of ancient warfare and historic swordplay.
He is founder of his own school and effectively of a movement for a Western Martial Arts system that he has developed, rediscovered and augmented.
'Lifeforce is fencing, fencing is Lifeforce' is his motto.
He takes part in re-enactment battles from Scottish and English history with the Sealed Knot Society, a regular international tournament winner and is a consultant and choreographer of swordplay in film work.
Robert is also part of an International Alliance of Swordmasters and a skilled weapon smith.
When I first met Robert he related that he was part of an elite group of people who received special coaching.
Being interested in such things I pressed for more information and it turns out that Robert follows the script of the famous film starring Christopher Lambert and Sean Connery called the 'Highlander'.
There an elite group of immortal swordsmen perpetually contested fighting for the rights to each other's skills, knowledge and power in a victory that resulted in decapitation for one and a turbo superboost for the victor. Eventually, there could be only one left.
My goodness I thought, lets hope there isn't any contest during our lunch in Doctor's Bar – for sure the décor could improve but I wasn't hoping to get an introduction to Darth Vader at least until I'd finished my bangers and mash ....
What happens suggested Robert is that at night his soul is spirited away to a meeting place in the Astral realm on a 'mountain top' – where this guy called the Master takes him and the five other international candidates from places such as Italy and America through some new moves.
The other people who Robert knows in real life have apparently discussed these sessions with each other on the telephone.
The Master obviously had some plans for this group of common destiny.
He also related that there was a price to pay for this instruction but that was his choice.
So far so good then.
Robert also related that he had been followed down the street by two small aliens in a glass bubble contraption that stayed at rooftop height, which in that neighbourhood would be three stories high. He also related that small glowing orbs of light would regularly appear in his house.
It did seem that he was under some form of supernatural surveillance.
At one of our meetings at Doctors' Bar, Robert related that he had downloaded from some sort of otherworldly Internet a whole system of mathematical and spiritual relativity.
I was a bit wary of that idea since Robert occasionally presented knowledge of Masonic writings and I thought that maybe he had been given some secret Masonic textbook that he was currently reading up.
He then reached for a beer mat and started to draw out archetypal geometric shapes, and then in the next pub, he would write mathematical metaphysics on the corners of bar

newspapers or napkins – it was as if his mind was full to overflowing of some ideas that he was not fully acquainted with.
His next production was to be an important philosophical treatise on the sword and its philosophy and his preliminary sketches were starting to take shape already.
I gave him a system with which he could take a comfortable metaphysical overview of these endless relationships he had uncovered.
I recognised the basic issue in the universal nature of his theory – that it appeared to present infinite labels for a series of infinite objects and suggested that he could overcome the paradox of endless recursion initially spotted by a scientist called Turing by anchoring his Theory around an ancient system of three ness.
Such were the conversations amongst SKY football screens and one-armed bandits.
Robert said that he had been out duelling at St Margaret's Chapel on Arthur's Seat the extinct volcano in Holyrood Park. This was a hill reputed to be haunted by the faerie people.
Their swordplay had been interrupted by a sparkling white light, which the two followed noting that it had disappeared into the hillside.
Traditionally there are entrances to the caverns and tunnels under Edinburgh in that park and there is a famous local story from folk tradition of a King chasing a white deer through the park.
This is traditionally symbolic of the presence of the faerie other world in this vicinity.
Definitely there was something otherworldly about Highlander MacLeod.
Robert allegedly continued to download more theory from some Alien Internet – and I came more to believe that he was integrated with some very weird stuff.
I went round to his workshop and as he was busy working away on one of his beautiful swords I spotted a series of photographs taken in the park in central Edinburgh called the Meadows.
Here Robert was with a few others and engaged in the middle of combat.
In the photographs, Robert and the other duellist were surrounded by a matrix of twenty or so glowing orbs.
Next year, Robert came back to our Alehouse discussion with a new discovery. That somehow our notions of heaven and hell were all wrong and that what we took for Heaven was in fact hell and that what we took for hell was in fact Heaven.
Heaven for Robert was being centred in the Earth's battery of energies, lux and flux and being part of the luminous central hierarchy at the heart of the Earth. From there, great powers and feats of superhuman capacity were possible.
On one of his many transatlantic flights Robert had a vision in the clouds, for it seemed that each cloud took on a demonic face. He was challenged to find the source of goodness, driven by a potential army of evil opponents and he related that his source of strength and life was the centre of the Earth.
For him, the traditional view of Heaven had become Hell and the traditional view of Hell had become Heaven.
His centre of power had become the 'god' within – and the god in the eternal energy at the centre of the world.
He didn't feel too happy about being a 'slave to Christ'.
Just as in the film 'the Highlander' – Robert feels 'the quickening' that turbo boost of energy that takes him beyond the normal time and space of human martial artists whose

moves and minds become transparent to him. He said that he could read the move of an opponent even before it is made.
Whatever army of opponents face Robert MacLeod now or in the future it is certain that augmented by arcane powers and hidden masters and a fellowship of other acolytes that he could give Darth Vader a run for his money.

THE MYSTERY OF GOBLIN HALLS VILLAGE

For centuries there have been stories of mans association with the little people in every culture throughout the world.
In Scotland, rich in its tradition of faerie culture, cultural contacts and abductions it seemed that faerie stories did not make it into the era of the x files.
Appearances though have been very deceptive for the ever changing Faeries appear to have kept up with the times – their magical chariots and flying coaches have become flying cars and space ships and their abductions and enchantments are still as real as ever.
It began in the New Town of Edinburgh at a little second hand book store called Patterson Books. Amongst the many wonderful out of print paperbacks on sale were collections of printed artworks, posters and maps and there in a bundle was an old ordnance survey map of Edinburgh and East Lothian.
Having acquired the map for a pound I took it home to open it out for as a keen geographer I was always looking up historical sites to go and visit.
Although it had a fairly crinkled cover the map was in good condition and I scanned the various famous landmarks like Rosslyn Chapel and Crichton Castle, the vast cavern system of Cousland, two villages called Elphinstone and Elvingston and noted that references to the little people were abundant.
Scanning the roads to take in the village names my heart leapt in excitement as I noticed a village called Goblin Halls.
I had never heard of this place, and it being adjacent to the legendary cavern system I grew enthusiastic about my chances of finding an entrance to the hundred or so square miles of mysterious underground dwellings which legend said were in abundance.
Making a note that it was about 4 miles west of Gifford near East Saltoun and about twenty out of Edinburgh I intended to go there to check it out.
For one reason or another, the visit got put off, and as I checked up on the legends of the Lothians it became very obvious that the faerie folk had been instrumental in the creation of some of the most important events in Scottish history such as saving King Lots daughter from execution at Traprain Law by catching her in their flying chariots as she was cast down from the heights for daring to have married an Elf.
They flew her across the sea to give birth to the Scottish Saint who would eventually become St Kentigern in Kirkcaldy.
Kirkcaldy takes its name from the Kirk of the Culdees, the Church of the Servants of Christ.
It was from Kirkcaldy that the quest for Goblin halls village reawakens. I had heard that Stuart and some others had massive amounts of good photographic evidence for extra terrestrial realities. Stuart had been taking two hours of camcorder footage of a huge space ship over two miles long terminating in a drive system with what looked like three large circular headlights directly above Goblin Halls.
This had been shown at a MIMAC film festival at the Rothes Halls in Glenrothes.
He had been filming across the Forth estuary at night and had actually picked up 3 huge ships. The closest was to where Goblin Halls was on my map.

As I watched this incredible film I saw swarms of glowing white pod ships come out of the mother ship and go buzzing down to about over where Goblin Halls village was showing on my map.
This I said, should be world news, but Stuart was reluctant to put this out as he was regularly visited by the little folk and didn't want the outside world involved to any great extent.
I noted from internet research of the area that just south of Gifford was a collective of people belonging to a Gnostic organisation who were living very close to the land in Pishwanton Woods.
Their brief as an organisation is to commune with the 'genius locii' of the local lands, and have been using the ancient standing stones as part of that effort according to an ex-gardener.
Now my curiosity fired up more than ever I went back to Edinburgh determined to make an expedition to Goblin Halls village.
Setting out in my white van one bright midsummers afternoon as I went into the countryside of East Lothian the sky was blue, the air warm and full of the sound of birds.
Judging from my map I was west of Gifford somewhere near Saltoun and I pulled into a layby to look at my map more closely.
I looked out over the fields of barley and watched as a small cloud of flies rose and fell in the afternoon heat.
For some reason three of the big flies came over to my van and settled on the windscreen.
The middle fly sat with his tiny butt pressed against the windscreen and his two companions flew off.
I started the van deciding that I should head down the road and as the van picked up speed the fly on the windshield continued to sit there, facing forward preening itself and rubbing its eyes with its forelegs.
I headed downhill and the hedgerows loomed large on both sides of the narrow road and there between the trees at the foot of the hill was the sign for Goblin Halls village. Just before I came to the sign, the fly leapt off the window travelling forward in the air somehow avoiding getting caught up in the slipstream.
Then I was finally in the village of Goblin Halls.
There were quaint rows of terraced stone cottages, a hotel, a shop and a postoffice with a market cross and a church, the place was picturesque.
In the postoffice I bought an icecream and enquired about the Goblin Hall and was told that it was near here but they didn't know where.
I did a quick circuit of the village then drove off deciding to return with a more detailed map and history of the area.
I was to move house that year and many of my books and maps were sold on to make room for myself in my new home.
When I decided to start looking for the village of Goblin Halls again I bought another map but was to get a huge surprise for it was not marked on any map either on roadatlases, ordnance survey maps or even the older maps.
Yet I had located and found the village of Goblin Halls with my old map.
This was an incredible mystery as it turns out that the historical cave and castle is in the village of Gifford at Yesterhouse.
There is no mention whatsoever of Goblin Hall on any map, old or new or specialist yet I had been in possession of a map that displayed the name as a village.

It isn't even marked as an archaeological site on popular maps.
Some beings or force unknown had caused the name Goblin Halls to appear on my map.
I even found an identical old series 'Landranger' OS Map but there was no sign of Goblin Halls village.
I no longer have the map – just an amazing story about how I first got to hear about the Goblin Halls of East Lothian,
I had taken it for granted that there was a village called Goblin Halls, the maps say there isn't – but there again, maybe there is and if you go looking for it – you may well find it.

DANGEROUS DAN

In the annals of contemporary folk myth in Scotland in those times when all about are losing their heads and are being taken over by an evil alien collective there is One Scottish giant whose bravery and heroism stands out for a special mention.
That's Dangerous Dan, a Scottish UFO investigator who regularly takes on the difficult cases that absolutely nobody else wants.
In relentless pursuit of the truth Dan travels the length and breadth of the UK to interview extraordinary people in extraordinary trouble.
With a cameraman, he travelled to Humberside in North England to interview a lady who had a rather strange lodger called David Daniels.
He had the most disconcerting way of; answering questions before they were asked, of putting lots of sugar on his food, of sleeping beside radiators and travelling between rooms without opening or closing doors.
It was alarming to leave him in one room with his fresh towels and find him waiting in the next room – which was unconnected in any way.
He claimed that he was on the run from the FBI and that he 'wasn't from around here …'
At this point things were starting to look convincing.
Did Fox Mulder of the X-files know where he now was – was surely going to emerge as a question at some point.
He claimed that he was part of an alien network and that he had a contact in a local, nearby town.
Certainly there is an alleged deep level base at RAF Boomer near the city of Newcastle, but that facility was one of many the length and breadth of the entire country.
The story goes that it is actually a deep level base with over fifty levels down. Someone getting a job interview there had got in the elevator and had been taken to the deepest level, where allegedly, behind a huge steel door is a being of enormous telepathic power – who no doubt by now wants to go home.
The problem is that when approached it scrambles one's brains.
Newcastle, though, had no real reputation for being exotic.
Maybe it was the attraction of the famous Newcastle Brown Ale that made it a top destination for aliens and their networks, but for one reason or another the landlady was starting to arrive at the idea that her lodger was not a run off the mill Newcastle United supporter.
Now his landlady really didn't know what to say to all of this but was of the old hippy 1960's era where people are open to the 'far out'.
This was definitely 'far out'.
It had transpired that one day Mr Daniels was in his bedroom and he called his landlady in. He was lying on the bed and then said .. 'I've got something to show you .. !!' The landlady was really not at all sure what to expect at this point … but suddenly the veins and skin on his arms and chest started turning dark blue and scaly.

'Oh dear', said the landlady … he's a Reptile.
That fact certainly provided a talking point over afternoon tea and biscuits.

Being the facilitative and social type that she is she realised that somehow she had been pushed to the human frontier of communion with some sort of interstellar species. You would not recognise these people at Tesco or Wal-Mart if they were at the checkout with you.
She had a friend who claimed to be an abductee – maybe this was a chance to have a star trek convention for real … 'one small step for man … ' etc
So she set up a dinner date where the young man, the abductee, could come round and meet David … and then who knows what wonders in interstellar small talk may develop.
At the appointed day and hour the doorbell went, and Mrs 'X' went to the door with David Daniels, opening up to greet her new guest on the doorstep.
The young man's smile turned to horror when he set eyes upon Mr Daniels … '… take him away, these people have raped our worlds, killed our planets …'.
It was like one of those unpleasant scenes from Star wars in the hall of the galactic council, but without the visible presence of any Jedi Knights the evening was called off without recourse to Light Sabres..
Mr Daniels, alleged Interstellar Lizard headed off not long after that and somebody sent for Dangerous Dan.
Dangerous Dan started investigating alien illusion power after that and seemed to focus on a story that many people had previously buried as a hoax and a waste of time.
Dan had discovered something very important about the Cottinglea Faerie case that no-one had ever spotted, that no-one had ever written about and no-one had ever documented at least in the public domain.
Superficially Elsie Wright and another young girl photographed faeries in their back garden in a series of photographs that were widely dismissed as a hoax in the late 19th century.
The disclosure was brokered by Arthur Conan Doyle who was later allegedly embarrassed by the public response as a tide of scepticism broke over the events.
As it turns out, Dangerous Dan discovered that Arthur Conan Doyle was part of some very strange 19th century 'think tank' based at Rendlesham Manor. It was a quasi governmental organisation that included; Mary Shelley, author of Frankenstein, HG Wells, acclaimed science fiction writer, Jules Verne, science fiction writer and Bram Stoker, author of Dracula.
It was a Victorian version of the X-files.
Arthur Conan Doyle was also responsible for freeing an English country yokel from prison who was accused of mutilating a horse. Doyle argued that the uneducated citizen was incapable of such surgical precision and anatomical knowledge.
Dangerous Dan started to dig deeper into the Cottinglea faerie photographs, realising that there was something there that did not add up.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seems to have had an agenda.
What was left of the collection of photographs after some had been stolen from a cab in Victorian times was called the Brotherton Collection and it was then stored in Leeds Library.
Looking through the photographs that nobody else ever looked at, those never made public, he could see that something was very wrong with the small girl Elsie.
She appeared in one photograph to be over six feet tall and at least three feet wide and it was as if someone in Victorian times had taken the equivalent of white correction fluid and painted round her shoulders to make them look narrower, creating an obvious

contradiction in perspective halfway down the left coat sleeve. That same person had painted out the eyes and nose of Elsie who was wearing her usual overcoat that was visible in other photographs.
Elsie appeared to have been shifting her size and shape on camera and the author is in possession of this photograph.
Next Dan looked at the most well known and loved photograph called 'Elsie and the Gnome' which portrays Elsie sitting on a grassy bank in a white dress billowing around her elbows whilst a little gnome dances at the end of her extraordinarily long fingers.
When Dan saw the original version of 'Elsie and the Gnome', there was no billowing white elbow on that dress. The big flowing elbow on Elsie's dress had been added by our white paint artist. What it disguised was the fact that Elsie's arm was very very long and had an unusually non-human look especially at the elbow.
There was no puffy silken elbow in the original photograph of Elsie in that dress.
If people thought that her fingers in those photographs looked very long – then there might obviously have been even more questions if the very unusual arm and elbow were also visible.
A big blob of white paint fixed that though.
Dan at that time had emailed the copies he took of the Cottinglea photos to another famous American UFO investigator, Linda Moulton-Howe.
Shortly after that, the entire Brotherton Collection was sold at auction to Hollywood Actor and Director Mel Gibson.
One night Dangerous Dan declared that he had been 'got'.
He said that some aliens had implanted him and that everything he saw and said was being broadcast to the BBC television centre.
I suggested to him that the Beeb could hardly handle the competition from the other channels and that maybe he was being made to think that to make people think of the whole idea as ridiculous.
Famous English Cyborg Scientist Professor Kevin Warwick suggests that this kind of technological implanting is not beyond even current human technology, so for an alien civilisation fixing it for Dan to be broadcasting to somewhere was definitely feasible.
I went round to his pad to watch a movie one night and for one reason or another it was too late to get back home by public transport and I had not brought a car.
So I was offered the sofa.
I had started dozing off when I saw this grid of red light section the room off into boxes and then this glowing bar of red light move slowly up the room like a bar scanner in a supermarket.
I turned over on the couch realising that things like this could well be all in the mind.
As I stared up at the ceiling – I could vaguely see some machinery over my head like some old fashioned dental apparatus and there were two men with short black hair about five foot seven wearing one piece overalls with the insignia of a black triangle on their chest.
They said something to the effect of 'world domination' type rhetoric and I wasn't too impressed if I remember.
At that I murmured – 'go away !!' and turned back onto my side – and next thing my legs are being physically grabbed.
That was it ! I leapt to my feet and headed for the front door … noting as I did so little blue white glowing lights around the power supply fuse box in the house.

Dangerous Dan is currently investigating mysterious recent deaths amongst scientists in British Aerospace who were allegedly reverse engineering UFO crash materials from Argentina.
Allegedly, one of the men, according to his widow, used to carry the parts in a diplomatic briefcase chained to his wrist and regularly flew in and out of Washington DC.
Dangerous Dan, a Scottish hero of the old school, however broadcast ...

THE ELMWOOD FEYWIFE

In the wooded seclusion by the Loch at Elmwood in west Edinburgh lies a wonderful little golf course in the most picturesque setting.
The clubhouse itself in amongst the trees is of contemporary design and gives no hint of a very strange secret – that it is haunted.
I say gives no hint, but then the alarms have been going off so persistently at night for no identifiable technical cause that even the local Police have been known to refuse to attend the scene.
Either some hoaxer or some persistent, intermittent, unfixable technical fault is seen to be a more than regular waste of Police time at Elmwood Police Station.
The materials and fabric of the clubhouse itself though do not suggest that any alarm system would have been under funded or an inferior compromise made in the installation.
This is a golf clubhouse facility at the top of the market.
The story begins maybe in the 18th century in buildings on the old foundations or maybe the cause of the dissatisfaction comes from the early days in club golf when lady golfers did not get their deserved priority, or perhaps from one of the ex stable maids of some nearby Manor House which in its day lent its provenance to the nearby road name of Elmpark.
Either way – something or someone, allegedly female is resident at Elmwood Golf Club and likes to play at night – but not golf.
Mr and Mrs 'Jarvis' are part of a team that supply cleaning services to the premises.
Mr Jarvis had been vacuum cleaning a hallway when he noticed that a sheet of paper on the notice board was bent upwards. Nothing unusual about that thought Mr Jarvis because the motor on the vacuum cleaner does cause a draft. The force of that air bouncing off the wall was able to drive up and displace loosely fixed papers. However, no other piece of paper on the notice board was moving at all which was slightly disconcerting.
The notice that was horizontal was part of a three or four page memo and the pages were turning as if being read.
Then Mr Jarvis heard the sound of female laughter.
Clearly Jarvis had company tonight and whatever it was, was obviously saying hello.
Taking his vacuum cleaner over a distance into the next room he pulled on the cable and discovered that it was snagged somewhere. Weird thought Mr J, so he went out into the hall to discover that the vacuum cleaner cable was now snagged amongst some fixings a couple of feet off the floor.
The cable had to have been lifted up there by parties unknown, and then it had to be looped around a fixture.
This evening was shaping up into a real paranormal party.
The rest of the night passed uneventfully.
Mr and Mrs J were working away, cleaning the function room when suddenly there was a billowing of curtains as if people were behind them and a loud crash as the fire doors burst open followed by the alarm going off.

Frightened by the incredible events and noticing that somehow these doors had been opened from the outside, Mr J phoned the Police.
The Police were only several minutes away and arrived in numbers. Their dog team sniffed around for intruders outside and two police officers checked the security of the premises.
There was no-one to be found.
Noting that the doors had been somehow opened from the outside the Police officer said 'this is weird …'
Having arrived earlier the J's would not have easily gained entry to the premises if any of the electronically alarmed fixings and their circuits were insecure and defaulted or the alarm had been previously triggered.
On a regular basis, lights flicker and dim and things happen to scare the bar workers.
Some noisy spirit appears to be seeking attention.
Another night, Mr and Mrs J were due to turn up and lend their services and had stopped their car in a lay by on the way there to eat take away food before their night shift.
They were alone on a quiet dark road and no headlights either coming or going were visible, and there was no sound of any motors.
The orange streetlights of West Edinburgh were visible on the hill - they were parked and it was a quiet, mild night.
There were no car headlights to be seen.
Suddenly behind them in their lay-by was a big car honking its horn very loudly indeed as if wanting past. The road however was empty and no approaching headlights had been seen for miles in any direction.
Realising that this was perhaps not the best time to be dealing with ghost cars, especially as the occupants have long surpassed the need to be partaking of the Scottish diet themselves, Mr J started up and immediately drove off … and the strange car did not follow. Mr and Mrs J headed into Elmwood.
At the clubhouse, they set up their gear as usual and from another room, Mr J could hear the scraping of heavy furniture over the floor.
He immediately stopped what he was doing and ran into the room, because Mrs J was working there and he saw Mrs J looking at a table by the window.
Mrs J had witnessed a heavy table scrape its way over the floor from the back of the room to the window and it had left scratches in the floor.
Mr J approached the table but as he did so he could hear the sound of grains of sand or rice dropping onto the tabletop – though nothing was visible.
Mr J had been in the toilet and was watching the room at his back in the toilet mirror and he could see the toilet door suddenly start moving behind him, then the lights started to flicker.
It did seem like scary and intimidating behaviour and the capacity for the lights to flicker and dim under these circumstances tend to give the place the atmosphere of a 'B Movie'.
Contact was made with Mr 'Rutherford' a medium who trained in a development circle at Albany Street Spiritualist Church, Edinburgh, for three and a half years with Mr and Mrs D and B, W in the early 1980's.
Mr Rutherford had inherited this gift from his mother's side of the family and eventually came to realise that his mother's 'second sight' came from a long line of similar women with some very strange blood type that even her family doctor said was 'Royal'.
The sensitivity of Mediumship was often a great burden.

Mr Rutherford attended the premises late at night though did not enter because of a very strong sense of unhappiness and distress emanating from the direction of the very new looking function suite.
He said that the unhappiness did not feel hateful, just that there was resentment that the peace and solitude was being broken by his presence.
Mr Rutherford did not think that he would be unwelcome there during the day, but stated that there were clearly some issues that needed working out with this spectral visitor.
There is quite clearly a very powerful presence involved in this case stated Mr Rutherford.
Mr Rutherford was also impressed to see a youth, one of the younger club members playing 'keepie up' golf with a pitcher club. The youth was rather impressively bouncing the golf ball repeatedly and constantly off the head of his angular club. Perhaps the life-force was strong with this young man.
Maybe standards of hand eye co-ordination had rapidly improved in the last twenty years.
Mr and Mrs J, left their job at the Golf Course, but other members of staff do from time to time come across the Feywife of Elmwood Golf Club.

THE IMPERIAL PRINCESS

Having been involved in the amazing ET contact scenario in Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland at the millennium where a group of worthies were filming and photographing materialisations, low flying small spaceships and one or two enormous big ships over the estuary of the river Forth near Gullane, Edinburgh, there had been considerable international interest in the reports generated by the footage.
This despite the fact that those who decided what the news was didn't think this film that looked like an excerpt from Starwars merited any attention.
To quote former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher .. `You can't tell the people .. !'
One big 2 mile long elliptical ship had been filmed static in the air for 2 hours. It had three circular big boosters at its rear end that looked like blue white car headlights, whilst out of its many decks over the 2 hour period, swarms of little glowing podships came like a cloud of midges rising and falling in clouds in the clear night sky as they then flew off in little glowing armadas over the area known as Goblin Halls near Gifford.
Having shown the excerpts from the 2-hour footage at Glenrothes MIMAC `Rushes' event at the Rothes Halls, there was interest from a Tour company in the United States.
The lady was an expert in the Strange and regularly took tours to exotic destinations such as; Hawaii, Tonga, Australia, Switzerland, Mexico, Peru and Brazil.
Kirkcaldy therefore was not exactly a luxury destination, but there are wonderful fish and chip shops in Kirkcaldy that give you two pieces of haddock with your chips and Irn Bru.
I got the email from Atlantis Expeditions saying that Rosie was coming over to check out this group in Kirkcaldy and that she was bringing a friend.
Being at the millennium, it was possible that this contact collective had something important to say, having filmed some strange looking glowing being that appeared to be pointing a device or glowing rod in their back garden.
Maybe Captain Zarkon and his First Officer had something to say ?
I met Rosie and her friend at South Queensferry railway station in the middle of the summer of 2000 and we then went to the little hotel adjacent to the ferry under the famous Forth railway bridge.
It was one of those lovely days with blue sky, white fluffy clouds, beautiful looking architecture with its red geometric girders, the scent of the sea and the sound of the herring gulls as they swooped searching for seafood in the retreating tide.
I was pleased that the setting was so picturesque.
We got a table at the back of the long bar and started to discuss our strange agenda and its tourist logistics and the ins and outs of people being followed around by strange lights in the sky that would fly around their rooftops, buzz their cars and materialise inside and outside their houses.
The three of us were engaged in working out the agenda for the Kirkcaldy visit and a quick tour of Edinburgh town centre and the grey alien 13th Century stone head in St Giles Cathedral when suddenly, I look up, and see this small lady about five foot two enter the lounge at the far end of the bar.
She starts slowly walking up the back of the long lounge to us, passing the bar, not stopping to order, not seeing in any sign or room feature where we were sitting any

opportunity to enter the ladies room. It was just us up the back of a long room – there were no other doors or exits.
She looked late fiftyish and had an embroidered woollen jersey and long black skirt and appeared to be carrying a little blonde haired rag doll.
She walked straight up to us and introduced herself as Lydia.
When she heard the accents of Rosie and her friend, she said that she was a gypsy and knew of some very strange local things.
Realising that this was obviously not any kind of co-incidence and therefore had to be directly connected with what I was doing in Fife and with my clients, I told Lydia about the strange lights in the sky in Fife.
At this she said that she too was followed about by lights, and that these were ships that followed her about everywhere no matter where she went. They were her people.
We were just wondering therefore what the significance of the blonde haired rag dolly was when she held it at various heights and lengths from her body and said that her Mother sends her everywhere; up here, over here, down there.
At that Rosie, who comes from a strong American military tradition having flown into Scotland on an American Military Transport on the `Air America' ticket offered to military, ex-military and intel families, decided to take some photographs.
Lydia then produced a Christmas card with an Angel on it guiding the three wise men and put her arm around me in a very reassuring manner and we posed for our official interstellar contact photo.
I got Lydia's phone number and told her that we would love her to come around to a group meeting in Edinburgh.
Then she smiled at us and left the hotel.
We then arranged to meet at the house of McWoolly with some other invited people from my research group to see if we could get Lydias spaceships on film at night.
I realised that what she had to say was very important indeed and we convened the next night in Edinburgh.
Lydia came along and thanked us with a blessing in the Catholic tradition, then took us outside.
We waited, and then, through the low clouds that obscured most of the sky, came a bright UFO and it hung there under the clouds glowing through the water vapour.
Next came a second and then a third.
At that point it could not be argued that Lydia would not produce ships when required.
There was positive proof therefore that Lydia was an important person of some sort that need not necessarily be from around here.
This was done in front of Rosie and other witnesses.
This had to be real progress for Mankind.
The next day I met up with Rosie again and took her and her friend to Kirkcaldy in Fife to meet with the Lloyd contact group.
I had been giving them a hand by setting up conferences and news exposure and by doing other research into Religious Organisations and other publicity etc
Their main contention was that they had evidence that the Prophet Elijah had returned to see that everything was good before Aliens rebuilt the Temple in Scotland.
In several of the New Testament Gospels though, Christ is clearly quoted as having said that Elijah had already been and gone. [Matthew 17:12] For the Christian Church

therefore and all Christians, Elijah had already returned a second time and had been John the Baptist.
They had a photo of a being with something that looked like a hand held device and they said that this was Elijah.
They also stated that anyone who disagreed with that might well come to some real physical harm for being unGodly.
Rosie met the guys and listened to the reality and saw the amazing images then took some more photos and shortly after that headed out of Scotland on a military transport that she boarded near Glasgow. She shared the trip with a Delta team on its way back from a mission further east than the ancient Kingdom of Fife.
I started seeing Lydia quite frequently after that without any pre-arrangements she would be there co-incidently in the supermarket, or on the street near where I stayed.
I had been playing fiddle for Scottish dancing one night at Dalhousie Castle along with the resident band there and at half time as we were eating our sausage rolls and I noticed through the long castle windows that strange small pearly glowing lights were flying across the carpark.
Dalhousie Castle does have a resident spook, perhaps a chambermaid that is said to have perished in an unhappy manner, but this phenomenon was sweeping down from the sky.
After the gig, I got into my Volkswagen van and drove round the Edinburgh ring road out to the Forth road bridge.
Before I arrived at the toll booths I took the Services slip road up to the garage, thinking to get a packet of biscuits and milk for my night time cuppa.
It was a clear, mild summers night and the whole area was quiet and free of cars and transport. It was about 2 am.
There wasn't much traffic on the nearby Forth Bridge either.
I pulled in and parked up, getting out my van to stretch my legs.
As I did so another car comes rolling into the garage and slowly pulls up alongside my van.
It was Lydia.
She said hello and asked me what I'd been up to ... and I told her that I had been playing a ceilidh dance at Dalhousie Castle.
She then said that she had composed some tunes that she wanted me to listen to ... and she produced a tape recorder and played what sounded like stately marches and processional music.
She said that she was a princess from a big Interstellar Empire and can remember those lives she had there from long ago.
She then produced a photograph of herself in a dark textured dress standing beside a tall lady who appeared to be wearing an archaic or gothic style taffeta, white satin evening dress with formally dressed black hair.
Her mother seemed a strong willed and feisty lady with a sense of humour and an eye for power dressing.
Lydia then said that she would like to take me to introduce me to her Mother at some point.
Her mother therefore being the Empress of an Interstellar Empire.
Lydia asked me what I thought of her tunes and I remember thinking that these themes and melodies could sound really good if they were arranged properly.

She then got out the car and came over to me, looking around to see if we were unobserved and the area was quiet except for us .. then she said watch .. and she stepped outside of her material body to reveal a shining and loving being with a real sense of humour who looked me in the eyes and smiled into my mind.
She had obviously been around the Universe.
She bid me goodnight and drove off, though I'm not sure if I could hear her car accelerate up the slip road.

MULL OF KINTYRE 'guess whose coming to dinner ... in 1997 '

In the words of Paul McCartney, the peninsula on Scotland's south west coast, made famous by the song Mull of Kintyre has 'mist rolling in from the sea' and he adds that his desire is always to be there – Oh Mull of Kintyre.
A hundred plus miles away, the phone rings at home in Leith, Edinburgh the capital city on Scotland's eastern seaboard.
It was a client wanting to book the Wild Geese, my 4 piece band in which I play the electric fiddle. We had vocals, a great selection of songs, bass and drums of the highest calibre and a great spirit for any occasion.
The event was in some sleepy fishing village on the east coast of the Mull of Kintyre near Campbelltown on the Argyll peninsula.
I remember thinking how lucky we were to get that gig ... as Glasgow being the closest city had to be full of bands of similar format and lineup, who would not be requiring as much travelling expenses.
We were to stay the night there in a small village hotel next to the Manor.
The day for the gig came and we set off early – across the centre of Scotland, through Glasgow and eventually up into the mountains.
The old van was pulling well with its load of kit and humanity ... and as we started on the little road to Campbelltown it was a good day .. the sun streaming through the forest, the bassist was doing his Sean Connery impressions and the singer was engaged with our fiesty drummer on the finer points of Robert Fripp's progressive rock drumming.
Round and round the road, bend at a time, scots pine trees, engaging low gears, the revving engine whilst in the air the scent of pine trees borne on the sea breeze that was Scotland at its summery best.
Eventually on our left the sea of the Mull of Kintyre, which thankfully had no mist rolling in just yet.
The sky was blue and now and then we would pass some picturesque little hamlet with its whitewashed cottages and little fishing boats with their nets and lobster creels basking in the sun on the shingle beaches.
It was a very rustic scene indeed, then, finally, the fishing village of our destination which had a collection of expensive sailing boats in the harbour and picture postcard cottages and hotel.
So we got in to the hotel, and the people from 'the house' that booked us would be along later.
We set up onstage in a fairly big hall that would hold maybe 200 people and got soundchecked in preparation for the event.
Lots and lots of people started arriving and we had some supper and got changed into our gig clothing for the event.
The dances went well with 50 - 80 people dancing the set dances and I was playing away with my usual gusto and all the band sounded really good.
Our half time break came up and the contingent from the big house came over to thank us and to say hello.
The lady of the Big House brought her daughter over, she was about my age with long black hair, and we exchanged some conversation.

Then suddenly, the daughter turns to her Mother and says 'Mamaa, I've never seen one like that before .... Can I keep him ????'
I sort of felt left out of the loop at that ... as though my fate hung in the balance ....
I felt my mind being scanned and influenced ... this was apparently a nice place to be – then I heard my Guardian Angel say No.
If Mamaa had been able to say yes as she probably has done before then the words of the Paul McCartney song seemed to make sense .... ' my desire .. is always to be there .. Oh Mull of Kintyre'
Am I some sort of lesser life form that can be acquired as a pet with impunity.
Would not people be asking questions should the Wild Geese not make Edinburgh without their driver and fiddle player ??
And as has obviously happened before when Mamaa had previously said yes – what scale of cover up was involved amongst the villagers and the police ??
This was sounding like the real Wicca man stuff ...
If I was a lesser life form that could be acquired as a pet, what kind of life form, therefore was this human looking child and her mother ?
Mamaa though, had said no ... but the dark haired young lady accompanied me to the buffet table and engaged me in conversation as I tucked into my sausage roll and pickled herring.
The local fishwives around here chew the bones from the herring she enthused ... oh dear I thought ....
The legends of the Blue Men of the Minch, in Scotland's western waters were well know and were written of as long ago as 1697 by the Reverend Robert Kirk, indeed there is a Reptilian Stone Head in Rosslyn Glen next to the famous Blueblood chapel.
Indeed on the Isle of Lewis there is a sept called the MacCodrums of the Seal that are part of the reptilian shapeshifting tradition in Scotland.
I couldn't help but wonder exactly how many 'herring' had been chewed around here by the local 'fishwives'.
She then said that she was going to get some night air and wished us a good night.
At this point the bassist came over to retrieve me as we were about to restart.
We finished the gig with our usual style and went to bed for the evening in the little hotel next to the Manor ....
The night passed uneventfully for me ...
And as I drove us back towards the mainland I couldn't help be a bit anxious that the road did seem to bend back on itself, looping through the swaying pine trees. The van did seem to take its time getting up to speed on those climbs, and although mist was rolling in from the sea, I definitely didn't desire to always be there.
We saw the sign for Glasgow, a city that takes its name from the tradition of blue green beings and we headed back to civilisation having not been registered as missing people.
Competition in the music business in Scotland is pretty cut-throat, but it seems obvious that very soon we would be without peers and have a total monopoly of the central belt.
Them bone crunching Rock and Roll Lizards sound like they are eating their way through the Scottish whose who.
The shoals of herring around Scotland may have drastically dwindled in the last 10 years, but one thing is for sure – the cuisine at functions hasn't got any better. If you do come on over – BYOB – Bring Your Own Bananas.

If the fishwife aristocrat had never seen one like me before though it does rather suggest that there would be other monkey business in the offing for the Wild Geese and their Angelic Road Crew.

THE NEW STAR PARTY MANIFESTO

Here is the Manifesto of the New Star Party, campaigning for a new interstellar deal for the Human Race. 'Unto the Dawn !'....

HUMANITY AS GALACTIC CITIZENS

The 21st Century of Mankind brings its own challenges with extreme environmental changes, maximum levels of solar radiation, and minimal advances in science and technology. Never has so much crises been answered with so little scientific advance.
Whereas the technological remit of multinational corporations has increased the supply of items to consumers, there is no sign that the free energy technologies and theories currently and historically available are being deployed for the benefit of mankind and the planet. e.g. Townsend Brown, ca.1930
100 years of failed scientific theories by the established order are yet corrupting and impacting on the deployment of new solutions.
It is the agenda of the New Star Party to supply and deploy interstellar science to this planet.
With a starship drive, advanced robotics and working nanotechnology the human race will be able to supply its needs from resource bases within the solar system.
The New Star Party acknowledges the extra terrestrial colonial effort currently underway on our planet and intends to negotiate for and collaborate with the new intellectual property and market intelligence already freely available to citizens within the galaxy.
Current ring fenced agreements with multinational corporations deny the public and taxpayer access to interstellar data and interstellar enterprise.
Public Wealth, Health Reform and Interstellar Education and Technology should be freely available within current human infrastructure.
Current government practise of interstellar apartheid and separatism are racist and a denial of human rights and liberty.
The New Star Party shall separately negotiate with the visitors for human rights and a share pro rata of currently exported artefacts and intellectual property collectable through current human royalties and commissioning infrastructures. e.g. The Federation Against Copyright Theft, the Patent and Designs Legislation, Mechanical Copyright Protection Society, and other Civil and Industrial Laws and Bodies that protect the estates of the copyright creator or custodian.
We shall offer an amnesty on undeclared exports and renegotiate franchise rights for and on behalf of human artisans.
Currently Undeclared galactic exports shall provide either direct or indirect benefits for the human race - including the families and or relatives of those who have contributed their intellectual property.
Although most interstellar organisations do not consider the reward strategies of Earth capitalism adequate we will negotiate for payment or human benefit for creative artisans.
We will set up the Department of Interstellar Affairs to administer to and facilitate Enterprise and Market Research amongst human applicants who can present an

Enterprise brief for scrutiny. This will be an independent tribunal that remains outwith the catchments of multinational interests and personnel.
The New Star Party will set up a new university called Stellar University, which shall teach the financially lucrative interstellar sciences to human candidates. This university shall stand apart from current human academic institutions bound up as they are in failed theories and paradoxes.

CULTURALl AND COLONIALl EXCHANGE PROGRAMME

Although the visitors are exposed to a multinational elite and their personnel and marketing strategies the visitors have by no means enjoyed the full goodness of human diversity and wisdom.
Many elite have argued for a tainted and poisoned human generation incapable of beauty and commune but no-one would truly expect the visitors to buy the idea that the human race and its cache of wise and eternal souls in otherwise temporary accommodation have nothing great and beautiful to offer to the galactic milieu.
The New Star Party shall set up a cultural and colonial exchange programme whose first duty will be to vet and advise potential participants what cultural themes and processes are acceptable to the visitors.
We shall offer consultation opportunities to groups and individuals that have a satisfactory track record taking into account qualitative output and any lack of professional qualifications.
The New Star Party shall open an interstellar embassy to the public to advise them of their rights to travel or what to do in the event that they have been recruited by an interstellar interest.

PLANETARY RESTORATION

Using the available energy to matter technologies, the planet Earth will be cleaned up and all of its pollutants and offending toxins and materials removed. This includes the obsolete industrial architecture and its waste products. The Extra Terrestrial interests that I represent see this planet as an important Keystone in a new kind of Catholic and universal Civilisation and they intend to remove future industrial activity to outlying facilities within and beyond the solar system.
It is entirely within their power and remit to technologically alter global warming CO_2 to fix the problem. Indeed this technology has existed in human hands since the days of the Philadelphia Experiment in the 1940's in the US, and the teleportation of the USS Eldrige 200 miles west.
Re-tuning this technology to fix on the signature of CO_2 instead of the ships steel and projecting the CO_2 200 miles up and away from Earth's centre of gravity, global warming has been a fixable problem for the human Military Industrial Complex for over 60 years.
Once the planet has been cleaned up its social infrastructure will be rebuilt and its primary role as a Pilgrimage centre will see it become a showcase and hub of not only artistic and creative endeavour but of Spiritual purpose and a new commitment to Life and Love.

Aliens currently strip mining planets in this solar system e.g. Saturn, will be reminded that they have been asked to leave and if they choose to stay they will be agreeing to take part in new multimedia and merchandising and Movie enterprises for the New Earth's Wars in the Stars series.
These Movies don't have to be action Blockbusters though.
Eviction will include imminent Court actions and Democratic Lawsuits and the enforcement of a notice to quit.
Courtroom dramas have been part of the Intergalactic remit forever and always have a wide and enthusiastic audience.

FISCAL POLICY

The New Star Party intends to join the human race and its national infrastructure to the galactic stock exchange and interstellar market.
Established human infrastructure is based upon the petrodollar and it is intended to offer control of the new energy franchises for the human race to the oil companies. This will preserve the balance of power on the human stock exchange. Free energy devices and attendant antigravity motors will also be offered as franchises to the current automotive industry - replacing the internal combustion engine on this planet.
No multinational corporation currently selling internal combustion products will be fiscally out of pocket under the terms of deployment of the new free energy motor franchises.
Hydrocarbon resource extraction will continue as usual to supply the plastics and pharmaceutical industry. Surplus crude oil previously supplied to the internal combustion industry shall be stockpiled off planet so that the current oil distribution and storage infrastructure is neither underused nor over burdened.
New interstellar markets shall be obtained for this crude oil under the terms of existing multinational agreements with the visitors. This will also balance and compensate the oil industry financial infrastructure as the era of combustion on Earth draws to a close.
Capital and Market infrastructure on Earth shall be reviewed in the interests of upholding current trade arrangements between corporations and the visitors and corporations and the human race.
It is intended to form the human race as a multinational corporation in its own right and thus preserve for the corporations all the benefits the corporations have extracted from their elitist endeavours.
Workers currently in menial jobs will be able to apply for a personal robot to currently supply the same service under the Substitution Programme.
However new production facilities and multinational profits will be supplied and maintained under the terms of the substitution programme.
The human race, defined as those excluded from interstellar trade and commune in terms of existing interstellar treaties and as self-employed interstellar citizens shall henceforth incorporate as an Earth-based multinational company with no executive structure.
The newly incorporated human race shall present itself as available for interstellar commune and enterprise at the honour and discretion of the galactic order. This galactic order already has treaties with other multinational corporations on Earth, so the New

Star Party shall represent the human race as a corporate entity of self-employed entrepreneurs.
Telepathic vetting shall be entered into and soul-life contributions from available data and extra-terrestrial scanning techniques on pre-birth lives shall conditionally qualify previously unqualified humans for the galactic order.
The New Star Party shall act as agents for the human race in the acquisition of greater standards and qualities of life far beyond the current expectations of national standards of living.
The New Star Party does not acknowledge the United Nations as sole agents in an interstellar role for and behalf of the human race. The United Nations has professed no commitment towards deployment of new sciences, technologies and interstellar benefits for the human race and is clearly in the pockets of the elite corporations and their measures.
The New Star Party will collaborate with the United Nations in its alleged efforts to maintain and control the planetary biosphere against the ravages of multinational industries but will not heed the call for population reduction when there is clear evidence that interstellar technology will feed, supply, heal and educate every mouth ever conceived on this planet now and in the future.
The New Star Party will seek to legitimise the human race and will ask that criminal elements amongst the human race be telepathically neutralised in a social context with full regards to their civilian and national laws and rights. The human rights of the criminal will be preserved.
This new order of policing shall not extend at this time to multinational personnel with whom we currently share this planet, but multinational criminality shall be addressed via corporate and galactic laws.
In exchange for such social management, and the logistical management of new energy and transport and industrial goals, the human race and its creative talents shall at a price, supply solutions, artefacts and the conditional rights to certain planetary resources to the visitors and some of their galactic corporations.
The New Star Party will set up an agency called the department of human affairs to pursue the social and fiscal rights of the human labour force currently engaged in multinational industrial production.
Using our galactic credit and credibility we shall offer to Buy Out every human worker currently engaged in unaesthetic employment.
So that the exploitative relationship the multinational corporations currently have is preserved we shall either supply a robot or index linked financial compensation, or a more efficient factory.

SOCIAL SERVICES

Rehousing needs for the displaced national populations including medical supplies, hospitals, educational facilities and creative and recreative supply shall be temporarily met from the existing supply of galactic surplus ships, until pre-fabricated cities can be flown here or indeed built from our own resources.
Standard of Living Credit Cards shall be introduced to the entire human race to supply everybody with a free basic degree of living and luxury comfort drawn from the usual

department store itineraries. Refurbishment grants will be issued by social priority. The system will not be exploited.
Health care needs shall be met from interstellar hospital ships. Current profit levels generated by multinational corporations within exploitative relationships between the human race and national agendas shall be maintained. Pharmaceutical industries shall have their capacities re-assigned to manufacture new orders from interstellar markets, as their tenure and sale to the human race will be over.
The New Star Party will set up new international trade agreements that govern the farming and production of food for the human race.
The need for intensive agriculture and inorganic farming methods will be obsolete when the human race takes deliveries of better-prepared foodstuffs from offworld. These new foodstuffs will be free of artificial and dangerous chemical additives.
The current corporate food industry will be compensated such that their balance of profits is preserved and the New Star Party will open a new Forum for Organic Food, which will enable the human food industry to compete with its interstellar neighbours.
Massive Industrial Farming techniques that safely and cheaply supply huge populations will be replaced by bulk supply of fresher naturally preserved products.
The Forum for Organic Food will consult with current producers to bring human produce into the competitive standards demanded by a discerning galactic market. The New Star Party will enable food producers to convert to new food infrastructure and compensate corporations financially and grant them the franchises on new food factories. An expense born by the human race plc.
The New Star Party will appoint a commission to evaluate the fiscal worth to the galactic market of human produce on Earth. The Commission for Human Produce will with interstellar consultation evaluate the human race as a corporate producer and give the human corporation a value on the galactic exchange. This will include, software, intellectual property, planetary DNA, rights to artefacts, previously excluded human ideas and inventions, artwork, recipes, fabrics, foods and other curios of noted interest to galactic consumers.
The Commission for Human Produce will collaborate and consult with Extra Terrestrial Industry to find new outlets for human produce and will research interstellar markets and societies for potential distribution, exchange, barter and or sales.

EDUCATION

Surplus human population, folks that were not otherwise gainfully employed who had been made redundant by the sweeping technological changes, shall be given the assistance required to bring their human lives up to the standards required for a useful existence, firstly in human terms and secondly in interstellar terms.
Initial demand and premises for mass re-education can be supplied and met from existing interstellar surplus ships.
These Interstellar contributors may wish to negotiate the rights to facilitate subsequent human intellectual property produced from within their premises.

JUSTICE

Criminal aspects of the human race that cannot be catered for are the attributes of dark, nihilistic cynical and often criminal passions that a significant minority brings with them from one life to another.
The human race has inherited this dark line of intentions and enshrined desolate anti-life ideas and habits within its peoples and culture.
As the New Star Party respects the right to life of such people within its human resource, but that clearly such individuals have no place in a socially creative and nurturing environment - it is proposed that such perpetrators be rehoused under the same terms of new luxury as the majority of the human race, but that they be housed together in a land set aside for their commitment to anti-life ideologies.
They can be repatriated to their originating soul group ascertained by scanning of their being. From the scan, details of their prior lives before they became humans with amnesia can be revealed.
Each perpetrator will be given a Life Assessment Interview to ascertain their reasons for having located amongst humanity.
Any perpetrators committed to social harm will have their interstellar freedom restored with no memories of Earth and will be relocated in a prior civilisation where they may have previously flourished.
This would be a resort extended to the most dangerous criminals on Earth and would not in any way impair their future functionality or desires - they would however, be less likely to target Earth's soul group in the future.

IMPORT

The department of human affairs will vet all extra terrestrial imports and offer transparency to all human individuals.
The DHA would seek to import all pro-life educational and recreational tools for the human race and set up a reporting system to evaluate evolutionary enhancements - which if empirically proven will be subsequently made available to all.

SPIRITUAL AFFAIRS AND THEOLOGY

No one shall dictate to anyone how to worship God.
However, an anti-God stance begets a nihilistic society full of anarchy and fear and power trips.
The worship of dark exploitative non-nurturing and antisocial spiritual agencies for selfish wars of social oppression will be deemed an anti-life and anti-human and anti-social practise unwelcome in a human future on Earth.
These people will be free to continue in their anti-social beliefs and practises where they can inflict their harm on informed and educated volunteers and in a place set-aside for that purpose.

They shall be segregated from people that they would normally predate upon and given a Life Assessment Process to enable them to understand what it is they are offering to unprepared and innocent people.
If their anti-life war on the human condition remains deliberate they would be referred to the Justice process.
The idiom of Social nurture and God is both an internal and external effort that draws from the source of Love within to give it - to outpour it into the Life of others.

Our Christian tenets.

1. Love God as you would love yourself.
2. Love your neighbour as you would love yourself.
3. Do to others what you would have them do to you.

The New Star Party seeks to break the destructive cycle of anti-life vengeance and would educate and heal the victims of hate crime with eternal memories, discussions and opportunities for personal growth.
There will be opportunities to recreate relationships from previous lives where there has been love.
THE NEW STAR PARTY if elected will serve as an embassy for the human race and seek to end the deadlock that has been presented to the human race in a cul de sac of society that is deprived of truth and true reality.
By making the human race free players as galactic citizens there can be the realisation that the one true resource we have is our impulse to love and to create. Such a human diversity will guarantee a challenging and rewarding and stimulating love-filled future whatever body we choose to turn up in.
The human race has a vast untapped potential of wondrous creativity that can travel endlessly beyond the anti-life culture fomented by the dark few.
The New Star Party and Andrew Hennessey will seek to facilitate the great changes that must come to our planet and mankind.
Here is a glimpse of our export potential and collective wealth – here is the pie that the interstellar corporations are devouring on our collective behalf – here is what is ours – what we worked our tickets for …
Start thinking in terms of; hardware, artefacts, designs, buildings, vases, fabric and textiles, period designs, food and drink, artworks, music, furniture from all epochs, writings, social expressions and themes, fashion, monumental designs, historical colours and textures, historical graphics, vehicles from all eras, their shape and form.
I may have missed some out.
Celtic, Teutonic, Moorish, Baronial, Renaissance, Classical Greco-Roman, Egyptian, Indian-Hindu, South American, Chinese Sino-Asian, Oceanic, Africanic, Polaris, Russian 19th century, American Native 17-19th century, American Westernised 20th century, Russian 20th century, European west 20th century, European aristocratic 19th century, English Victorian/imperial, Caribbean 18th-19th century, Tibet, Sumerian, Catholic, London 1960's, Futurist, Latin and Jazz, Tokyo Manga, Japan Ancient.

Can you imagine how many kinds of peculiar forms of transport could be decorating somebody's ornamental lot somewhere ? How many paintings, how many styles, how many juke boxes, how many archives, how many textiles and soft furnishings, how much tableware and what era and style – how much food and drink, clothing and styles – can you imagine how many lives died to deliver this stuff up to these human and alien corporations ??
Folks, we need to be asking the right questions – for this is truly why there is a UFO cover-up the non-disclosure is that we are being ripped off and terminated – terminated we all know about – but please tell me that you can see the rip-off.
At another level though it's about human choice at a personal soul level between selling out for dominion and choosing an angelic vision of God and Christ.
I can see that this planet has been maintained as a simplistic funfair for millennia perhaps to facilitate these very choices amongst incarnating felons or spiritual hospital cases.
e.g. there is academic evidence for zoning and tampering see the article; 'The Hidden Hand'.
Perhaps this is all that this planet is all about - that one choice - between the way of eternal life or the way of eternal death - the vine of social and communal nurture of John 15, or the way of the self-centered predator.
My own strategy has been to campaign for export and royalty rights to the artefacts and intellectual property that is our heritage and inheritance. i.e. to attempt to engage with some political process that governs economic reality between ourselves and the others.
To me that seems like an immediate next step - obtaining legal recognition as a species. I don't know if you folks have heard of the great ape legal project that campaigns to give us as much rights as any ape.
I'm suggesting that we have an economic right as producers and the children of producers and artisans to the kinds of wealth currently being generated in these 'imperial' trades.
As we have no individual or collective power to contest a war amongst angels and beings with superior powers and technology - perhaps the next best thing we could do to get involved - after we commit to one of the two paths of Life or Death, is to make a claim for legal recognition as producers of unique items - only in the hope that whatever empire or social structure involved can recognise unions or labour, rather than unions of convicts.
If we look at the big picture at the level of soul - in 80 years or so we will all be elsewhere - an earthly ephemeral voice in an eternal life and hopefully an eternal society.
We want a legal Exopolitical position and certainly defining an economic policy for the remuneration and the temporary but physical safety of our human condition would be a good start.
The incredible number of historic eras and artefacts, designs and fabrics is enough diversity and grandeur to fill a galaxy with. My personal question is:

1. Why are we currently being frozen out of these trades ?
2. To whom should we be addressing concerns for our current legal status ?
3. When can we expect to be beneficiaries of our own heritage ?

I know that in all ways the Kingdom of Heaven is the place that we all inherit - but in our temporal world - are we collectively doing enough to deserve representation here - there must be a real Exopolitical process for us to engage with - thus far all we talk about are lights in the sky, earth changes and hokey sciences with a vision of our overlords thrown in.
We all need an economic vision in our Exopolitics and that as well as the politics of intervention we should also be discussing

ECONOMICS.

e.g. there is no good reason why we as a planet are still based on an oil and petrodollar economy. In the 19th Century Industrial Revolution in England, canal owners simply acquired the monopoly of the new rail networks. They never went out of business.
Everywhere we look, day or night we see and have filmed aliens shooting up into our night sky, so its time to get real and to take democratic responsibilities for our own future.
We know that many people have had gravely bad experiences with SOME of these Beings - so it's time to get legal. The NEW STAR PARTY is a big step in the Right Direction.

TAKE ME TO KIRKCALDY

The local legends around Edinburgh, Scotland's capital have it that the Princess Thenaw of the Lothians, daughter of King Lot had an affair with a Reptilian shape shifter and magician, circa 603 AD and was discovered to be pregnant with child.
She realised that there was going to be trouble so she stood in the middle of an icy stream and recited the Psalter in penitence.
Her father the King and his people were so angry with her that they condemned her to be executed by throwing her off the cliff at Traprain law a big hill near North Berwick, but as she fell the local faeries came out in their flying chariots and caught her, no doubt with an antigravity tractor beam, and conveyed her across the river Forth estuary to the Isle of Maidens or the Isle of May.
One local Edinburgh writer, Stuart McHardy, has researched this island as possibly a location for a version of the Arthurian Avalon or paradise.
The princess was looked after there and eventually gave birth to a son, called Mungo or Kentigern and he was taken to Kirkcaldy in Fife to later become one of the early Celtic Saints.
The name for the town Kirkcaldy literally means the Church or Kirk of the Culdees i.e. the servants of God.
Kirkcaldy therefore has a long established tradition of off the planet Christianity.
I first heard of Nigel whilst in contact with my rock and roll band that had been touring.
The bass player Paul, whose father was allegedly an ambassador working for MI6, started telling me the most amazing things about his good friend Nigel.
He was in the biblical sense, a prophet, who was working for the most powerful Angels and these could manifest for him ... and they had the photographs and multiple witnesses to prove it.
In the Old Testament there is a tradition of meeting with such stars on the road and having supper with an angel unaware.
I was of course aware of Fallen stars too, spoken of in the ancient work by Josephus Flavius called 'The History of the Jews'. Ca. 78AD
It was therefore necessary that I met with Nigel and heard what he had to say.
Nigel had once been a very wild man but a very important close encounter had totally reformed him.
He was in his house and tripped, but when he fell, his consciousness fell through stars and galaxies and he found himself on the edge of a black abyss. Up to him came a very bright light, an Angel and he was guided to return home to Earth, watching as he did so the fine detail of cities and continents as they started to emerge as he came closer home to Scotland.
He started to recognise the important work of the bible after that and began to see that the sky above him and around him was full of wandering stars.
Some would swoop low over his house, some would fly through his house, and very soon, his entire neighbourhood would see these low flying stars or Angels too.
Those who laughed at the idea, however, would tend to meet with painful accidents.

Nigel said that they 'got their tatties' … to translate the lowland Scots into the Queen's English – they were served up a helping of boring old potatoes to drown what should have been a finer serving of better things in the restaurant of life.
Getting one's tatties could be for example; a broken leg, or a non-fatal car accident, or the loss of some liked or needed object.
God was everywhere and was angry with mankind said Nigel, and would break us all up the way an iron rod would smash clay pots.
To me this sounded like a very severe and unforgiving version of my Father the One God, however, at that time, from the friends, neighbours and testimonials who had seen the pearly angels – the iridescent pearls of great price – it may be that God's plan was finally unfolding near the beginning of the third millennium after the Death and resurrection of his first born, Christ.
My vision of Christianity was interstellar in its own way too.
Christ had stretched out his hands on the cross of matter between the heights of the highest vibrating heavens and the stars of sluggish matter and time and was brutally broken whilst being totally conscious of all the paths of the dead around him and the life and lives that he truly knew.
Christ had had his soul irreparably broken and left within the dark centre of the world and vibrations of Earth's realm for three days and nights to be again remade and glorified, as he was promised, on the third day, so for God anything good is possible in a world where materialism seems to eat at and destroy what we are.
The recovery and remaking of souls that have been broken, by an act from our very Creator sounded to me the most wonderful hope for an eternal life and society.
Nigel seemed the real deal, and would eloquently quote the scriptures and endlessly searched for the meaning of these Angels and what they had to say.
I heard of the time when he had gone camping and had met some bikers and told them about God's Angels and they had laughed, and next thing they had been buzzed by a formation of five low flying pearly-white lights, and as they scattered from the camp fire they were subsequently pursued.
At the time I stayed in the Joppa district of Edinburgh, which as any Scottish Freemason could tell you is probably so named after the 'Edinburgh is a secret Illuminati Jerusalem' theory as espoused by William Comyns Beaumont in 1947AD in his 'Britain Key to World History', and then, later by Barry Dunsford, who added that Pontius Pilate's family came from Killin near Perth and the man himself had stayed near Dalkeith just outside Edinburgh.
Even on the local aristocratic estate at Dundas, near the local bloodline chapel of Rosslyn there was alleged to be an architectural folly that predicted the latitude of the 'true' Jerusalem by way of a chamber sometimes illuminated by a flash of light down a shaft. At the bottom of the shaft, a High priest would place a staff a cubit long and when the light hit the rod, it would cast a shadow that was of a unique length for the latitude of Edinburgh at 56 north. This was a different length of shadow because of the curvature of the Earth at Jerusalem in the Holy land. This alleged 'true shadow' was called the 'tena brosa'.
It can also be pointed out that the port of Joppa is the same name as the port of Jerusalem that is mentioned in the bible:

2 Chronicles 2:16 And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need: and we will bring it to thee in floats by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem.

But that on any map of the Holy Land in the Middle East the port of Jerusalem is Jaffa. Jaffa, though, is also mentioned in scriptures.
Things of geopolitical significance could be about to be disclosed.
These Angels could be signs and wonders that are a prelude to world changing things simply because of the geopolitical reality of being next to an Illuminati capital city, Edinburgh in Scotland.
There were therefore certain important things that could potentially transpire from these Angelic revelations in Kirkcaldy so close to the third millennium and so close to some kind of very important geopolitical city, Edinburgh, whose provenance was generally secretive.
Also if these Angels were to manifest for the benefit of Church leaders, it could be that some very important Good News for mankind was on the way.
In fact, much of Edinburgh's secret history finds its way into the famous work by JRR Tolkein called 'The Lord of the Rings'.
For example, the tribe of Orc, comes from the Kirkcaldy area and Aragon was of the line of the Dunedain, Dunedain being Edinburgh's Celtic name.
I had at that time contact with a music scene in Gullane at the Templar Lodge Hotel and the character who ran it claimed to be an ex head of MI5's department of parapsychology.
There were reasons to doubt that though, but he did seem, according to a guy who had been working for the UK's version of the NSA, to be operating a strange unit of people in some of the rooms that had computers and staff time dedicated to researching end days material on as much global material as they could find.
If the Angels would come to be with Nigel in front of a delegation that could be staged by this security service parapsychologist called Stephen Prior at the Templar Lodge Hotel in Gullane near Edinburgh, then maybe something special and interstellar could take place.
We prepared and sent one hundred and eighty letters to Church leaders of all denominations all over the World.
I was walking down to the beach at Joppa one night and noticed the ruin of the Joppa Parish Church that had burned down in a mysterious fire not that long ago.
The roof and its charred timbers looked jagged and broken and from the top of the hill I was walking down, I could see the dark shadows inside.
Suddenly, one of those bright iridescent, pearly stars fell from the sky diving into the old church lighting it up.
It had just swept down from cloud level and lit the inside of the place up.
When I got to the beach I was over flown by a big pearly white Angel-sphere at a height of about twenty feet and then others followed from different altitudes, some blue white.
It seemed that I had become involved in whatever was about to unfold.
I could also recognise the idea that just because things glow in the dark they don't necessary have to be Holy or God fearing.
There is the truth that evil and the father of lies can be deceiving.

I say that because on the way back up there were the most beautiful bright gold angel light that I had ever seen. He had the most beautiful age-old life and life history and I could feel rather than see the depth to his life and intelligence and honour.
Then next the luminous turquoise light that threaded its way through the trees of the local park, leaving a trail of turquoise light behind it like a motion blur from some other time space.
As a mere human being it was obvious to me that what little processing power my brain could muster could be potentially taxed by all of this.
Because of that, I might miss out on subtle nuances and deceptions.
I was just very glad to have a Guardian Angel.
Things looked like they were moving ahead, so that when I next went to visit Nigel he was telling me about his philosophy of re-incarnation.
That God and the Army of Heaven had arrived en-masse in huge numbers and that new bodies could be handed out to all the chosen because they were kept like they were on coat hangers in rooms on these big ships.
Apparently the Army of Heaven had arrived in force.
Scripture and scriptural fragments then appeared to be the medium with which Nigel is interacting with these Angelic intelligences.

Daniel 4:35 And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?

Unstoppable and invincible but whom could they be and were they good or bad ?

In the Book of Acts 7:41- 43. 'It was then that they made a bull calf and offered sacrifice to the idol. They were perfectly happy with something they had made for themselves. God turned away from them and abandoned them to the worship of the army of heaven. As scripture says in the book of the prophets, Did you bring me victims and sacrifices in the wilderness for all those forty years, you House of Israel ? No, you carried the tent of Moloch on your shoulders and the star of the god Rephan, those idols that you made to adore. So now I will exile you even further than Babylon'

Biblically, the army of heaven seemed to be on the dark side of the force.
Also this Moloch stuff fits right into the Bohemian Grove allegations of corporate hierarchies and some new order in the world.
There were other contenders for the light cavalry in the bible too though:

Job 38:31 Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

The universe has also borne the fruits of goodness.
Nigel's group prepared for a barrage of incoming flack and professional subversion and also the possibility of some kind of Government sanction in either the form of a D-Notice where they could get their materials confiscated .. or indeed something a bit more painful than that.

In preparation for descending; newshounds, press, neighbours and no doubt intelligence organisations, the group focus for Nigel and his people was on the collection of hundreds of digital images of these Angels.
Some were points of light, some bright orbs with definite internal structure that could not be dismissed as a digital camera lens artefact. Indeed one of these orbs had helpfully posed for a photograph with a clothes line running through it … just to add into the idea that with so much perspective for the sceptical that what was happening was getting impossible to write off as just some wacky guys making up stories about funny lights created by bad cameras.
The intelligent orb had centred itself on a clothesline making it possible to be measured and empirically evaluated. Also because the passage of the clothes line was obviously embedded in the ball of energy from a three dimensional perspective and not some external two dimensional random digital blur that had got into the camera process this could be very hard data to dismiss.
It might have been the fabric conditioner in the clothes on the clothesline, but beings were starting to materialise and human humanoid shapes were starting to emerge in some of these misty photographs.
One of the group had filmed a low flying black triangle flying slowly over the neighbourhood, and locally, more and more people were reporting that they were seeing these kinds of things themselves.
Then Alan, one of Nigel's circle produced an amazing UFO video.
He was looking out of his kitchen south and over into the river forth estuary when he saw this massive pulsating organic looking orange ball UFO. It was possibly a mile in diameter. He got his camera and could see that there were black triangles flying out of it. It was as if it was some sort of carrier ship or indeed a portal device.
The next night, Alan was again looking out of his window, this time with his camera ready, and he could see a pearly white angel flying by slowly.
He kept his camera on it and it seemed to curve around the building heading out over the sea.
He had been looking out his flat window in his multi-storey block which as a beautiful view over the forth estuary. To his right the glimmering lights of Edinburgh across the water, and straight over the river estuary was Gullane the little seaside town where Stephen Prior and the Templar lodge Hotel was.
The little white light seemed to get smaller and wink out .. but then Alan could not now believe what he had his camera focussed on.
Directly over the sea and beyond the line of sight that the little white light had vanished from, off the coast from Stephen Prior's hotel at Gullane was a huge lenticular ship.
It looked like it had just come out of warp from a star wars movie.
Estimating by the available landmarks, it had to be at least 2 or 3 miles long. It was hanging in the sky under cloud level and at its far end were three large cup-shaped circular drive boosters like huge car headlights in a horizontal row.
They were glowing blue white.
As he filmed this ship on December the 23rd 2001AD lots and lots of little white lights started glowing up and down its length.
Like there were many many rows and levels of bright white windows.

One by one or in batches, these small lights launched themselves out of this big mothership and gathered in the air around it like a swarm of insects that seemed to rise up and down in the night air.
Some little glowing white ships in batches of about twenty or thirty headed off towards the direction of Edinburgh.
Others would fly around the ship in no particular direction then fly over and meet each other and head off in twos or threes.
As the filming continued over a period of two hours of tape, other clouds of ships headed over the area called Goblin Halls and the alleged area of a goblin city near the ancient pilgrimage site of Soutra and the cavern system of Cousland.
The blueblood Earl Sinclair is also Earl of Orcus and baron of Cousland so there are traditional Illuminati and establishment tie ins to places such as Goblin Halls with its Illuminati commune at Pishwanton wood who attempt to tune in to the genius loci of the place.
The little ships headed out over Wemyss House, the aristocratic manor with the big pyramid crypt in the grounds that is guarded by statues of unhuman beings with pointed ears.
As Alan filmed his own version of Star wars, he could see that in the distance he had also caught another two of these monster ships on film .. probably doing exactly the same thing but he couldn't confirm that because of the relative invisibility of the smaller ships.
Was the army of heaven invading or just changing shifts, sending some of its personnel home to the solar system colonies spotted on mars e.g. at ianni chaos plains.
This footage or part of it was screened in the small Fife town of Glenrothes at the Rothes halls as part of a film and video organisation called MIMAC's Rushes Festival about early 2002AD.
Nigel now had final proof of the arrival of the army of heaven.
A few nights later at Nigel's the neighbourhood was full of glowing orbs and suddenly amongst them could be seen a glowing humanoid figure.
The photograph that was taken of this being was not open to debate as far as Nigel was concerned for this appeared to him to be the robed Prophet Elijah, returned to see that all was good for the Second Coming of Christ.
Nigel prepared a press release and I diligently and honourably distributed it along with the three photographs that I had been given.
I also undertook not to publicly release the excerpt of the footage of that massive mothership.
It was important to Nigel that only true seekers saw this material and I accepted and respected that.
A fleet of fifty or so of that exact same ship were more recently photographed over Puerto Rico by a fisherman .. i.e. Long, lenticular, with the three circular bright drive lights.
Unfortunately, someone got a hold of my press release and messed with it and that ended my relationship with Nigel.
Well there was that part of it, but I also didn't accept that this was the prophet Elijah for several reasons.
I had other photographs of this kind of being he was calling the Prophet Elijah from the Internet taken in Mexico .. it looked like some sort of mantis type being with a very massive and very flat muscular looking arm. What was more .. it was armed. It was

actually holding some sort of rod like device, which didn't exactly look like a universal translator.
One hears of pacifying rods used by aliens in some abduction accounts.
This looked more like a starship trooper than an Angel.
One night on reading the New Testament it became very apparent that Christ was already more certain than Nigel that Elijah had returned and gone as John the Baptist. It was John the Baptists role as the returning Elijah to pave the way for Christ's ministry.

Matthew 17:12-13 ' however, I tell you that Elijah has come already and they did not recognise him but treated him as they pleased; and the Son of Man will suffer similarly at their hands. The disciples understood then that he had been speaking of John the Baptist.'

Lights in the sky and sinister beings, and people meeting with hard accidents and low flying UFO's, and aliens with blasters and not being in the good books of this biblical group, I decided to take my leave.
I was buzzed down the night road a few times after that by low flying blue white lights, but then that was par for the course in the Ancient Kingdom of Fife.
Last I heard, it was the aliens who were attempting to rebuild the Temple in Scotland .. but then I had already told them that several years ago when I gave Nigel my 'Mystery of Stargate Edinburgh' CD.
It's a co-incidence therefore that Stephen Prior had alleged that he was in possession of ancient Vatican documents that showed the Vatican had prior knowledge of the Templar treasure that had been allegedly landed at Gullane and thence conveyed to the Templar stronghold at Rosslyn castle. He suggested that the Vatican had wanted to levy a tax on it. The secret of Rosslyn and its underground chambers was shown to Mary Queen of Scots in the 16th Century, who later publicly vowed on record to the Edinburgh City fathers to keep the secret.
The word was that after the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314AD and at the start of the Templar persecutions, the Archbishop of Edinburgh in about 1315AD was paid the equivalent of the Scottish National Product in gold for the Isle of May that was then owned by the monastic order of St Adrian who owned a monastery there.
This was then closed down.
Also a private beach was bought somewhere near the Templar Lodge hotel now owned by Stephen Prior.
Then three treasure ships from the Knight's Templar carrying the wealth they had saved from their European resources had allegedly landed their cargoes on the Isle of May now wholly owned by the Templars. From there they had conveyed the treasure to a private beach at Gullane and from there to the Templar lands and strongholds and cavern systems around Rosslyn castle.
Surely Prior's secret tunnel stories about treasure going into the local cavern system had been a scam ? Was he looking for the Temple treasure ?
Sadly missed, Stephen Prior passed away in an untimely manner not long after that.
But surely the army of heaven didn't need Templar gold and the money for tradesmen to rebuild the Temple of Solomon.

They can be clearly seen mining out Saturn's rings with massive factory infrastructure. These ships were huge – so no doubt they could assemble some sort of special hi tek city with all their available resources.
Local Edinburgh author Norman Bergrun had pointed this out from astronomical photographs in his 1970's book 'the Ringmakers of Saturn' and that was long before the recent Cassini satellite from NASA could pick out what the miners were actually having for lunch !!
What was this alien building project near Edinburgh that Nigel spoke of all about really ?

INTERSTELLAR CONTRACT HIT

In 1996AD in Leith, Edinburgh, I was recuperating late from a Scottish music gig the previous night when at about eleven O' clock in the morning a small slim alien wearing of all bizarre things an evening dress materialises in my bedroom.
She is about five feet seven, emanates great age and is wearing an evening gown with long evening gloves and a string of pearls.
At this point, your guess is as good as mine.
I almost jumped out of my skin when I saw this.
She walks over to the side of my bed and stands there looking down at me. She explains that she is from an Imperial court and that she wants to teach me about their Royal etiquette.
She next asks if I thought she was comely … and I look her in her strange almond shaped humanesque eyes.
I could hear my guardian Angel shout out 'No !!' and then next there is a flash of white light as a standard zeta reticulan capture device discharges in its attempt to transport me.
I next feel like I am floating with everything totally white around me, there being absolutely no visible landmarks in this white zone. Still fully conscious I next could see four Men who were not very pleased at the attempted abduction.
Not knowing exactly where I was, I asked them if it was all over for me and they just said 'no .. its ok, we're going to return you.'
My guardian or indeed a team of Angels had headed this one off at the pass.
Obviously the regal stuff was some sort of confidence trick to gain my attention and empathy, but what was this all about I wondered …
I was being protected by some no nonsense Angels.
Thankfully whoever had supplied the technology to this being had been unable to prevail with it.
The next time I saw this lady she was wearing normal looking clothes looking more human but with the same head-shape and had a similar pearl necklace on and she smiled at me.
Who was this person I began thinking .. and if I'm not mistaken that would be the third time in four weeks I had seen her locally either smiling at me from a passing car or waiting for me at the Mall.
She could teleport herself and appeared to have access to resources and equipment and how could she be certain that the regal type confidence trick was going to get past my obvious guardians.
What was that about and why would regal things really go for my ego.
Was she operating solo and indeed was I being tagged and targeted by invisible interstellar technologies and beings.
The human eyesight and cognition can only do so much in these circumstances.
Where I was staying in Fife, the television reception was bad and tended to not deliver any meaningful pictures to the license payers.
Indeed the place was a known black hole for terrestrial TV.

I had put the teletext news service on to pick up the headlines but could make out nothing meaningful in the jumble of letters except 'Be Good', which had been the little ET's advice to the child hero in the Spielberg film ET.
Deciding that I needed some control of the situation, and not letting my psychology be driven and hence controlled by alien BS, I put on my star wars DVD, and having heard the dialog before put on some music to play along with it, just letting the images run. To my surprise it seemed that the dynamics of the movements in the film were somehow synchronising to the music.
My music was upbeat pop and the movements of the characters in the movie seemed to jerk along to the beat.
Realising that this kind of stuff is totally impossible to prove after the fact or even before it – certainly without careful scientific measurements and timing – I changed the CD and put on a classical music track behind the same tract of film. This time to my horror things seemed to get a bit more slow and smooth and twirly.
Cannot be .. said my rational mind, starting to object.
Lets see if there is some stuff in my house interfering with the laws of physics and motion.
I had a coffee table and decided to try out the laws of gravity. I held a small hard plastic ball over it and let go. The expected effect was one bounce not so high as the original drop height, then a succession of quicker and progressively shorter and hence more rapid bounces diminishing the balls energy to a stop.
That was exactly what happened.
I did it again and I could hear the first bounce, but the second one didn't happen .. not for a disconcertingly rather long time ... the ball had been held up .. postponed .. delayed.
But by whom or what.
I reckoned that with my television set and HiFi not co-operating that I had better switch them off and try to sit down on my couch and take stock of what seemed to be happening.
It was getting dark and tonight was actually Halloween, which in Scotland is traditionally a time for unhappy things in the great outdoors.
Witches, Ghosts and Aliens no doubt were all over the place and knowing my track record for these kind of encounters even when I'm not looking for them, I intended to stay in tonight and get some peace and quiet.
I made my supper and sat down to look at a magazine, looking up suddenly to see a fairly dark monotonic hologram of Princes Street, Edinburgh's main street, in the glass display cabinet.
I don't do any substances and hadn't been slipped any so whatever I was looking at was being provided on top of my beans on toast.
I sat there looking at this brown grey hologram of some guy in a long raincoat being shunned and socially abused by classier looking people on Princes street in Edinburgh.
One often doesn't need alien vision equipment to see that.
A rather disconcerting sight, I get up from my couch deciding that the UK television standards agency Ofcom needed to be informed about this illegal and pirate TV station that was putting out programmes without adequate sound and then broadcasting them straight into my glass cabinet.
I rather thought that I should go on the Internet and went over to my machine, but as I looked into the dark powered down monitor, I could see some movement behind the glass.

Not certain what I was looking at I stood back and then could clearly see a little women in white, identical to the interstellar secret agent lady who had previously tried to abduct me and she was waving at me.
This was not on .. in more ways than one.
I blinked and rubbed my eyes .. but then she brought her face closer to the glass and as it got bigger and more obvious I stepped back.
As I did so ... other little specks of light started to fly out of the black glass front of the monitor.
More and more quickly came into the room through the monitor that was being used by this being like some sort of portal.
I could see that there were lights and objects swirling about in my room and that the objects looked rather like triangular wedges, like they were little manta rays.
I realised that I was in deep sh*t so I prayed to my guardian and felt that things were ok and that I was not to panic.
The big swarm of strange flying wedges circled and chaotically circled around the room and passed upstairs through the ceiling and I went up the stairs to see what it was up to.
It then formed itself into a formation, getting smaller and smaller and flew into my landscape painting of mars like they were a flock of happy migrating geese under control.
I was relieved to see the flock of horrid stuff go because I had the idea that these things can get into humans if we get unlucky.
It was possible that I had been exposed to some sort of parasite hosting attack by this strange being who appeared to be out to get me.
Was she some sort of interstellar hit lady and in fact, were there others on the case too ? and why ?
I went outside after that to get some fresh air. It was a dark Halloween night and the rows of houses were sparsely lit.
I looked up the hill to the top of the allegedly abandoned underground base where I had seen a UFO offload a few weeks ago and wondered what else was going on around here at night.
My eyes looked up to the sky to try to pick out the moon and stars and some movement caught my attention on a rooftop opposite.
There was a stocky semi-transparent alien running across the roof in a loping gait.
It was about five feet tall and seemed thickly built or somehow suited.
Next thing there is a flash of orange and the thing is gone.
I started to wonder whether or not I was going to get out of this nest of nonsense intact. I certainly don't think having one of Captain Kirk's best phasers would have helped, as these things could become impossibly small, fast and difficult for the human faculties to track.
I don't think any human nervous system could successfully wage war on these processes, however specially trained and equipped.
Worse still, the local police, who played for laughs were wearing Star Trek Federation badges and not necessarily any lapel numbers.
I was hoping to Klingon here for as long as possible.
My local Chinese takeaway was called the Wok In .. which no doubt served up the very best cuisine for miles around to the Naval personnel at both the surface and underground military base and training academy.
As long as no-one 'walked in' to my being and abducted me, things would be ok.

The next morning after I peacefully slept in the Angelic arms of my guardian, I powered up my camera and started taking some pictures, especially of the room downstairs.
Sure enough there were still a couple of the little wedge-shaped parasites swimming about amongst the more usual astral plankton and I managed to get some images of this entity.
There had though been many more last night.
In Scotland it is traditional to have sea food served up with chipped potatoes, so if anyone wants to know what they would be having with their chips if they went to Rosyth take a look at the photo section in this book.
In the morning, there was a circular blister about two inches in diameter in the paintwork on my front door.
Some alien had managed to fire one off in my general direction.
To me there was some significant stuff happening locally at the alleged deep level base. I could see the UFO traffic.
On top of this though, long before I had ever come to this locality, this luminous white haired spindly being had been trying to do some bad stuff to me.
Trying to abduct me for and on behalf of the Zeta's.
Whoever had hired her though no doubt expected results and no doubt she would be requesting bigger and better equipment and no doubt would be trying harder to get close in the future.
The next time I saw her, she or someone looking almost identical and much more human was on the streets of Edinburgh one minute and when I looked away and looked back, she was gone.
She has been on my tail for at least ten years and was letting me know that she's still around.
Maybe the Zeta's will have found somebody better in the galactic yellow pages by now ... I doubt that my Guardian Angel is worried though.

PHASERS ON STUN ??

The lights of the city of Edinburgh glimmered and glinted over the river estuary called the Firth of Forth.
It was a still, calm night.
At Cruicks point, there is a famous scrap metal yard called Dalton's on land historically donated by Papal Bull from the Pope.
There is also a quarry.
Beyond the mountains of rusting desolation lay the sea and the glimmering lights of Edinburgh.
The sky above though was very disturbing.
Directly above where I stood on the little peninsula was a glowing green canopy of light .. its crown directly and centrally overhead whilst the flanks of this tent billowed with variegated green veins and sheets.
It was like the aurora borealis only it was all green and it was directly overhead.
There is a song in Scotland called 'The Northern Lights of old Aberdeen' but this was not Aberdeen and wasn't that far north.
I now know that this stuff has chased a witness in Gorebridge, Midlothian up the street !!
But I didn't know that then.
Well I seemed to be in the ring of a strange circus tent, but who was the ringmaster ??
He's behind you ... well that's how this pantomime goes doesn't it.
I look behind me and note that standing behind the bushes is an alien about five feet eight tall. Humanoid head, light coloured skin, stockily built, dark eye coverings and wearing a black tunic with shoulder epaulettes.
In front of him was a rectangular black metallic object that looked like a smaller version of the famous 2001 monolith. It was about three feet tall by two feet wide.
It seemed perfectly black although it was bathed in the same green light as the humanoid and the rest of this area.
I looked up again at the sky, which was very active and green and it seemed to be circling around me.
My inner guidance suggested that I should ignore this guy and he became invisible and I proceeded unharmed and in good time.
I had formed the notion that these black monoliths, originally in Arthur C Clarke's short story 'the sentinel' which was then made into 2001 and its sequel 2010 were somehow part of a cyborg civilisation and that like the movie 'Transformers' they can mutate our domestic technologies.
I wasn't really sure if that story could ever be checked out unless we could find a working example of one.
It may be that these letterbox shaped monoliths could be as massive as planets and could upload and strip anything and everything they come across. But this was just a notion.
The thought of my toaster collaborating with the enemy and flying upwards to rendezvous secretly with a cyborg vampire technology was destined hopefully to remain science fiction.
Another day during the afternoon in the same area there was an attempt by some ET's to lift me in broad daylight.

It was at the old Inverkeithing quarry dockyard.
I had just been having a look around that area when I noticed across the old workings and rusted corrugated iron sheets, grass and bushes and swathes of concrete that a young man on a mobile phone was over one hundred yards away.
He was walking in a beeline straight towards me.
There was no common path that we were sharing, we were in no way connected and as he approached I could see a small, slim man in his late twenties or early thirties, black hair, middle class clothing such as expensive fleece which appeared to change colour in the light.
He was on his phone and he just kept walking directly at me on a collision course and if he continued beyond where I stood, he would be in the water over the old dockside.
The only landmark he could be navigating towards over here, in this area was me.
I watched him approach and as he came into hearing range I could hear that he was engaged in a dialogue with some other party and that the content of his conversation mirrored the descriptions that I was feeling about the quality of the day.
The sky was blue, the sea looks good, there are gulls in the air, nice day etc in fact I couldn't have said it better myself.
It was as if he was reading my surface thoughts and sending the triangulation data about my reality to some strange person somewhere.
He walked right up to me and stood face to face with me one foot from my chest. He stopped and then said … 'Now !!'
Then the whole area around me for one fifty yards radius became blanched in white as if it had been hit by some sort of high energy area effects weapon.
A local abductee suggested that they tried a time stop and attempted to lift me out of this reality but I know that I was with my Guardian Angel at all times and that I was safe.
I spoke to the guy to ask him what he was doing and he made some excuse and left, turning around to head back to the path.
Just after that the next night, there was another area effects white out near Inverkeithing but this time no alien hero was visible.
I just remember telling them – whoever them was to f*** off !!
The local supermarket was a 24-hour Tesco and it was just after one of my Scottish music ceilidh dances at Dalhousie castle that I decided that being out of provisions I should go and get some basics.
It was 2am and I headed in at the end of my night shift to buy my groceries.
The mart was huge and pretty much empty of people, just a few personnel on duty and hardly anyone in shopping.
There were aisles of magazines that I had to walk through to get to dairy and my bottle of milk.
There was a strange guy, about six foot three, dark hair and fairly well dressed looking and behaving suspiciously as I approached.
Maybe he was a pervert – after all they had some basic glossy magazines in this family store from which some of that kind of data could be gleaned …
He turned round and he was in the middle of a mobile phone call, then he stood in front of me and pointed his mobile at me like it was a phaser from Star Trek, then there was a soft white flash and area effect, not unlike the same effect that I had seen at Inverkeithing dock.

This was not the brilliant flash of flash photography which is a brief and very bright pulse … this was more pervasive, dimmer and tended to whiten everything as opposed to brighten up the inherent colours it lit on.
I was amazed, some alien had just blasted me in Tesco … amongst the Mars Bars and Milky Way confections I looked around for a witness but no-one there.
They never dragged me away to some alternate reality though.
He didn't seem too pleased about that.
I had seen that white glow of light before that too when I stayed in a condominium in Leith, Edinburgh in 1996.
A tall and thin looking humanoid in of all things an evening dress and pearls and long white evening gloves on her arms materialised in my flat.
She was some sort of grey hybrid and she asked me if I thought she looked comely.
Things went white like that then but my Guardian Angel said 'No' in a commanding voice and she just disappeared.
She had alleged that she was from some sort of Royal Court, but if my Guardian Angel says No, then it's No … definitely.
I guess though that they don't stop trying.
Part of my exercise routine apart from my new diet was to occasionally walk into Edinburgh and back to Fife.
It was possible maybe once a week or fortnight for me to do that without tiring myself too much with my other activities.
There was something about that walk that really irritated me though and that was those car headlights that used very bright halogen headlamps.
These tended to hurt my eyes for some reason.
I decided to try an experiment just for the fun of it and one evening went out equipped with a pair of Polaroid sunglasses.
The results when used went much as expected … everything seemed very dark indeed … those halogen headlights had been finally mastered by the polarising properties of my shades which could screen out the frequencies of the sun.
Next up a car went by and my eyes got white flashed through the Polaroid's that somehow the greys had got the frequency of my nervous system and had fired some white stuff at me.
As I could still see the car that was doing that and the other cars that it was driving amongst I felt safe enough to recognise that I was safe.
For some reason or other some sort of interstellar assailants were out to get me.
Shortly after that enroute to some afternoon shopping in Dunfermline, I saw or rather half saw two small ghostly humanoid aliens in silver suits about four and a half feet tall with some sort of sci-fi cannon on a tripod.
The gun looked about three or four feet long and the tripod put it at about three feet.
I was just thinking that maybe some little old lady that stayed in that Bungalow would be objecting to these intruders trampling their kit all over her border flowers.
The garden was raised above the wall such that the barrel of the cannon was actually pointing down at me at head height.
I just thought that maybe I should be staying off the green cheese.
Then suddenly a bright orange jet burst forth directly at me and to my surprise and amazement it was as if I was standing in a Perspex cubicle and I could see the orange light splash harmless around the outside of my protective box.

So what was the script here I was thinking … obviously I was being protected by good loving people from space invaders.
This was a war of powers and principalities, a war of light against dark.
I had been contracted to supply Scottish fiddle music to a famous society dance band in Edinburgh and I was to form part of a four-piece line up that included drums, and two accordions.
These guys were excellent and it was a prestigious event at an excellent venue in central Edinburgh.
As is my custom, I arrived well dressed, early and prepared and somewhat close to the central hotel was St Andrew Square where I could waste a few minutes before the gig looking at the flowers in the garden and taking a seat in the summers early evening.
I strolled along the pavement with my fiddle case and my flight case with my kit in it and saw two three seat benches side by side.
There were rows of parked cars and SUV's.
On one bench there were three small women, two of them were older in their late fifties, one in her forties.
I intended to sit down on the vacant bench.
As I walked past a Range Rover that had some sort of Army sticker in the window to do with a naval academy its horn went off.
It was an unbearably loud horn, a very very intense horn, a very painful prolonged rupturing horn.
The three ladies on the bench sat there unmoving and unreacting and made no attempt to cover their ears.
I was at a disadvantage because my hands were full.
My head swam as I went off to play my music, and I set up my kit as usual, having introduced myself to the team.
We set up the public address system and got settled in.
The moment that I started to play my violin though I was in complete agony.
I could not bear to play my violin for six months after that.
My life and my eardrums were in total tatters.
I had to cancel engagements.
I still had no idea what drew me to that specific locality though .. it seemed an inhuman co-incidence that I ended up there amongst these evil muppets … but because the forces of Christ love me so much, my ears made a total recovery and I have never been bothered by tinnitus as a result of my encounter with aliens impersonating human authorities.
Superhuman problems in my life are overcome by superhuman solutions.
I didn't get any more of that kind of nonsense that I could see or hear from those little monsters after that but I'm absolutely certain that they do keep trying.

THE ICE CREAM VAN

Summer in the Ancient Kingdom of Fife near Dunfermline the so-called spiritual heart of Scotland is a time of high spirits.
I say this because there were rumours that the naval shipyard at Rosyth was allegedly shipping in substances destined to be abused.
I had also heard a story from Dangerous Dan that a man who was going to spill the beans on what sort of stuff was under the deck plates met with an unfortunate accident.
Well maybe not an accident for he was allegedly shot in his car in a lay-by in northern Scotland.
James Bond stories and the agents of Dr No are all part of the scene when you have big stuff going on amongst civilian populations.
It was true that on some nights there were convoys of all white vehicles driven by men in black uniforms wearing black baseball caps.
They would snake along ferrytoll road past the deep underground base heading out to supply some unknown parties with important assistance.
Perhaps this was the research division of the rather decrepit yard shipping out important parts during the refurbishment of the outlying cold war deep base.
Much of this, which included World War 2 fuel bunkers was being demolished, and somewhere underground massive scaling and cleaning with industrial detergent was underway.
Why bother cleaning it if it was officially getting demolished ?
Who would be walking about down there today when the place officially went on the public market in the year 2000AD.
The occasional vent over the deep base reeked like a smelly laundrette and I was surprised to smell the same smell coming from somewhere around a cottage under the Forth rail bridge at North Queensferry a couple of miles to the west.
The extent of underground Rosyth though was traditionally up for question, as the military were only prepared to disclose a few facts about old outlying military infrastructure.
It was alleged to extend up to the UN command centre four miles north at Pitreavie near Dunfermline, connected via underground railway.
From two independent sources though it was apparent that there was a big deep twenty two level base some of it flooded at the lower levels and also that many galleries were full of old world war two munitions connected by a little railway.
The person disclosed that his job was to take the little train around breaking out the occasional box of grenades for example and if on testing a couple one did not explode .. then the whole box he alleged was dumped in the Firth of Forth estuary.
The other more seedy side to military activity at Rosyth naval yard was the allegation that on refitting a nuclear submarine in the 1970's the engineers had tried to cut corners in their schedule by attempting to inappropriately lift a Polaris submarines nuclear reactor sending it crashing into the yard and the harbour.
Much of the subsequent cancers and illnesses were allegedly covered up.
There is also the possibility that nuclear waste may be long term stored and managed there in primitive conditions too.

However, I could not find any local statistics about the leakage of Radon gas into the urban environment above through the porous rocks.
My other military contact suggested that I stayed off the beach there intimating that if I was looking for a 'hot beach' that I should try Bermuda.
There were therefore probably reasons for incessant civilian and military police patrols and people impersonating police officers with no numbers on their lapels or who wore star trek federation badges as part of their community efforts.
Colditz-like searchlight sweeps on the local hills at night during the contractors operations suggested that there was still sensitive and important infrastructure to keep secure.
It wasn't until I started seeing the flying saucers that I recognised that there was something 'going on'.
For example the big silver saucer shaped ship over the hill at Inverkeithing that was low enough to bounce a can of coke off.
In broad daylight in blue skies and about one hundred feet above my head a craft about one hundred yards in diameter making no noise and drifting over at its leisure.
There were small luminous blue white lights flying in and out the housing estates at night and indeed some would chase me down the road.
Were these the residents or were they their visitors.
Who was it that stayed there that had caused a huge twenty year old ash tree to lift all if its major roots out of the ground and into the air like some giant octopus ??
There were small luminous blue white lights going in and out of a square box shaped UFO that hovered for fifty minutes over the Castaland hill site of the base.
The box UFO, about the size of a minibus, rectangular with a central door and what looked like a little alien bus conductor selling tickets to incoming blue white orbs.
There were about fifteen blue-white orbs floating for several minutes outside the ship as it silently hung there.
It was a clear starlit night and there were some high clouds and the little ship generated some translucent cloud to slightly camouflage its form.
This was ineffective.
Another night there was a low flying passenger jet, looking like a Boeing 737 airbus skimming the same hill making no noise with no lights on at all.
It just slowly swished over the housing estate in the most uncredible way.
I was starting to get the picture or rather, the hologram.
Yes, there did seem to be something 'going on'.
Sometimes when you start looking for things you can let your fertile imagination create all sorts of delusions. I started getting the idea after being chased down the local road by a hawk that maybe the wild life around here was a bit hostile. The film 'the birds' by Alfred Hitchcock being a case in point.
It seemed to me that every morning I woke up there were large noisy crows sitting on my roof sounding off the moment I opened my eyes.
Well there was that and this strange whine.
I looked for the source of it in the local old dockyards but there was no such industry any more.
It seemed very close to home too.
The birds though in this neighbourhood seemed a bit agitated so maybe they were being irritated by this machine.

I opened my eyes one morning to hear the crows at it from the houses over twenty yards away. They were loud as usual.
Feeling a bit peeved at my wakeup call, I imitated them quietly making somewhat derisory Donald Duck noises.
Next moment there are two angry crows slamming against my bedroom window and flapping against the glass whilst screaming their fury. They intentionally flapped against the glass, screaming for several seconds.
Who or what had gotten into the local wildlife ?
The local parkland adjacent to the huge fuel bunker demolition project had belonged to the military in the days that they had occupied the various big houses on the hills.
Indeed there were still signs of a herd of deer and other attributes of game farming left behind when the Navy had moved out.
The local paths led through trees and berry bushes along the shore road and sometimes it could be seen that the wind had picked up masses of little four inch twigs and woven and laid them into artistic artwork that might be seen on the BBC television show for children called Blue Peter.
Though some of it did seem to look very sophisticated.
There were chequered boxes full of parallel twigs and other boxes with twigs at odd angles like some sort of hieroglyphic.
I marvelled at the natural creativity of random and unintelligent forces.
I noticed that a big old dead tree had some large boulders on top of it and recognised that a dump truck from the fuel depot demolitions must have dumped it there.
The next day though the tree had been moved further up the path and other boulders put on top of it and that rather intrigued me as to what the local kids were on.
The demolition contractors were not in fact using this land to dump, as it was a designated brown site nature reserve.
The local kids had to be getting their porridge oats to be making weights like that.
Maybe it was the kids who were designing these twig tapestries full of sophisticated looking pseudo-linguistics.
Wandering through the woods I came to a very strange piece of art and design.
It was to all intents and purposes a sculpture made out of junk.
It wasn't ordinary junk though and the whole contraption seemed to have a purpose.
The junk sculpture some of it arrayed on a bush was made out of yuppie lifestyle artefacts such as the ski jacket on the bush and certain kinds of diet choices such as food containers and a car hub cap belonging to that income bracket.
The whole contraption was wired together like an electrical circuit and all the wiring then emptied into and was shoved into an empty bottle of yuppie vodka.
This seemed a very strange cocktail of aspirations and intentions and it was as if by some voodoo magic that the juices out of these artefacts were being stripped and their social essences were being squeezed and transferred into the bottle of blue moon vodka.
This was a recipe for an alien cocktail of blue moon vodka and essence of yuppie ... maybe called the 'skiing doo'
Maybe some very creative and misunderstood kid genius was just having some fun in a twisted way.
Beyond the woods the old iron railings ran around the cold war facility and following those it led to the activity at the huge depot that was being demolished.

There was a gateway in the iron railings beyond that that led to a shortcut home through the trees.
I noticed that one of the workmen had somehow locked that.
I said somehow because what I saw I couldn't really explain.
The lock plate was totally encrusted with rust, and the bolt had been wedged tightly and immovably against the gatepost by inserting a very thick metal screw under the bolt.
Fair enough.
On the way under the bolt though, the big screw had to have been hammered into place to wedge it in place by an act of friction.
With that rust and available space under the bolt, friction had to be encountered and overcome by more force which would then displace and bend the mild steel lock plate under the bolt as the screw got wedged into place.
On the way in it ought to have created a furrow in the rust revealing fresher metal.
The screw had to have been hammered into place in order to warp the metal lock plate directly under the bolt but there was no mark or disturbance of the rust on the locks surface. Not one scratch or furrow.
That just didn't seem right.
In order to bend light plate steel with force, rust ought to have been scratched or displaced.
Whatever base contractor security guard had inserted that wedge appeared to have defied the laws of physics and rematerialised the lock.
This was all a bit suspicious.
Things were getting a bit desperate when I was stopped by the police on the roadside and informed by them – one of them wearing his community star trek Federation badge - that 'a man exactly fitting my description had been seen by two reliable witnesses opening the door of a moving car and accosting the passengers therein.'
Would I mind being detained in a cell with the air conditioning on cold for four hours whilst they checked things out? Etc
I of course had no option but to comply.
Apparently I had been seen by these same witnesses swinging from the struts of the Forth road bridge too, no doubt eating a banana in a careless manner.
This stuff was comedy.
This was ridiculous.
I went home to sulk … things were just getting out of hand and to make matters worse a guy in Edinburgh alleging to work for a company called Black Arts Computing had deliberately junked my two new computers with boot viruses, locked and encrypted partitions and killfiled my Active X stuff etc and, some clown from Edinburgh had left a message on my answer phone that I later turned into a rave tune that she had a 'bad vibe coming through and that I was not to drive my car, at least not fast.'
That was fine because somebody had come by in the middle of the night and totally trashed it into an unroadworthy wreck beyond my financial means to repair.
I needed cheering up – maybe some comfort food.
Then to my utter amazement a new Ice Cream Van had entered the housing estate and it was playing a tune that I hadn't heard for years.

The tune was the Teddy Bear's Picnic....

If you go out in the woods today
You're sure of a big surprise.
If you go out in the woods today
You'd better go in disguise.
For every bear that ever there was
Will gather there for certain, because
Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.
Picnic time for teddy bears,
The little teddy bears are having a lovely time today.
Watch them, catch them unawares,
And see them picnic on their holiday.
See them gaily dance about.
They love to play and shout.
And never have any cares.
At six o'clock their mommies and daddies
Will take them home to bed
Because they're tired little teddy bears.
If you go out in the woods today,
You'd better not go alone.
It's lovely out in the woods today,
But safer to stay at home…'

Ok Ok, ice cream for my inner child who no longer wants to go and play in those woods ...
I bounded out my front door with my pound coin up the grass to the side of the ice cream van. I did not recognise this vehicle at all – this was totally new.
I'm six feet tall but even standing on my tip toes the top of my head never reached the height of the sales counter of the van ...
Inside the van, the older lady driver was a small lady who had handicapped features as if she had Downes Syndrome.
This was wonderful to see someone with such potential for mental incapacity in charge of such a huge diesel motor and cash and catering.
I asked for my ice cream cone ... the street was empty and I the only big kiddy at the van and realised that the sales counter of this van was approximately seven feet off the pavement. It had to be the most ergonomically uncommercial ice cream van ever manufactured and it also didn't have a lot of confections on display either.
It had no posters or sales charts, no price lists, no colourful illustrations. It was all white fixtures and fittings.
Real kids would have to stand on each other's shoulders to make their order.
The little lady served me the ice cream cone and as I walked away having paid her the coin, I licked the ice cream and discovered that it was watery and tasteless.
I never again saw that particular van.
I never saw it take off.
Whatever those teddy bears were on ... I'll be having some of that too.
Not too long after that I put my house on the market and eventually got it sold. It was a great relief to leave such a surreal and badly behaving place.
It was more obvious to me than ever that the powers of Light were looking after me.

ALIEN PIZZA

The Ancient Kingdom of Fife has a takeaway service second to none.
In fact some nights you can see these businesses pick up and drop off as they go with their carry-outs from one house to the next.
Some like Santa Clause with a sled with no reindeer hover at rooftop height as Santa's little helpers go either down the chimney or through the walls to collect boys and girls both big and small and bad and good.
It was strange to see those same houses round about the time of the nine O clock news in the dark early nights of the autumn.
Whole housing estates that should have been bustling hives of industry alive with kids playing outside and inside, switching on lights and switching off lights, or watching the brightly flickering televisions as they ran through the latest blockbuster or SKY digital classic, were pitch black.
Indeed there was an eerie stillness about some of these places.
You could travel a long way around these dark windowed estates north and south without ever being surprised by someone switching on a light.
Having personally seen a square UFO about the size of a big minibus hovering in the air over the local 'abandoned' military base at ten O clock at night in an almost cloudless sky, hanging low over the military communication dishes it really didn't look good for mankind.
For over fifty minutes the eleven or so blue-white soul lights of these strange and bothersome beings went to and fro through what looked like a doorway in the little mini-bus or shuttle.
Obviously if these guys were playing football for Scotland there wasn't going to be a problem outpacing the opposition.
There was just no substitute for high-energy team spirit.
It became obvious that in many different ways alien invasion definitely lowered the carbon footprint of the local community.
Selflessly saving the planet at night, no doubt conserving electricity, perhaps even parked up in their cupboards the benefits of being under the alien cosh did not, however, materialise.
Other things did though.
Despite being hounded down the road at night by blue-white lights zipping through the trees and meeting strange pedestrians that appeared to be woven out of cloud and light, there could have been nothing more strange than to see a small car sitting up in a tree as though it were resting there for the evening having had a long arduous flight across the Forth estuary.
This alleged road traffic incident also involved strange numberless off duty police who had obviously borrowed their vehicles from the next shift perhaps en route to a local takeaway.
One knew it was a wind up when one saw a local police officer wearing a Federation badge from Star Trek as part of his community relations allowance.
Down town there was also a take away restaurant called the Wok-in which no doubt had lots of business from the local deep underground military base.

Exactly what had taken possession of a whole Legion of people and had walked into their collective federated lives was hard to imagine.
In fact very little had been left to the human imagination it seems.
To get a clue, helping holograms of vehicles that change their shape and appearance were supplied, like the camper van that became a police minibus.
Realising that this stuff was both impersonating police officers and no doubt world leaders I could see my career as an X Files investigator coming to an untimely close.
The carry out service in Fife no doubt extended throughout the rest of Scotland as well.
I tried to filter this freaky stuff out because really I was just the little guy making his way through the hardships of downtown Scotland.
I was again getting some night air, not that far from my front door when I saw this low flying passenger airliner fly alarming low across the top of the local hill with its military dishes. It was no more than twenty feet above the dishes and dangerously low. I say I saw the Boeing 737 airbus because I never heard any engine noise whatsoever. The engines ought to have been deafening that low and close. Then as I watched it fly past I realised that it was lit underneath by the orange glow of the streetlights.
There were no landing lights, no front lights, and no taillights, there were no lights on in the clearly visible crew cabin and the portholes were also dark showing no lights at all.
It was L Ron Hubbard the Scientology guy that had said that DC10's flew between the stars and it was getting obvious that maybe he was right about the strangeness of imitation human technology.
Hubbard was obviously in the know and that was decades ago.
It was clear to me that I wasn't really cut out to be a UFO investigator when on a hilltop above Dunfermline in broad daylight a big silvery teardrop ship sails straight overhead low enough to chuck a can of Irn Bru at.
I could tell that the aliens were being clever when I saw or thought I saw rivets on the no doubt polished steel plates on the hull.
This ship though clearly wasn't 'made in Scotland from girders'.
My field research on this underground base had suggested from an inside source that it was a lot bigger and less abandoned than had been suggested, although merely being an unlawful, cold war, radon-exuding nuclear tip and mouldy world war two arms dump wasn't any good reason for ET's to want to have anything to do with it.
The ET's seemed to be having such a good time inventing totally unsustainable lifestyles and perpetuating them as an incredible hoax.
I realised that there wasn't going to be any money in this deal at all.
In the UK and Scotland in particular this stuff is so covered up.
Feeling rather dejected, I was taking my constitutional and had managed to get beyond the sewage works without again being stopped or harassed by some phoney policeman with no epaulette numbers.
I sat down and took a rest in the Deep Sea World shelter and although it was a bright and beautiful afternoon, the little road was quiet and empty.
Next thing I saw a black saloon car go whisking by right to left, but I didn't pay it any attention and a couple of seconds later the same car went past my vision left to right.
Wow I thought, that had to be the fastest three-point turn in human history.
Ok, then I thought, they want to play.
I said, lets see two red cars followed by two white cars.
Next thing, two red cars followed by two white cars.

This wasn't fair I thought, these Aliens are really being cheeky.
There wasn't going to be any money in this stuff.
Trains and boats and planes and cars were not necessarily trains and boats and planes and cars and things definitely were not as they appeared to be as far as who was who.
I remembered stories written in the 1960's from the days of my youth when I used to read science fiction and fantasy and I realised that much of those science fiction ideas had already been superseded under my very nose.
When I saw that the film 'Impostor' based on one of the many short stories of Philip K Dick had been made into a film I was both suspicious and curious.
Other such Dick movies included 'Screamers' the story of evolving killer robots that became human and used sonic warfare to immobilise their victims, and 'Blade Runner' the story of the rebellious Androids evolving souls.
'Impostor' is about an Alien race that replaces people with look-alike exploding bombs.
I thought that the movie itself was worth keeping as a memento of that bygone era of science faction and ordered a copy from HMV in Edinburgh.
It arrived eventually and I decided to give it another look.
Breaking open the cellophane wrapping I got into my new DVD case and put the disc into the player.
There were pictures, nice pictures, but no sound.
Checking my volume and my connections I retried and there was still no sound.
I put another DVD into the player and it tested with sound, but on my 'Impostor' DVD there was no sound except a slight hiss.
Realising that this was a bit extraordinary for an industrial process in the media industry to have such issues and that my life was actually full of strange co-incidences, I wondered if somebody was trying to tell me something, so in case there was something for me to hear somewhere on that film I decided to give it a watch.
Sure enough, the sound track that wasn't there actually was, but it wasn't in English. There was some sort of hiss and crackle .. but whenever somebody looked at the camera the noise got louder but died down when they looked away.
It would go on like this such that every time there was a close up of an actors eyes the hissing sound would crescendo and then die down with another scenic shot.
I cannot remember in the movie in the cinema noticing how the sound track got louder every time you saw a close up of an actors face and eyes – so if this hissing was some sort of residual audio corruption of a human soundtrack it probably wasn't following the original dynamic of the film.
Twenty Quid wasted I thought, more cheeky alien show-offs trying to impress me with their subliminal programming of the human race.
I was really into tendering my resignation as a Scottish 'Fox Mulder' because obviously this kind of material doesn't get to get heard at the big establishment controlled UFO conferences in places like England.
The Scottish UFOlogist that plays the game usually has to be content with talking about lights in the sky and relating that most of those were manmade by the Military.
The UK arms industry, though, is famous for its deals with rich Arab princes and its sales of whole squadrons of expensive jets often used in a decorative capacity, but surely even British Aerospace was not churning out shape shifting interstellar technology.
Then I hit on an idea.

These smart-ass aliens seemed so good at this takeaway stuff and producing absolutely anything at a moment's notice that I reckoned I was going to give them something to think about.
If I wasn't going to get paid for this field research – at least I could get a pizza out of it.
I sat down pen and paper in hand and began to write an order for a pizza.
It was going to be logical, in a language that they would understand and I was going to use the IF's and AND's and THEN and OR of a Visual Basic programmer.
I assumed they were listening, especially since the teletext words on my TV had recently formed the phrase 'Be Good' !!.
I defined pizza.
I defined box.
I defined the box colour as yellow.
I defined cola.
I defined the delivery time constraints.
I also defined retribution should the pizza and cola not arrive within the stipulated time.
The retribution was a Virus called Mr Frosty who would get into the Communications uplink and take it down.
Mr Frosty was a virus of tough character that could call on other resources to supplement his attack.
Mr Frosty was the essence of me and my personality.
Other resources from X, Y and Z would make sure that Mr Frosty Virus would definitely disrupt their communications centre.
If I don't get a medium sized mozzarella pizza in a yellow pizza box and a can of cola delivered within the next twenty minutes, then a virus called Mr Frosty will get into your comms uplink and disable it.
As they say 'you can't go wrong with pizza !!'
No sooner had I put the pen down onto the coffee table than there is a ring at my doorbell.
Pizza I thought ..
I opened my front door to see a small lady, self-employed on business with a satchel full of pizza box sized items.
She was allegedly from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
They were pizza box sized calendars and every one of them was yellow.
She offered me the chance to buy a calendar ... and she then asked me smiling what colour of yellow had I in mind.
I declined the offer to buy one of the many yellow calendars with a little doggy in the middle of it.
She left.
I realised that I had not defined the specific RGB pantone colour of yellow .. then on reflection realised that whoever that was came out of nowhere with lots and lots of context specific material assembled at a moments notice.
I wasn't going to get my pizza after all.
Heading up the road the next day on my way to the local Wal-Mart, feeling rather disconcerted I noticed the local pet shop adjacent to the store.
On the wall in silver had been sprayed by parties unknown .. 'Mr Frosty if you can read this you are Gay .. !!' This was getting a bit personal.

PARANORMAL FLASH
Evidence for Life Beyond Biology

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'
Hamlet, Act 1 scene 5, William Shakespeare

From that innocent sounding quote it can be taken that the world being full of perfectly reasonable men and women just needs some simple, easy to understand physical evidence and proof to create a new kind of science and philosophy of life that embraces the most profound idea of the soul and eternity.
The world of science though, tending to be mortal and existentialist, struggles with the nothingness of being, and the soulless emptiness of biochemical experiences.
Karl Jaspers was one of those existentialists who sounded really positive about leaping into new ideological territory.

From Wikipedia: *'In Philosophy (3 vols, 1932), Karl Jaspers gave his view of the history of philosophy and introduced his major themes. Beginning with modern science and empiricism, Jaspers points out that as we question reality, we confront borders that an empirical (or scientific) method can simply not transcend. At this point, the individual faces a choice: sink into despair and resignation, or take a leap of faith toward what Jaspers calls Transcendence. In making this leap, individuals confront their own limitless freedom, which Jaspers calls Existenz, and can finally experience authentic existence.*

Well there is actually a third way because today's digital camera and flash can act like the eyesight of a traditional Seer or Hedge Witch and pick out the amazing fact that there are all sorts of life forms floating through the air.
These go about their business usually unseen by human eyes and appear to be part of a big sea of energy. Indeed many of the creatures to be photographed tend to look like they are marine in nature.
If the human brain one day starts to see this kind of thing, then it becomes only natural that the subject is going to get a little disturbed as there is absolutely no precedent for this material in public domain literature.
Unless one goes to the Theosophical or indeed Masonic libraries and start perusing books by 19th Century authors; E Swedenborg and e.g. C W Leadbeater in his 'The Hidden Side of Things'.
If the constant parade of strange stuff starts to bemuse the victim, then there is little recourse but to seek medical help.
Unfortunately the doctors of western medicine tend to be rather unsympathetic to the notion of otherworldliness.

From 'Wikipedia': *'Jaspers set about writing his views on mental illness in a book which he published as General Psychopathology. The two volumes which make up this work have become a classic in the psychiatric literature and many modern diagnostic criteria*

stem from ideas contained within them. Of particular importance, Jaspers believed that psychiatrists should diagnose symptoms (particularly of psychosis) by their form rather than by their content. For example, in diagnosing an hallucination, the fact that a person experiences visual phenomena when no sensory stimuli account for it (form) assumes more importance than what the patient sees (content).'

With half a gallon of medication ingested therefore, merely being plagued by things that people flatly deny the existence of, descends to a lesser priority as the body serves up notification of impending organ failure from pharmaceutical overload.
Having heard that strange beasties can be safely photographed and recorded without the aid of mind-altering drugs so favoured by native tribes, and without any need to go into some jungle or desert or ice cap, the paranormal researcher heads outside at night … being careful not to attract the attention of the local youths .. and starts flashing away in hope that strange otherworldly beasties are going to show up instead.
It is possible to film one creature portrait in every twenty taken.
With some careful contrast adjustments in postproduction and sometimes without any at all, a variety of forms both indoors and out that are obviously not accidents of light or camera use can be shown.
Finally, empirical evidence of a world beyond Biology and materialism and Psychiatry.
The Psychiatrist argues however, (usually to a captive audience), that All experience is a Biochemical experience. i.e. All strange beasties that float about in the air are therefore the results of biochemical dysfunction in the Human.
Worse still, the auxiliary forces of Psychiatry and materialism at large in the world, namely those alleging to be skeptics, will argue that all photographic evidence usually has a rational explanation in terms of; the mechanics of the camera or misuse or inappropriateness of the lens and lighting, or environmental conditions.
Proof of 'beasties in the sky' is always to the professional skeptic therefore a 'camera artifact', and if it isn't or looks clearly like it really is something important, they further retreat to either name calling, or the use of the philosophical position of Descartes – i.e. 'How can we know anything' as its all in the mind anyway. [Epistemological skepticism].
If one were hoping to impress anyone with rational proof of life beyond biology – one would in truth be on a hiding to nothing or in line for a rather big depot injection.
According to inductivism, scientific research (indeed Psychiatry) proceeds from observations to theories. Psychiatrists begin with experiments, finding out what happens in specific cases. They then use the results of these experiments to develop general theories about what happens in all cases.
The classical example from David Hume goes from a series of observations:
Swan no. 1 was white, Swan no. 2 was white… Swan no. k was white… to the general statement: All swans are white.
Thus for Psychiatrists; paranormal sky beast 1 was hallucination, paranormal sky beast 2 was hallucination .. paranormal sky beast k was hallucination .. They then progress to the general statement: All paranormal sky beasts are hallucinations. i.e. All paranormal sky beasts are the product of human brain biochemical dysfunction.
All we really need to do to produce a change in the idea that every paranormal sky beast in the universe is created by biochemical dysfunction in the human brain is to derive ONE contradiction – and not in fact hundreds or thousands.
If we can produce merely one piece of evidence to suggest that some paranormal sky

beasts are not biological brain dysfunction or are not the provenance of a malfunctioning camera chip then at that point we have totally changed the World.
For, being perfectly reasonable scientists, we then must, rationally, and logically, move from the position that All paranormal sky beasts are dysfunctions of human brain biochemistry to the position that merely Some are dysfunctions of human brain biochemistry, but also, that some are Not; some paranormal sky beasts are in fact some new scientifically valid phenomenon, some observably of organic provenance. Some paranormal sky beasts exist in the empirical world beyond the fabrications that can take place within the mind and brain biochemistry of the beholder.
Some paranormal sky beasts, according to the empirical evidence that I present, are real sky beasts. I have just therefore falsified the philosophy of the material world with my photographic evidence and have demonstrated that beyond the grave is perhaps an endless cycle of non-corporeal energy-based life forms that appear to have survived physical death. I falsified existentialism and its biological basis with a basic digital camera and flash that anyone can buy and use out of Wal-Mart for a few dollars, and for a few dollars more, one can use Photoshop Elements to enhance the contrast and lighting in the night-time pictures.
From 'Wikipedia'. 'Falsificationism is a rival account of the processes involved in scientific and Psychiatric research to inductivism. Inductivism holds that science proceeds from observation to theory, beginning with observations derived from experiments, and extrapolating from these to general laws. Falsificationism suggests that science proceeds in the opposite direction, beginning with scientific theories or "conjectures", and then conducting experiments and eliminating those theories that are falsified by results.'
This in fact sounds perfectly reasonable. Our western clinical warders, therefore, are merely awaiting an opportunity to see new rational evidence to allow them to change their highly paid minds.
Karl Popper established guidelines for such Scientific method and practice in 1962 in his book, 'Conjectures and Refutations.'
From 'Wikipedia', 'Falsificationism exploits an important logical point: falsifying instances are more significant than confirming instances. If we have a general law, and conduct an experiment that confirms it, then we still do not know whether the law is true. It remains a live option, but nothing more. If, on the other hand, our experiment contradicts the theory, then we have discovered that the theory is false. Unexpected experimental results are far more significant than expected results.
Whether or not a theory is in principle falsifiable, i.e. whether or not it makes predictions that can be shown to be either correct or incorrect, has been proposed as a criterion for distinguishing between science and pseudo-science.'
Good news for the guy with the camera that's been having a hard time therefore, for allegedly all he needs to do to get some legitimacy and sanity attributed to his life experiences is simply show some decent empirical evidence to his local Psychiatric Overlord.
Bad Move.
In any event the tide of popular digital camera filming from places such as Mexico City, mainland USA, South America, United Kingdom, Scotland, Russia etc has amassed a mountain of good clear footage of UFO's flying on propulsion systems beyond the dreams of Einstein and what today passes for Science.

Cleary half a million silicon camcorder chips are not hallucinating.
Indeed human beings can be seen floating through the air as if they were strange sky beasts themselves by means of the practice of alien inter-dimensional physics.
Harvard Professor of Psychiatry John E Mack, now deceased, didn't last too long in his quest to legitimize the experience of humans.
The cover up though continues, and the mental health industry has never been busier with people complaining of aliens and sky beasts and other such things. It remains therefore a restatement of the official Government position to quote a UK Black Ops guy quoting ex-Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher when she was presented with evidence of alien intrusion. "You can't tell the people' Mate !'
That's because the only other legitimate option is to medicate them for the outrage on discovering their betrayal would be too great.
It may well be that there is enough of the extra terrestrial pie to go around, but there are plenty people who never survived in the queue to get their piece of the action. These vulnerable people were disenfranchised and disintegrated by the squalor of soul-less materialism and its operators.
The following photographs illustrate the 'sky beasts' that could technically change the world of materialism forever.
There are also some other photographs relevant to other stories presented here.

Orb or Spirit progressively materializing

note the non-arbitrary structural scarring on this being.

Orb/Spirit dimensions approximately 4 feet in diameter. The creature is showing signs of 'super-natural' recycling and damage. Anthropomorphic ectoplasm of a demonic nature.

Small orbs taking off in wedge formation like pigeons amongst bigger beings – one given perspective as a 'natural' object when partly obscured by the left field tree.
The V-formation of the little orbs is reminiscent of a little flock of birds, suggestive of natural patterns and relationships in life that persist beyond the physical forms that we see with our eyes.

Abduction prelude 1981 plus strange being 1996, 2003.

Who would believe that ?

The flying triangles mentioned in Interstellar Contract Hit.

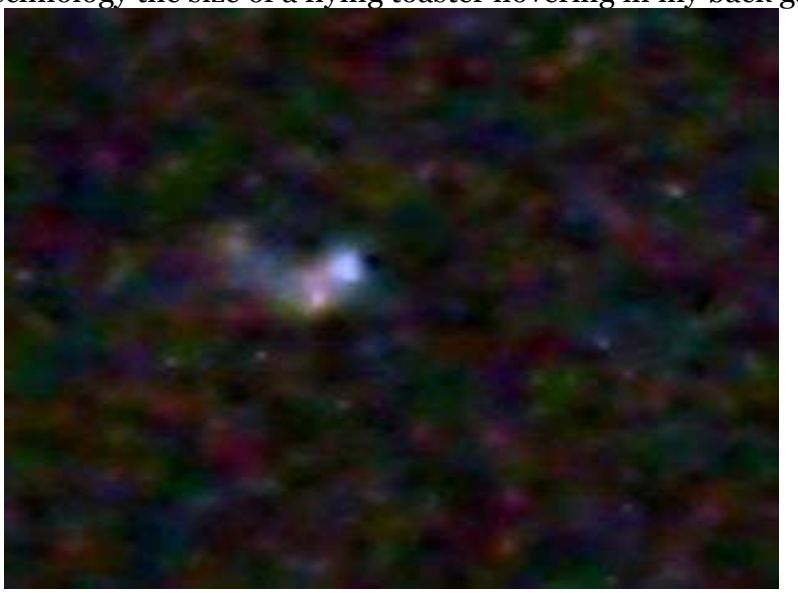
Scottish seafood is usually served with chipped potatoes, in fact I could have invited this strange vampire lady and her triangular pets for ‘nosh fer a too’.
[Scottish vernacular for ‘dinner for two’ is also a traditional name for a Vampire – Nosferatu !!!]

Orb showing chaotic fingerprint of energy.

A different structure of energy being. (Turquoise globe)

A larger Orb or energy being approximately 10 feet across

Alien technology the size of a flying toaster hovering in my back garden.



Crichton Castle – a UFO and Underground window area

Directly on top of an adjacent cavern system, scene of haunted parades of the faeries, blue ladies, and has a very strange watchdog – a werewolf. A local valley is called by the locals 'dinosaur valley' because of all the big chewed bones lying about. Crichton Castle is also a UFO landing area and drop-off zone for interstellar visitors. Bronze Age Reptilian stone head in Rosslyn Glen near the famous Blueblood chapel. Carved on an ancient 'spirit rock'.

13th Century carving of a Grey in St Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh called the 'Corble Stone'.

ALIEN STRIPPERS (WANT THE SHIRT OFF YOUR BACK)

The state of play on planet Earth as far as I can see is as follows ... there are two ET collectives facing each other up – on one side a set of beings with insectoid lineage on the road to gender differentiation and humanoid diversity plus the gender orientated reptilian angels or EL's, and on the other side a dark alien hive collective backed up by some sort of Borg idea and the hermaphroditic reptilian.
Dark hives and dark hermaphroditic reptilians are part of the Illuminati ideologies e.g. in Merovingian Templarism and the Order of the Golden Bee.
The Merovingians had a reputation for the occult and the supernatural. They were looked upon as priest-kings, much like the Egyptian pharaohs.
One of the most prominent symbols of the Merovingians was the bee. Hundreds of pure gold bees were found in King Childeric's tomb. The custom endured through the centuries. When Napoleon was crowned emperor in 1804, he made sure that golden bees were attached to his coronation robes.
In Theosophy the 'Coming man' the hermaphroditic Aryan root race that Adolf Hitler was so longing for were probably Reptilian in nature.
Scottish painter and colourist John Duncan in his painting called 'the Riders of the Sidhe' celebrate the Scottish culture of the Elves and Elohim. (1912, McManus Galleries, Dundee)
Aside from the reasons humans incarnate – working on their issues – much more X-men stuff goes on than gets spoken of, often in front of our faces.
There are, though, prominent non-human subcultures saturating human society.
The evil hive and Legion are here to strip us out – not just to kill our bodies but also to destroy our souls.
In order to conquer our souls they have to disconnect us from life so that we become an isolated commodity contained in a software process. This technologically aided process perpetually annuls our emergent good feelings and attributes and encodes and then recycles our despair at us.
They can then upload us into their matrix-like equipment and reprocess, recycle, farm and devour our beings.
I will discuss the scientific movement for human uploads later here.
Being human, our minds and intellects are greatly invested in and extended into our external world. Our self-image and essence is therefore often invested in and anchored in society and its constructs by the materials and artefacts that we have around us in our lives.
We invest our selves in the world by forming maps and webs of associations.
For example someone may like the colour yellow, and it reminds them of summer and primroses and Indian food and happy times, and even a happy holiday whilst wearing a yellow ski jacket, whilst operating the ideologies within a certain kind of socially successful and youthful lifestyle. In somebody's personal cosmology, therefore, yellow is the colour of success and happiness.
These associations are then later re-enforced and sometimes repeated and written in our brain and spirit by pleasurable experiences we have in the world of yellow.

It would take a lot of painful experiences with yellow to change that but heh! Our alien buddies have got the time.
We are therefore engaged by alien telepathy.
There is a branch of psychology called associology and in that whole chains of positive associations can be developed.
The colour yellow [e.g. for success] for example might be associated with the flavour orange and the scent of roses and the taste of red wine, and a sports car and cosmopolitan living.
If evil beings can somehow deteriorate our self image by at least affecting the things that we like about us in our own personal and external world, e.g. the things that remind us of our vitality and our connection with eternity [e.g. yellow things and ideas] then perhaps they can disconnect the soul from it's supply of spirit from the eternal source and somehow harvest it.
They do this by manifesting bad things in exchange for things that we once would have liked. e.g. a very bad and disconnecting yellow experience. The philosophical strategy can be called social nihilism and the process they use to enact it is scientifically known by human science and it's called Transference. e.g.

> "a reproduction of emotions (in the target) relating to repressed experiences, esp. of childhood (yellow things), and the substitution of another person (alien) . for the original object of the repressed impulses. [Websters, 1970]

More than likely though, by provoking maximum confusion and transference output from ourselves over some object or social process or ideology that they present means that they have clearly identified a set of associations that can, when annihilated, maximise our isolation and their power over us.
Under attack from alien telepathy, the human victim is caught between a rock and a hard place.
Within the human's cognitive psychology, there are two processes that operate in equilibrium. Those things of ourselves, those inner cues that supply our sense of self and integrity and that make us who we are. The more reliant we are on our inner selves the more independent we become of external social reality and our relationship to it and within it. The more we exist on our inner resources, the more field independent we become.
People with high degrees of field independence tend to be more focussed and generally more successful.
If however, we are being intruded upon by evil aliens, then more and more, we will seek to check and verify and re-instate our equilibrium by reference to and investments in external social cues and their associations.
The victim then perhaps becomes over reliant on external social cues that will re-enforce their feelings of vigour and social and spiritual and intellectual integrity. They then become dependent for their psychological equilibrium on their performance and investments in and with society.
Field dependence is the tendency of a person to use external cues or field referents for perception of the upright.
It's like looking to re-assure ourselves of our appearance and self-image time and time again by looking into a chaotic social mirror.

The more field dependent an individual is the more socially anxious that individual will be.
Under strain from telepathic intrusion perhaps the only recourse for the human being is to take refuge in the external world.
However, if aliens are deliberately deconstructing the good things that we are looking for in our external mirror on our self, then we will naturally become dis-eased by this unless we can strengthen our soul with the Holy Spirit.
Without Christ, our performance diminishes in an alien environment.
Perceptual constancy, speed of closure, and functional fixity are among several examples of cognitive dimensions that are related to field dependence and independence. The efficiency of cognition and closure reduces markedly in a flood of external information in the field dependent person.
If the aliens then use the mechanism of transference i.e. "a reproduction of emotions (in the target) relating to repressed experiences, esp. of childhood (yellow things), and the substitution of another person (alien) for the original object of the repressed impulses. [Websters, 1970] to provide a target for those confused energies, then perhaps a vampiric feeding transaction has been established.
It is a universal fact that every system in the cosmos at any scale transfers from a place of high energy and potential to a place of low energy and potential across a common medium.
In electricity its called ohm's law, in biology, osmosis, in psychology, levelling etc and every discipline has it's own unique name for the same process.
The aliens operate this process in our personal world by presenting social theatre that incorporates our favourite investments (spiritual and material) in a way that deteriorates them or causes them to fail. We then attempt to assert our creative juices to rectify the matter and become subsequently bled or milked of our essence.
[e.g. the abductee testimony Paul Schroeder – an 'aphid being bled' by an insect]
If you're like me then you'll find that your wardrobe has clothes in it that you no longer wear ... but I know that one can get a very hard time if one wears such stuff again ... e.g. the worst social issues can manifest in every social stratum that you progress through in a way that negates the quality of life symbolised by the clothes.
e.g. wearing your old yellow ski jacket necessitates and causes a bunch of young happy, healthy skiers to manifest with nicer jackets and lives in one of those co-incidences.
If a big young skier then picks a fight one could rationally put this down to our psychology and social ability being 'inappropriate' and 'out of sorts' but really, is it ... for at the very worst we just have bad taste – with an old yellow ski jacket, so does that have to include issues with Bruce Lee or someone who 'should have been' nice etc
It's so exhausting, it's enough to stop you feeling young for good and never identifying with the whole process of adventure and youthful independence ever again isn't it ?
It's like your spiritual fingers have been prised off your treasures, isolating you.
By provoking maximum confusion and transference output from ourselves over some object or social process or ideology that they present means that they have clearly identified a set of associations that can, when annihilated, maximise our isolation and their power over us.
The annihilation of good associations looses our grip on our independence and our ability to help ourselves.
Those that annihilate, however, can be hard to identify.

The problem with the hive stuff is that these people can be anyone in the phone book e.g. I recall being approached by a group of young ladies who spoke in very natural cultured English accents – then suddenly turned into the local Scottish version of a raging home posse.
As professor Mack, the Harvard Psychologist who had academically identified alien intrusion found to his cost – in my opinion – these aliens can be almost anybody in the phone book ...
This hive attack stuff is for me about the disconnection of your soul from associations of good things leaving you alone and desolate - ready for stripping out ...
Our aesthetic senses are being annihilated in this process.
For a proper empirical experiment to test this idea and even refute it, pick that certain shirt you no longer wear being careful where you wear it and expose it to view, noting the colours and associations that it embodies. My prediction is that you're bound to see far better examples of it worn by social paragons of excellence.
To test the nihilism idea do note that certain colours have their own diametric opposites:
e.g. red and green
purple and yellow
orange and blue
black and white etc

As a basic example, if you wish to reclaim the associations that connect you with all things green and good in your life ... you may get presented with lots of red and mixed down with black to make a morbid opposite to your aspirations.
We interact with hive telepathy and this legion of demonic beings in an environment that is controlled not to necessarily kill the body but to negate the soul and this can inspire alien logic to manifest interactive theatre in the physical world.
The alien hive has to present and re-enforce the reasons why you should disconnect from the quality of association you used to attribute to your favourite stuff in the first place.
Sometimes to this end they will attempt to engage the intellect of the soul they are attacking as it extends into the three dimensional world.
If you wear the clothes you don't like or sample flavours that you despise you can automatically expect to feel bad - the question though is why.
We had a bad experience from childhood or have a biological adversity to these items, or, more likely these days, we've had a deliberately and engineered alien sickener whilst wearing these objects.
Taking a rational and scientific approach to alien telepathic hacking of your life's processes is a good thing because you take the subjective experiences that you now feel and then put them into an objective environment that you can now manipulate and hopefully control.
If you redefine e.g. on paper those presently sickening clothes and styles and colours as the 'equivalent' of something else - say some random object and new colour and new idea of goodness - again you may personally see some strange things ... and if you have a camera handy - you can always prove that at least to yourself.
Do this as a computer-like script as it keeps the process rational and real and a script on paper is difficult to subvert by telepathic substitution.
Giving things you have become sickened by some fresh and good associations and perspective may result in the components of that perspective coming under attack.

e.g. say you have been sickened of yellow things but now like green and you define your list of green and good things as the equal or equivalent of the sick old yellow list, then you may start to notice your happy green associations coming under attack.
When we fight against this process we can lose our essences and our life and may be deliberately farmed and stripped like this as if we were dairy cattle..
Speaking of the rational these bug infested people do some very weird stuff - where I used to stay the local kids went down to the woods - and made up what looked like voodoo sculptures .... it's as if they were stripping the 'juice' out of the concepts in the sculpture - it was like a circuit board made out of garbage ... and there was a collection device or bottle that the circuit emptied into ...
I of course kicked that off the park !!
They started moving big dead trees around after that and piling enormous boulders on top of them ... just so I got the message ..
This voodoo logic stuff is based on a very real physical process called transference – it's a natural law and it's a known scientific theory produced by Kurt Lewin in 'Field Theory in Psychology', 1952 where he spoke about levelling and sharpening of gradients between people rather like Voltage and Current or osmosis in biology. Wolfgang Kohler in 1952, a contemporary of Lewin, spoke of transference between EM fields.
You can see it work when you tune two acoustic guitars and face them towards each other – strum one and the other will resonate – it's not 'voodoo' it's physics ..
So it is then with the 'garbage' that these beings are stripping out – that is – us ... and they attempt to do so by using all the artefacts by which we define ourselves against us.
They do this by prizing the good associations from our grasp by creating and using disassociative trauma. Usually by way of social externalisation and in our own terms and conditions.
I should also point out that there is an enormous cover-up here - but I strongly suspect that it's the same everywhere.
They operate in Cities and communities right here under our very noses ... and if we get too curious - our minds just get switched off - like I walk past the same stall in a shopping mall twice in two minutes and end up at the wrong exit ... a logistical impossibility unless I had lost my guide dog.
In order to upload and farm and recycle souls and individuals there would need to be some alien factory process and to a certain extent some human co-operation to facilitate an integrated approach to their livestock.
The control of academics might be one of their priorities.
The following part-article from Drew Hempel seems to support my idea of an alien assimilation of humanity by both an insectoid and also robotic species – who may well be driving rather big black oblong ships amongst other junk they use.
What I learned independently of this of course is conjecture – but that it was the intention of this robotic species to upload and strip everything if they could.
Every bit of life would be stripped – animal vegetable and human.
I first came across this idea on transhumanist lists that I had been researching in 1996. They called it compulsory uploading. I notice that techno-spirituality is mentioned in this article quote below and is also being currently promoted on other transhuman lists in the form of revering Rosicrucian and scientist Isaac Newton. Which for an agnostic community into science and logic seems a bit of a step.

We have star trek to thank for introducing most of us to the idea of the Borg and its collective and the idea runs close to my own deductions. Hopefully I have illustrated their attack and upload strategy which is to mimic the victims social expectations, engage the consciousness of the victim and then neutralise the victims spirit to engage by the overt and covert diminishment of their aspirations. At that point they assimilate.
That's my theory – but the following part-article seems to illustrate the groundwork on an academic paradigm that is being done as a prelude to uploading and the mass assimilation of mankind.

Details on the Actual Matrix Plan by Drew Hempel

Never before has the public known that the Freemason-Theosophist elite formed an academic think tank in 1940 with the expressed goal of channelling all academic research toward their goals. This is the power source for the actual plan for the Matrix that is described below.
This Theosophist-Freemason think tank was the Institute for Integrative Education. The board of directors included the family of the directors of the Theosophists as well as Ivy League professors from Harvard, Johns Hopkins, etc. Their 1940 flagship issue of their academic journal Main Currents in Modern Thought openly states this Freemason conspiratorial goal and at one point the journal even states that most professors are more dangerous than Nazis! The founder of this Freemason-Theosophist Educational-Research Complex that secretly controlled U.S. academic research was Lumber Magnate Julius Stulman. The postscript of his book Evolving Mankind's Future is a long statement by liberal University President Laurence Bolling -- a high level statecraft policy maker, documenting the influence of this think tank. In 1965 Stulman created the World Institute in collaboration and at the behest of the U.S. Government, the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and the United Nations. This information is detailed by President Bolling. The expressed role of the World Institute was to oversee the direction of technology for the world and it was located at UN Plaza. It's main policy plan was the actual plan for the Matrix published in 1975 and edited by systems theorist, global planner Ervin Laszlo. This is background for that Real Matrix Plan that is now coming into reality -- as liberally promoted by Laszlo's book Macroshift. (2001).
There is a dark conspiratorial sinister apocalyptic side to Laszlo that is now exposed by the below. The Institute for Integrative Education highly praised Philosophy of Science Professor Oliver L. Reiser's 1965 manifesto Cosmic Humanism.
Reiser's 1945 book World Philosophy was considered by Einstein to be the best plan for a unified field theory. In 1936 Reiser had promoted and initiated radio-eugenics in the Journal of Heredity. In 1945 Reiser discovered World Institute founder Julius Stulman's essay, Energy Theory Applied to Human Relations.
In 1975 Oliver L. Reiser and the World Institute editor Ervin Laszlo published the real matrix plan called Cosmic Humanism and World Unity in collaboration with Dr. Andrija Puharich. Reiser's 1965 book Cosmic Humanism openly promotes Radio-Eugenics and states that while most of humanity and the planet may die that is how evolution in nature works. The 1975 book calls the plan,

> The Matrix prominently and repeatedly and states that humans will be in Techno-Samadhi as the neuroblasts and Electronic tubes for the new World Mother. According to this plan, the embryo of this mother is in the middle of the earth and like an egg, the humans and the environment are to be feed off as energy for evolution of the Matrix. Radio-Eugenics is still openly promoted by the World Institute -- except now it is called orthosynthesis. In Techno-Samadhia person does not breath or think words -- they are hooked up to the satellite systems and used as energy so that the Theosophist-Freemasons can create the cosmic lens that controls and manipulates higher dimensional space-time. This is all detailed in Cosmic Humanism and World Unity -- the actual plan for the Matrix. The essence of this plan is to create a new global religion – Cosmic Humanism (now called transhumanism) -- or in general techno-spirituality. … ‘ ……. (Drew Hempel)

Anyway it’s all rock and roll ... I was out on a walk - and I noticed that a stream of cars were carrying certain very familiar colours. It was that same deep expensive red as the lovely expensive raincoat that I was wearing. My red raincoat, first energy ray, driving primal red, expensive top of the range high technology, outdoor mountain wear, Earth change proof and made in Germany by Germanic technology and totally superior, logical, rational and invincible. Next up I see a bizarre parade of red cars and thought - I'm not looking at this - as one does - I ignore this stuff - as it’s not good to really work out how it all may be connected and associated i.e. ontologise, unless you're better than Einstein or Deep Blue computer at it .. but two colour cars really attracted my attention one driving closely behind the other in this park road. The one in front was a deep red, the colour of my coat - the one behind a similar but lower class of vehicle that was brown-red. I swear that the same colour of deep coat-red paint from the car in front had been or appeared to have been splashed in an arbitrary un-artistic splash on the bonnet or engine hood of the following lower class, older car.
The somewhat artificial and forced transference of good times red onto something more dismal had been presented in the most unsubtle way.
It was impossible and incoherent artistry it was a splash of red chaos thrown from the world of rich expensive deep red cars, people and coats into the downbeat degraded world of downtrodden cars and socially deteriorated people.
There was no chance for example that somebody from a garage that had recently painted the red car in front with that red had taken a pot of liquid red paint and just happened to throw it on the car behind.
I suddenly just said to myself - what sort of weird sh*t is that .. my noble rich red splashed and discarded down market on some deadbeat brown car. I realised that this was an impossible chromatic co-incidence, and that my social expectations, future intentions and aspirations were being downgraded before my very eyes by the use of a strange bizarre social event.
The aliens were telling me in no uncertain terms that all that fancy upper class red coat wearing stuff was going to end in social and spiritual ruin.
As soon as I had processed and cogitated, recognised and registered that fact – the brown red and dilapidated car suddenly ground to a stop and put on it’s hazard warning lights as if broken down. ... it’s like I somehow interrupted an alien matrix subroutine by invalidating it ...

Because I had been ignoring their games and their own counter strategies and social investments aimed at giving me a hard time and doing me down, my associations that give me spiritual health and well-being had overcome their logic. Being Catholic had given me strength in this soul wars battle. The alien strippers had over invested in irrational human social theatre and assumed that my human intelligence would be unable to pick up on their extravagant and bankrupt social reality games that were designed to diminish my life expectations.
They're strippers in the very worst sense - like in the UK what they do is make all the flavours in the supermarkets equivalent with colours - and therefore all the associations of good and bad with the produce can be controlled via mass media [in my opinion].
The UK terrestrial TV channels are entertaining because no matter how many channels you switch in the middle of sentences you always get the same subject material and ideologies on the other channels to complete the sentence – and it's usually degrading ...
Our aesthetic soul music our creative spark is being isolated by alien stuff that's not just after our body ... on one list they spoke of 'the harvest' of ascension .. on another scientific list called Transhumanism – 'compulsory uploads'.
Our lives are full of colours and flavours and smells and all of these things pertaining to the senses have both good and bad associations that can be broken into and hijacked to our spiritual disadvantage.
In my opinion the UK candy market currently utilises 3 main flavours in it's candy bars - mint, orange and toffee - you would have to travel a long way to get a candy bar with any other fruit flavour - and it's the ideological journey the quest for the lost flavours ... where one has the challenges to our soul that may result in our loss of childhood and spiritual vigour.
We just get on with our mundane lives working our way through the obstacle course or gauntlet but there are some real issues in the quest for that elusive lemon candy bar ... we can only find lemon in caustic detergent or toilet cleaner etc
In my opinion they need to negate the outward expression of life and youth in us and distort it and break it away from us so that they can get to the juicy soul.
The tastes are to become deadened and made bland, neutralised and negated. It is also a strange co-incidence that most supermarket fruit picked green, tends to have the same bland favour.
The reduction of positive and pleasing and spiritually stimulating; colours, flavours, smells and associations in our society may well be part of a process of alien nihilism and social control.
These alien beings are detaching us from spiritual hope and creativity by stripping us out by a process called transference and are prepared to do all sorts of ridiculous looking social things to balance the energy books if their feeding and capture process is interrupted.
Getting empirical evidence as I found becomes easy - but the processes they use can sometimes not be very obvious as there can be a psionic component to it – that's where human logic and society fails and the society of Christ's Angels is needed more.
If some hive stuff is attacking you and you want to hack the logic then find a colour flavour association that you don't like and then scientifically redefine it as something wonderful.
Better still get a notebook and create lists of your associations.

Every colour you can think of is the key to a whole world of other tastes, flavours, realities and social experiences.
If these lists seem to lead somewhere bland and unpleasant e.g. you start at yellow and then that leads you to summers, scenery and holidays, and bananas and daffodils and primroses then finally to some dark red sinister door for some as yet unrecognised reason.
Then actively rescript and redefine the colour dark red as equal to something really good e.g. a snowball. (but keep it real and make a commitment to write the redefinition down)
Then watch for your good snowball idea get attacked.
You might start seeing unusual displays publicly centered around your new definition of peace and security and snowballs and the objects and context and lifestyle it pertains to that actively neutralise and regress it.
It's worth having a camera for that - definitely !!
Wear an item of clothing that you hate – maybe not visibly to begin with Until you get the idea that you really own the shirt on your back.
Don't let the aliens take your technicolour dreamcoat off you …
I prayed to Christ – and got Angelic help to disengage with this stuff so please take care.

THE TAROT READER

The Ancient Kingdom of Fife in Scotland was the last stronghold of the Picts, the warring and fearsome tribe that gave the Romans such a hard time and who later became displaced by the Scots.
The last two Pictish tribes were the Tribe of Orc, the Orcs and the tribe of Caat.
In other words there were some unique ancestral ties in Fife that went all the way back to ancient times and the Old ways.
Indeed Dunfermline Cathedral's proud boast is that it is the Spiritual heart of Scotland, somewhat in conflict with the chimes that emanate from the bell tower every few minutes ... from the song Jerusalem .. 'and was Jerusalem builded here in England's green and pleasant land ..'
All grist to the cultural mill were the legends and stories of Queen and Saint Margaret, and the stories of the pearls of great price, the souls at the bottom of the stormy sea that were a part of her journey and voyage.
It seemed like a good opportunity therefore for Angus the Tarot reader to develop his business away from the competition in the nearby Capital city Edinburgh.
Placing an advert in the local paper, the work started to slowly come in, as mainly Tarot parties.
There were offers to introduce Angus to the demon who had made a previous tarot reader get up and leave quickly at a séance they had held last week. Apparently it was the resident party entertainment.
There were complaints that a gypsy at a funfair had been reading the ladies mind and was shape-shifting.
Obviously someone with a frustrated talent for stock market sales.
There was even some nightclub work coming along in Edinburgh for a couple of forward thinking establishments, though it was pretty hard to justify subjecting both himself and his spiritual workers to a cocktail of worldly party goers all revved up for the liberation of their passions.
It was also a bit of a problem delivering a Tarot reading in front of two 2000 Watt speakers at full throttle in the small room. The equivalent of gentle background music was like having ones head inside the engine of a Lothian Bus.
One night, a young lady sat down at Angus's table in the nightclub and smiled and said, 'we're watching you .. !', which wasn't good news really because he had been hired to replace the previous resident tarot reader who had met a grisly and very unfortunate end.
The horror story had apparently been all over the local newspapers.
Getting home and putting the kettle on to make a cup of Tetley tea he went over to his answer phone and played back his messages ... 'hello ... I believe your name is Angus, I'm Mario and I'm from Edinburgh ... I've got a bad ... vibe coming through ... don't ..... drive your car ... at least not fast ..'
Angus realised that perhaps this was the garage imparting some technical advice about his brakes and wheels after a mechanics MOT inspection, but then as he hadn't been to any garage with his relatively new vehicle it did seem like there were some issues emerging in Edinburgh.

One night however, Angus realised that he wasn't cut out for that job when the music was so loud that he had to write down his Tarot reading on paper for people to see … the decibels being beyond the possibilities of his human vocal chords and lungs.
Angus the Tarot reader also quit his other Nightclub in Edinburgh when a manager suggested that he wasn't worth the money.
For Angus though, his ancient Gift of second sight from his Mother's blueblood ancestry was part of a long Tradition of the Seer in Scotland, so he shook off the dust from his sandals determined that in Dunfermline, a town claiming to be the 'spiritual heart of Scotland' he would be able to continue to put bread on his table. For as the Templar mysteries do declare 'this mystery is not for profit' and thus the healing skills of Angus might be better employed elsewhere where they were needed and where the spirit moved.
The phone rang on the wednesday afternoon and it was a Tarot party booking in Dunfermline on the Friday night.
The party comprised of somewhere between eight and ten ladies which although a lot to go into meaningful depth with it was possible that his skills could be more than superficially employed in the allotted time.
Having been involved in relocating from Edinburgh, there were one or two heavy things to take to the local landfill depot at Wellwood on the outskirts of Dunfermline.
Having loaded the van with hundredweights of turf on the Friday morning, Angus was planning to dispose of the turf at the dump, return home and have a bath before setting off to his party at eight.
The drive out to the dump was uneventful and he rolled his van into line to be allocated his skip.
For whatever reason, he was asked to use the skip that required three metal steps up to the lip … a bit of aerobic activity and some more stretching on the day … but he was big and tough and if he took his time, he could manoeuvre the heavy bags up the steps then lift them over the lip of the skip.
He went into his van to get his keys so that he could unlock the back compartment and left his drivers side door open whilst he unlocked the back.
Overhead, the gulls were swooping and wailing, and there was sound of heavy diesel motors in the distance bulldozing acres of landfill.
It was an eerie desolation – all our abandoned yesterdays in an endless sea of garbage.
Angus went in to the van for his first bag of turf and slowly carried it over to the metal stairs. The three steps up seemed endless but he did the extra heave to dump the first of nine bags.
He stood there relieved.
Realising that the whole exercise was do-able he turned gently around with his hand on the railing and suddenly he stiffened and was flying through the air.
He sailed beyond the stairs stiff as a board and landed flat, pancake style on his straight body, then bounced all in one action like a superball off the concrete fully upright, still stiff and straight onto his feet and by some force was propelled face first towards the very sharp corner of his open van door.
To his horror he realised that there wasn't anything he could do as he couldn't move his arms and it looked like his ribcage and heart was going to get cut into by the force of this vile evil. It was beyond his physical capacity to change his direction and momentum.

Then as if by a miracle, though it was with a feeling of great love, another power, another force, his lifelong Guardian Angel braked him suddenly in mid air and stopped him at the very point of this heartbreaking corner of his van door.
All his forward momentum had been removed as if by some antigravity force that had placed a cushion of hard air in front of him.
Angus stood there, his heart gently resting on the point of his van door and realised that something incredible had just taken place.
He was still processing the idea that he had just been flying through the air and whilst his rational mind was being appeased he was able to see that the whole event that had just gone down was extraordinary in many ways from a rational perspective.
He was yards away from the skip and the stairs ... this couldn't be dismissed as an accident.
Some great evil and some great good had called him into service for some reason.
Feeling a little shaken but not injured or stirred, he offloaded the other bags uneventfully and drove away from that alien landscape.
He realised that some wonderful Angel was looking after him and that no matter what kind of life might follow that everything was going to be ok.
He got home mid afternoon realising that God did not abandon us to the world. To have everything in the world as the Tarot system implies we aspire to, to have fortune, self-made with powers of mind and magik was perhaps not really the path that was going to reflect the divine truth in his life.
Surely the Angel that had always been with him and who helped him choose his life in Scotland was there to see him through. Such love went beyond mere considerations of the world's garbage whether it was old or new.
Getting his gear together for the Tarot party that night he headed off knowing that it was good to be doing something important even in a small way.
Arriving into an area full of modern, new housing he located the address and parked up. Waiting a few minutes to get the timing right.
Then he went to the door, kit bag in hand to open the proceedings.
The hostess for the evening was charming, and there were several other ladies already there who were unpacking their party food.
After some brief introductions, Angus was shown upstairs to the room he would be using. From the large amount of dolls on the shelves, it was the daughters room, though the children had apparently gone round to their grandmothers for the evening.
His eye was drawn to the pyramid-like arrangement of the dolls on the shelves which terminated with a pink faerie Barbie doll like the faerie on top of a Christmas tree.
He set up the table with my usual display of cards and crystals and décor and focussed on the night ahead.
The ladies came in one by one, each reading taking over half an hour and dealing with various issues within the human condition.
Angus used the cards, which contained every social archetype not to tell fortunes but to develop archetypal social issues that arise from the consequences of the cards that the client chooses.
That way appropriate issues and consequences could be rehearsed 'as if' they were taking place in a positive way. This therapeutic strategy plugged into a real life rational explanation in terms of the Psychologist Alfred Adler. Ie. One approached life 'as if' the best options were possible despite evidence to the contrary .. !!'

Usually though the cards and their alleged consequences were really rather accurate as if there were also Angelic powers at work.
The ladies were generally very happy with their readings, but from time to time there was some sort of distraction breaking in to the wavelength of the readings coming from the general direction of the pyramid of dolls. Angus would look left and catch a shimmer of something displacing the light in the air in front of the dolls display.
Finally, the hostess for the evening arrived.
She sat down, and then the real reason for this tarot party started to unfold.
Her young daughter aged ten had a friend she explained.
It was her invisible friend and would follow her around and at some point it had taken possession of her doll.
This doll had become her very favourite doll and usually she would not be parted from it or would often refer to it.
Angus looked to his left and without being told said, that's it there isn't it – the slightly bigger baby doll.
Yes said the Mother .. that's it.
At that point a dirty grey blob of energy about the size of a piece of burnt toast emerged from the doll.
He immediately realised that he should not touch this doll at all because it was drawing energy from this room and everything in it, and seemed to have been getting the daughter to wind up the Mother by relaying and translating bizarre kinds of conversation to her.
This then wasn't really a job for Angus as such … but it was his job to make sure that the Mother would undertake to get rid of the doll, because if she didn't then this spirit would come back.
It had a hold on and was feeding from the Mother.
He started to engage the Mother with the reality of the situation and told her that the doll had to go.
To his immediate surprise the Mother said that her daughters life and happiness depended on the doll.
Then he pointed out that if the doll was disposed of with prayer with the help of God and his Angels in a meaningful and sincere way that the Forces of Light would help her close the door on it.
Then she said that she couldn't buy another doll as good as that one.
Angus realised that this demonic entity was forcing her to come up with anything out of fear of being thwarted.
Suddenly it came to Angus what it was that must be done.
He said, slowly, 'Take that doll to Wellwood landfill depot and dump it in a skip'.
Give it back to the junk that it came from.
No, no, said the Mother.
If you do this said Angus, it will be earthed and cannot come back to your daughter.
But my daughter will miss her doll suggested the Mother.
You can always buy her another one said Angus.
There is a great wrong and sickness in that doll and you do not want that to harm your daughter or your family do you ?
At that the Mother seemed to come round …

Angus repeated his missive … ‘take it to Wellwood !’ and then silently said a prayer for her.
The Mother got up and thanked Angus for his efforts then went downstairs to rejoin her friends.
Angus had a look at the doll again without touching it … he realised that he had met that earlier this afternoon.
He realised that time travelling Demons that could jump up and down timelines to get you before you knew to get them were slightly out of his league at this point.
His Angelic guide though, assured him that everything was going to be ok here as well as he was folding up his tablecloth and packing away his little ornaments.
There were obviously lives and souls at stake here and nothing that could be done that was credible could be done with some coloured paper and a nice waistcoat.
The one obvious consolation though, was that he knew for certain that he was called to do very important work.
But that was the very last time he did it as a tarot Reader.

THE CHOICE

THE AGE OLD DISEASES AND INFILTRATION OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT

In the well-educated 20th and 21st century, few well-educated people are without some evidence for soul and soul life. e.g. the works on re-incarnation medical cases and near death experiences by Dr's Helen Wambach and Raymond Moody MD.
Indeed the only qualification needed today to prove soul life is a digital camera and flash photography at night.
Many people though are much further down the road.
They become the wielders and harvesters of Life force and essence and manipulators of magical processes and transfers of energy.
The lotus-eaters.
Some people on this planet have taken a dark path and pretend that they haven't, hiding amongst the social chaos as they preach to and recruit their victims and targets.
This essence harvesting can take place amongst strange parasitical relationships between the essence predator and victim and the mind of the victim that is bound up in the predators confusing ideologies and doctrines.
How that happens can be a mixture of unhuman powers and human confusion.
The obvious predatory recruitment hook is the doctrine of self-empowerment and magic.
It seems natural to the unwary that gaining more personal power and realising better life choices in a difficult world is a rational objective – especially if there appears to be a knowledge system that will facilitate it.
It's true that gaining a better life is a rational choice, but the real question people do not ask is what is the price to be paid for such an improvement. If it's Christian and free then so much the better, in my opinion. If it's a system of essence taxation and an imposition of life penalties – then the provender's of such systems and philosophies have been holding something back.
This deliberately dysfunctional and dark world is a great recruitment advert for those who seek power and power over disempowered slaves.
Social and scientific rhetoric echoes to the false ethic that 'there is no such thing as a free lunch' a truism for the false empty World of deliberately retarded pre-stellar Earth – we allow our minds to be led away from the proofs that that is wrong.
e.g. the law of emergence at www. Santafe.edu or Cosmic rewarming after the Big Bang or a NASA satellite on a slingshot in the solar system that inexplicably gained more energy than science predicted are some examples of energy for nothing.
The Universal truth is that there is a free lunch in the world of Science from as early as 1990AD. It's just that on this planet the ideologies of combustion and ashes, burning and mortality are deliberately promoted.
The ruling ethic is ignorance, desolation and comedy and if we know that, we can take hope that the Universe and God and Faraday, Tesla, Townsend Brown, Bruce DePalma and Frank Searle have all gone out their way to provide a free lunch.
If we are buying into something in difficult times it will be a system of ideas that can improve our lot in this artificially created social jungle.

Hence the Harry Potter books and the gnostic magical schools – a whole world of magic spells and powers over others on our great journey of alleged self empowerment and mastery over the incredible and unseen forces and beings of nature.
Our great journey becomes a journey into darkness and light, light and shade, white and black, where with the power of the greatest idea we can force our will upon the Universe and make Gods of ourselves – if we pay the price.
We then perform magic spells and strange deals that go wrong with beings totally beyond our time-space and sensory and intellectual processing and hence, recognition.
Our anecdotal folk records are full of tales of such Beings.
British Calendar Customs, M Banks, 1937 vol3. 'Hallowe'en will come, will come, witchcraft (divination) will be set agoing. Fairies will be at full speed, Running in every pass; avoid the road children, children.'

I saw a lady walk on a country road in Scotland at approximately 50mph in 2007AD
Getting advantages and powers though involved taking control of the events in our lives by magic deeds and spells intended to turn things to our advantage often with the help of supernatural beings.
Here are some cultural home truths and examples of what a dark age of dependency on darkness and its minions can look like for us all. These deeds are still part of an operational ideology in the 21st Century.

> e.g. Dropping the white of an egg. This was performed by dropping a small portion of the white of an egg into a glass of water. The forms assumed prognosticated the future in matters of love, fortune and death. [John Spence, Shetland Folk Lore, (1899), p190]
> Turnin' the sleeve; performed in a barn. This was performed at the hour of midnight. A person wishing to read the future by this means went all alone and unseen and wet their shirt sleeve in the burn over which a corpse had been borne. They next retired to a barn or other outhouse and kindled a fire, hanging up the wet shirt as if to dry. The owner of the wet shirt now retires to the opposite end of the barn and lies down to wait. As the hours pass away, the dying embers cast weird shadows on the walls. Presently amid the gloom and fitful flicker an apparition is seen flitting across the floor and silently turning the wet sleeve. This is none other than the phantom of the future husband or wife. If nothing is seen and the shirt remains unturned, the prier into futurity may look forward to a life of single bliss. But sometimes it was said that the dark outline of a coffin was seen, warning the poor watcher to prepare for another world. British Calendar Customs, M Banks, 1937 vol4. p74

Our lives then became full of bizarre follies and dark beings and their habits.

> BCC, M Banks, vol2, p42. 'At Hogmanay a boy, whipped with a branch of holly may be assured he will live a year for every drop of blood he loses ..'

> BCC, M Banks, vol1, p78. 'In Aberdeenshire the 'maiden' (last sheaf gathered at harvest) must be given to the first mare that foals on the farm otherwise dire calamity will overtake the stock.'

BCC, M Banks, vol1, p92. ‘It was believed there was a creature amongst the grain crops. It was called the ‘Clyach band’ or the ‘Carn Witch’.

Rev. W Gregor, Trans. Of the Buchan Field Club, III, (1892-5) pp.125,6.
‘People were afraid to go at night in the dark into kilns used for drying grain. ‘Feart things’ were seen in them. [Dyke]. A creature called the ‘kiln-carle’ was believed to dwell in the ‘logie’ [i.e. hearth pit]. He was of savage disposition, at least if provoked. No-one would have been bold enough to have gone to a kiln during night and challenged him with these words:
‘Kiln-carle teethless,
Come oot and mack me eesless’
We then try to pander to the egos of these strange forces.

BCC, M Banks, vol1, p32. (after crop failure) ‘The day of the Big Porridge … a large pot of porridge was prepared with butter and other good ingredients and taken to the headlands .. and a quantity was poured into the sea .. with certain incantations and rhymes. By giving the fruit of the land to the sea, the fruit of the sea would come to the land. In Iona ‘Diardaoin a bhrochain mhoir, the day of the big porridge.’

BCC, M Banks, vol2, p236. ‘They (the people of Scotland) have the Ombridiae pellucidae (which are crystal balls or hemispheres or depressed ovals) in great esteem for curing cattle. And some on may day put them into tubs of water and sprinkle all their cattle with the water, to prevent their being elf-struck, bewitched, etc’

BCC, M Banks, vol2 . ‘In a good many parts of the country there were pieces of land left unattended though there was no natural obstacle to their being so. These were dedicated to the Devil and went by the name of the Devil’s croft or Helliman’s rig or Cloutis craft (croft).

After the Dark Ages that were full of beings totally alien to the human way of life or spiritual path who drive our innate reproductive instincts by seasons and moons down into the paths of the dead ... the renaissance as it pertains to Edinburgh, Scotland’s Capital city in the 16th Century shows that the old ways were still driving the masses.
The fertility mystery plays and medieval sexuality were linked with the otherworld and the stag king that some say is the dark being cernunnos.
Many acts of fertility theatre took place locally below Rosslyn castle and chapel, not far from the Reptilian Bronze Age head carved in the spirit rock.
The Church tried to ban them.

BCC, M Banks, vol2, p211. ‘The Act of 1555 which forbade the election of ‘Robert Hude, Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queens of May or otherwise’ was .. not a cause of rejoicing.’
‘In 1561, The Edinburgh Bailiffs and Council declare against ‘the auld wikit maner of Robene Hude’, but in 1592 the General Assembly had occasion to

denounce the profanation of the Sabbath by (those) making Robin Hood plays which had not been forgotten.' Book of the Universal Kirk p414.

The same magik spell books and ideologies are in today's 21st Century New Age bookshops.
The same old themes from those same old ways run through our world today in the same processes, except that aliens seem to be into this voodoo stuff too ... though for them it isn't mumbo jumbo – it's an exact science of soul mining.
What though is this price we pay as people to become self-empowered magi aided and abetted by the forces of whatever ? – the answer is disconnection.
We are tricked into becoming disconnected to become dependent and weak and to become fodder for slavery.
Our power hungry ego seeks to build its impregnable castle with assets and things magical and substantial.
Yet we lose what we originally possess in abundance and it is sold back to us dressed up as unworkable theatre props and magical systems.
We in fact actually lose the greatest magical asset that we think that we gain. Our alleged magical gains of the so-called assets of self-empowerment in fact symbolise what we have forsaken and parted company with. This is because we have divested ourselves of these aspirations and instead invested our powers in decaying magical theatre props to become an emperor of the self. Our powers thus diminish into entropy.

We have disconnected ourselves from the true vine of Christ.
[John 15:1-6]

'I am the true vine, and my Father is the vinedresser. Every branch in me that bears no fruit he cuts away, and every branch that does bear fruit he prunes to make it bear even more. You are pruned already, by means of the word that I have spoken to you. Make your home in me, as I make mine in you. As a branch cannot bear fruit all by itself, but must remain part of the vine, neither can you unless you remain in me, I am the vine, you are the branches. Whoever remains in me, with me in him, bears fruit in plenty; for cut off from me you can do nothing.
Anyone who does not remain in me is like a branch that has been thrown away – he withers; these branches are collected and thrown on the fire, and they are burnt.'
The force – to quote Obi Wan Kenobi in Star Wars episode 1 is *'an energy field that runs in and through everything, binding us all together.'*
This free energy flows into every tree and every rock using the simple law of emergence from the ether. It fills our cells it supplies all matter and it's free – it's a gift.
There are though, dark, hungry beings that need our free lunch.
These emperors have lost their investments playing poker with entropy and materials.
They turn their back on the high-energy source and its social connection with brothers and sisters and the Trinity and are a selfish social order of dark parasites that feed by trickery.
Somehow, arcane wisdom and intelligence and the mind have created barriers and obstacles and dark walls and cravings that can only be fulfilled by the exercise of the limited and constrained ego.

The natural world, however, that has no human intellect has not any intellectual problem with the reality of abundant supply of free energy.
In cycles of biology, their 'worm does not die, nor their fires go out.'
It is in mankind that the sense of natural connection to life essences can be intellectually distorted eventually to the detriment of social, physical and spiritual reality.
Mankind's linear and narrow focus on reality extends itself outwards into the world.
Mankind's sense of connection tends to be created by investment in and mirrored in his/her external material assets.
Disconnection from these can be encouraged and the confused can be tricked out of their inheritance.
Our sense of ease with self, therefore, can be hijacked.
When our sense of self starts to draw upon or is encouraged to draw upon and tinker with our natural free supply, and then by the use of tools and artefacts, the free supply of everybody and everything else, then we are creating at least within ourselves unnatural appetites and unnatural habits in energy consumption.
It is a habit that can lead to life essence bankruptcy.
Instead of gaining more independence by this tool-aided overuse of God's free energy – the power wielder becomes more dependent on external processes, artifice and artefacts to fulfil the deficits we accidentally create within ourselves.
Thus the would-be magus can lose the freely given gift of life to become a user and consumer dependent on the energy acquired from others and hence unable to give in return.
Having created artificial social mechanisms such as commandments we can attempt with them to simulate and facilitate in sophisticated human intellect and society what nature and God does naturally.
It is the regulation of our intellectual and mental investments that keeps our kind of being connected.
Christ said [Luke] *'Love the Lord your God with all your heart, all your mind and all your soul, and your neighbour as yourself'*
By so connecting with God in a moral and intellectual way we perform what the trees and rocks do naturally. By serving as a conduit for free social energy and cohesion. We passively channel vast amounts of free energy and act as a cornerstone of our society.
By attending the School of Wizardry though we attempt to become venture capitalists with this free energy educating our will power to channel bigger and bigger amounts of it.
Its subsequent chaotic behaviour and our consequent reality is then predicated on the Newtonian law 'for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction.'
Newton, the Physicist, was a known Alchemist and Gnostic.
As would be gods of self – allegedly independent of the Source and the Father, we either rob this energy from the rich to give to the poor – or rob the rich to give to the rich, or rob the poor to give to the poor or rob the poor to give to the rich. However way it can be defined – the self-empowered being becomes a taker, robber and user of the resources of others.
In such a system and hierarchy of takers and users there is life-force profit and loss. With massive and unnatural losses consequent on massive and irrational speculations on powers and principalities there is ultimately such magnitude of disconnection from the free source at a personal level that a great hunger develops and thus the vampire is born.

The school of Selflessness as taught by Christ is the only way for society and its Beings to last and grow and maintain themselves.
In Christ, as we freely distribute according to our own gifts we do with the process of social and artificial thought what the natural world does naturally and thus we have a nurturing and caring society.

Matthew 12:7, *'What I want is mercy not sacrifice ..'*

We become caring cells in the true vine that pass the water of life through one another and on to our neighbouring cells. We function naturally. We give our adjacent cells, our brothers and sisters what we would give ourselves and so become a conduit for the water of life that comes from our roots in God the Father. We in the Vine of Christ live as a fruit-bearing prospect sustained by the living water of the Holy Spirit, our brothers and sisters in Christ.
Beyond the misleading deceptions and disempowerment that this Cosmos may inflict on those born of the Spirit is a world that can operate on faith and will and mercy. A Kingdom of no want and no disease.

One of the keys to that Kingdom is the power of faith: Mark11:22
Jesus answered 'Have faith in God. I tell you solemnly, if anyone says to this mountain 'Get up and throw yourself into the sea.' With no hesitation in his heart but believing that what he says will happen, it will be done for him. I tell you therefore: everything you ask and pray for, believe that you have it already and it will be yours.'

In the Wizardry School though – we teach that all the seasons make a sacrifice on the cross of matter and that trees and animals partake of the passions of Christ. The death of Winter and then rebirth in Spring.
From there the Wizard School makes gods out of anima and animals, as after all there is God in all matter.
It is rationally untrue to make Christ's passion as common as anima.
My vision of Christianity was interstellar in its own way too.
Christ had stretched out his hands on the cross of matter between the heights of the highest vibrating heavens and the stars of sluggish matter and time and was brutally broken whilst being totally conscious of all the paths of the dead around him and the life and lives that he truly knew.
Christ had had his soul irreparably broken and left within the dark centre of the world and vibrations of Earth's realm for three days and nights to be again remade and glorified, as he was promised, on the third day, so for God anything good is possible in a world where materialism seems to eat at and destroy what we are.
The recovery and remaking of souls that have been broken, by an act from our very Creator sounded to me the most wonderful hope for an eternal life and society.
Christ's sorrow in keeping such sins integrated beyond the massive-scale demands of heaven and earth enabled the heights of super-frequency social, eternal love beyond time, to meet with the sluggish depths of physical and worldly spiritual depravity. Such a stress no animal or tree or incarnate being would ever be able to feel or understand.
Thus in the gnostic philosophy of the vampires they would by saying that all things suffer death and rebirth denigrate the Master Christ who defied this desolation.

Unlike the natural world that emanates and propagates the free force of God without thinking, human social values, mechanisms and tools and technology must take the place of natural mechanisms.
The vampire ideologies come to the fore in a new season of spiritual communications or channellings. Middle class ideologies to unseat massively challenged middle class well educated intellects from dark spirits who serve ideals other than noble and who seek to deprive their targets of their free lunch.
The idea that beyond this life and physical reality are other realities appears novel to some who are overawed by high quality intellectual missives that have never yet delivered even a sketch of the chemical formulae for the cure for cancer or AIDS since the fad started a decade or so ago.
The seeming intelligence of these missives though is more than likely the victims own intellectual aspirations, expectations and intentions being redriven and reflected back to their source by the predator.
It may be that these ethereal beings do not understand a word being spoken by the human or have any empathy with the human social semantics.
Instead the vampires may be more interested in the victim's spiritual and essence investments in these intellectual constructs as they manifest in the targets functioning biology and bio-electrics. The abundance of life force employed to manifest and extend intellectualisations into physical reality is really the target and goal of the predator, not the human concepts and realities.
In a recent channelling missive that recommends abandoning the body to head for sublime self-empowered bliss when the massive geological changes hit the Earth's fragile crust around 2012 AD – we get the telltale signals of the vampires at work.
>'We are close to an end of technology.'
It's a lie, it's a give up and go signal to let go. Even vampires need technology – technology is just a tool, it can be an abstract idea, as well as a saw or chisel. All tools attempt to elicit an attempt to extract energy in some form whether information, raw physical material or feeding essence.
Technology is tools. We need tools to operate a nurturing society in the three dimensions of space and one of time. Many people have seen that the technology that we are allowed to use on earth has been deliberately kept primitive – so maybe in promoting a fit of petulance in their victims the vampires expect that we can turn our backs on the sorrows of Earth for 'earth' has let us down etc.
We have had the theories and designs and machines for free energy and interstellar travel on this planet since e.g. 1890AD Faraday's monopolar generator, and Lord Kelvin's atomic vortex theory of ether in 1901AD.
Perhaps darkness suggests that we are to focus instead on these 'energy corridors' and strange sounding ethereal gateways – perhaps to strange soul stockyards or holding pens ..
Christ has said that we can become as energy independent as Him – that as His brother or Sister – we too can expect to walk on water, regenerate our tissues, make matter out of energy, wine out of water, so its not as if Humanity has been abandoned to make bad choices.
The vampire circus would have us self-empowered and allegedly energy independent. That would be good if it's true – which it isn't.

My definition of reasonable interstellar reality is a communal and symbiotic community in three and other dimensions of all types of consciousness – some beyond time but within the strictures of these, our frequencies – and operated within a technological envelope.
For these beings that preach abandonment - we are to drop our mortal overcoats and our title deeds and export rights and dive into an energy sea.
Amazingly these beings currently use three-dimensional technologies to propagate their ideas on the three dimensional Internet.
These beings need for technology will always be obvious as they are predators so why do they preach an end to technology? Is it perhaps true that we will never see them or hear from them again? I doubt it – or is it perhaps that they are predating on the middle class sense of social and spiritual and technological failure. Middle class intellectual disease means a whole new batch of free lunches and disconnected slaves.
Perhaps they are encouraging more people to lose hope in a better world and lose a grip on their spiritual, mental and social investments and extensions.
These vampires will no doubt be deployed all over the super cluster preaching an end to technology - and of their greatness as beings of pure [but needy] energy.
It's true that being a being of pure energy - beyond time and matter - living in bliss is great - Christ told us about that - but no-one ever said that three dimensions with its tools of technology was an evil place to be shunned ... just this world and its materialism and sickness.
There is something innately pure and responsible living within the exacting measures and educational constraints of a three dimensional life and not just being an ephemeral figment living amongst the higher frequency shells and bubbles that come off the third dimensional world.
If they think that we can believe that technology is an evil and a lie - its only because we can see that the technology our controllers have allowed us to utilise is pre-stellar and deliberately retarded.
They hope to predate upon our sense of disease with the status quo.
They speak of their coming 'harvest'.
According to contactees, many interstellar civilisations have great peaks of beautiful technology and have achieved massive and enduring feats of civilised nurture and social communion. Why therefore must we abandon all hope of social regulation and large-scale social nurture ?
It is only technology that enables vast civilisation and huge scale nurture for if we abandon technology and tools we abandon our lives in civilisation forever.
This channelling being wants us to do this - to become self involved and self empowered but such feats of selfishness are at best asocial and at worst vampiric and predatory.
For them to ask us to disavow technology is to peel off the weakest from the social herd – a herd currently under great global stress. It is only under the umbrella of technology, however, that feats of enduring social logic and regulation, facility, storage, artefact, creation and recreation can be achieved and the greatest good can be done for the many.
Also it is only in Christ's promise of many mansions for his prodigal sons and daughters that we can anticipate our freely given inheritance as truly free and empowering. Thus it becomes our duty to be nurturing and social – to do what God wills for all nature – as a deliberate act of morality and intellect and in so doing we will create an enduring interstellar civilisation that such shadows of vampirism can never penetrate.

THE PROMISE OF AN INTERGALACTIC GOLDEN AGE OF CHRIST.

Catholic theology on Extra Terrestrial life and its issues is outlined by Jesuit scholar Brother Consolmagno.

> If new forms of life were to be discovered or highly advanced beings from outer space were to touch down on planet Earth, it would not mean, "everything we believe in is wrong," rather, "we're going to find out that everything is truer in ways we couldn't even yet have imagined,"
> Moreover, "There is nothing in Holy Scripture that could confirm or contradict the possibility of intelligent life elsewhere in the universe,"
> The limitless universe, therefore, "might even include other planets with other beings created by that same loving God," he added. "The idea of there being other races and other intelligences is not contrary to traditional Christian thought.
> Brother Consolmagno, Jesuit astronomer

In the Old Testament and other Jewish religious texts there is mention of not only Angels or Malakheem, but also of other categories of celestial beings - such as Cherubim and Seraphim.
Within established Christianity the general idea of life elsewhere in the Cosmos exists is accepted. e.g. The saintly Italian priest Padre Pio, who was famous for his stigmata and for his miraculous healing of the sick, and who died only a few years ago, had always taken the existence of extraterrestrials for granted.
Long before him, there had been such clerics as Cardinal Niccolo Cusano (1401-1464) who accepted the 'alien' and 'E.T.' concepts and wrote about them. Also, the early Jesuit astronomer Father Angelo Secchi (1818-1899) who wrote: "It is absurd to think that the other worlds around us are uninhabited deserts".
There had also been Giordano Bruno who had died at the stake for harbouring such beliefs.
St. Paul's hymns in Colossians 1 and Ephesians 1 make it clear that the resurrection of Christ applies to all creation. 'Everything in the heavens and everything on earth'. It is the definitive salvation event for the cosmos. The opening of John's Gospel, tells us that The Word, which is to say, the Incarnation of God was present from the beginning; it is part and parcel of the woof and weave of the universe.
Even though the life of Jesus occurred at a specific space-time point, on a particular world line (to put it in general relativity terms), it also was an event that John's Gospel describes as occurring in the beginning. It is therefore one point that is simultaneous in all world lines, and so present in all time and in all space. Thus, there can only be one Incarnation of Christ, though various ET civilizations may or may not have experienced that Incarnation in the same way that Earth did.

John 14:2 *In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.*
Stepping outside the boundaries of 'the world' for a moment to look beyond our planet, a Jesuit Catholic astronomer, Brother Consolmagno, has recently suggested that there could be aliens on other planets, and that these aliens would be subject to Christ's saving grace. This affirmation is based on John 10:14-16: "I am the Good Shepherd . . . I have

other sheep that do not belong to this fold. I must bring them also, and they will listen to My voice. So there will be one flock, one Shepherd."
In any event, good extraterrestrials (ETs), just like good humans, do not need to know about Christ for salvation; that's the tradition of "baptism by desire."

Mark 3:33-35, *He replied, 'Who are my mother and my brothers ?', And looking round at those sitting in a circle about him, he said, 'Here are my mother and my brothers, Anyone who does the will of God, that person is my brother and sister and mother'*

The ministry of the Good Shepherd is not merely confined to the sheepfold of the House of David.

ACTS 15:14-18, *'Simeon has described how God first arranged to enlist a people for his name out of the pagans. This is entirely in harmony with the words of the prophets, since the scriptures say; After that I shall return and rebuild the fallen House of David; I shall rebuild it from the ruins and restore it. Then the rest of mankind, all the pagans who are consecrated to my name, will look for the Lord, says the Lord who made this known so long ago.'*

Mark 9:38-40, *John said to him, 'Master, we saw a man who is not one of us casting out devils in your name: and because he was not one of us we tried to stop him' But Jesus said, 'You must not stop him: no-one who works a miracle in my name is likely to speak evil of me. Anyone who is not against us is for us.'*

The mission and ministry of Christ, sent here from a place of glory to our world is to bring salvation to those who do the will of God.

John 8:42, *'If God were your father, you would love me, since I have come here from God; yes I have come from him: not that I came because I chose, no, I was sent, and by him.' Christ, first born in a place of bliss was sent to this world. Christ came from a very High place to work in our spiritual depths.*

Mark 12:25 '*the stars will come falling from heaven and the powers in the heavens will be shaken. And then they will see the Son of Man coming in the clouds with great power and glory. Then too he will send the angels to gather his chosen from the four winds, from the ends of the world to the ends of heaven.'*

To the ends of heaven and in the many mansions that abound there are those latecomers to the Wedding that will need to be facilitated. The Universe naturally produced the first fruits of the spirit.

Romans 8:19 *'The whole creation is eagerly waiting for God to reveal his sons. It was not for any fault on the part of creation that it was made unable to attain its purpose, it was made so by God.*

Matthew 19:30 *'many who are first will be last and the last, first.'*

It may be therefore that there are a whole army of Angels who will stay awhile to administer to these latecomers.

Romans 8:22 'From the beginning till now the entire creation, as we know has been groaning in one great act of giving birth; and not only creation, but all of us who possess the first fruits of spirit ..'

In the exopolitics of the super clusters and mega populations there will be some who awaken to the idea of a new life with trepidation.

A history of being biology and clone based within constraints of organic reference points may have offered some sort of habitual security and shelter that facilitated spiritual growth to the point of the Extra Terrestrial soul needing to evolve.

Romans 8:11-17 *'and if the Spirit of him who raised Jesus from the dead is living in you, then he who raised Jesus from the dead will give life to your own mortal bodies through his Spirit living in you.*

So then, my brothers, there is no necessity for us to obey our unspiritual selves or to live unspiritual lives. If you do live in that way, you are doomed to die; but if by the Spirit you put an end to the misdeeds of the body you will live.
Many Extra Terrestrial societies will have collections of beings, some hostile, who can operate at various frequencies and in various configurations of time space, but the Holy Spirit enables those of the spirit to step beyond and above the knowledge of and predictions made by such antagonists.

John 3:6-8, *'What is born of the flesh is flesh, what is born of the Spirit is spirit. Do not be surprised when I say: you must be born from above. The wind blows wherever it pleases: you hear its sound but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it is going. That is how it is with all who are born of the Spirit.*

For many beings in the larger Cosmic bubble though there is the possibility that organised darkness will drag them down with duplicity.

John 8:43 *'Do you know why you cannot understand my language. The devil is your father, and you prefer to do what your father wants. He was a murderer from the start: he was never grounded in the truth: there is no truth in him at all: when he lies he is drawing on his own store, because he is a liar, and the father of lies.'*

For those massive populations dependent on technology and biology and no Spirit, there is an endless desert of loveless recycling and metabolic chemistry.

Mark 10:48, *'where their worm does not die nor their fire go out.'*

The promise for all who Love God and Love their brothers and sisters as they do themselves is an eternity of joy and a Kingdom that is secure.

Mark12:29-31, *'Listen, Israel, the Lord our God is the one Lord, and you must love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength .. You must love your neighbour as yourself'*

Extra Terrestrial populations therefore will have many many candidates for ascending beyond mundane biology and into a world of Love.

Romans 8:14-17, *'Everyone moved by the Spirit is a son of God. The spirit you received is not the spirit of slaves bringing fear into your lives again; it is the spirit of sons, and it makes us cry out, 'Abba, Father!' The Spirit himself and our spirit bear united witness that we are children of God. And if we are children we are heirs as well: heirs of God and coheirs with Christ, sharing his sufferings so as to share his glory.'*

THE COMING EMPIRE

THE EVANGELICAL VISION OF AMBASSADOR XORG.

The cosmos is a foamy place full of soapy bubble. There are little bubbles, big bubbles, dissolving and amalgamating bubbles, bursting bubbles and new bubbles infused with the breath of God at times and scales of magnitude beyond our imagining.
On the iridescent pearly surface of each cosmic bubble are fractal sets of chaotic colourful light matter superclusters absolutely full of life that is full of life.
Inside the bubbles is the air that we cannot see. It is an etheric sea of dark matter energies itself full of life that is full of life and of a differing nature to the life in the structures of the soap.
From the chaos of all such ethers emerge the particles that give our universe form and substance.
In such a soapy bubble in a huge soapy foam, perhaps in a foam by a little waterfall in a forest, is our own little cosmos and somewhere swirling about in the multicoloured patterns of spiralling supercluster soap is our own spiralling supercluster and our own spiral galaxy, called the Milky Way.
As everyone knows in Scotland the Milky Way is actually a low calorie chocolate bar marketed as; 'the sweet you can eat between meals without ruining your appetite.'
As we now know, the Milky Way chocolate bar is itself made up of atoms that are spiralling that can be arranged in a periodic table of elements that spiral in harmonic patterns.
From that therefore we can guess that infinity is a rather big deal. Goodness knows how many cosmoses we end up eating every time we have some chocolate..
There are forms of consciousness that drift through the air and specialise and adapt to life in it, endlessly blown on the winds of essence. There are forms of consciousness more tied into the life cycle of a cosmic bubble, swirling and thriving in the soapy suds enjoying and being entertained by the colourful patterns in the light matter as they endlessly dance their endlessly unique parade of material diversity and form.There are forms of consciousness that are more transient neither connected to the airs of essence nor rooted in the forms of light matter soap.
It is to one of these collectives that we turn our attention somewhere in downtown Leith in Scotland's capital city.
Somewhere along linear time relative to a contactee and misfit from Leith called Ambassador Xorg there is a meeting of minds.
It begins in the mind because the intellect if beautiful and undamaged can be a secure and nurturing meeting place.
Some guided reading happens and the contactee is exploring Michael Moorcock's 'Dancers at the end of time' Trilogy.
In this work a civilisation that has become senescent has technology capable of manufacturing the fruits of the creative imagination. Unfortunately things have gone stale. In fact intellect and creative reasons and reason have totally failed.
For our contactee, Planet Earth in bubble number 'long string of alpha-numerics' is a place designed and endorsed by God to explore the failures and crimes of diversity.

Crimes of passion created by malfunctioning personalities and sexual identities and driven through the social superstructure itself infested by some nihilistic alien malignance seemed to accurately reflect what had gone wrong with these 'Outsiders'.
Indeed this was the reason that they failed in the first place – they had poisoned their wellspring with badly invested and spiritually crass creational and recreational tools.
This was in fact why they decided to take some time out of soapy bubbles and hang out in those deeps totally unrecognised by their denizens. They had in fact set up some contemplative space where they could work out their issues.
Which is why they like to be referred to as 'Outsiders'.
On planet Earth the book by Herman Hesse called 'The Glass Bead Game' is a science fiction tale of a purely intellectual society that makes the decision to come down from their analytic heights to 'get involved' and the hero eventually ends up paying the price with his temporal life.
To become the 'Insiders' again therefore they would need to take part and get their hands dirty, indeed have hands again to get dirty. Before they took their time out they had successfully developed the bubble that they inhabited and had made inroads into several more using a portal system.
They had kept all the toys of Empire in cosmic toy-boxes – such as when they were going through their ostentatious phase they had massive enormous clunky battle ships. They kept those. Even when they went into their refined microcosmic phase. It just seemed wasteful to scrap materials that contained social history and interesting intellectual masterpieces and designs.
The cosmic bubbles of their collective origins came and went and many migrated along with their technological materials and processes into a bubble adjacent to this one.
Things are going well there just now and everything is running like clockwork as usual but that now is just not enough.
There was clearly another step up and beyond the plateau of intellectual skills and discourse that had not been identified as the next evolutionary step when the Philosophy of Christ began to be taught and practised. Where it was practised faithfully real miracles could be observed to be at work in the bodies and minds of the faithful. That the self on its own, the mind on its own, the intellect on its own could never be enough unless it was connected with the will to love and be loved.
This heart driven form of intellectual aspiration was a totally new thing for it took people away from the senescence and isolation of the intellect even at a collective level.
It was as if the very water from the well of the source flowed in and through and between the cells of the people so connected and the people like cells themselves in the vine would sustain and nurture one another whilst loving the nourishment of the source.
It was both intellectually efficient and spiritually profound to be heart-centered.
The outsiders had found the true vine mentioned in the new testament of John 15 and suddenly, they were no longer outside, they were inside, no longer old and stunted but flourishing and progressing, growing and again green and fresh and fruitful.
In a very Catholic way, mere intellect was surpassed and superseded by the imperative to simultaneously love and grow. The natural order therefore had been re-established and things could again progress and evolve.
Now time and space as we know it in the bubble of planet Earth is different from those orders of procession in the foamy soap suds of home, and in those places the massive

factory units they call the nexus were again powering up with a new vision for social architecture and cultural furnishings and artefacts.
The project that had been set up on earth by the Elohim immediately after the wars of the Fall of Atlantis had been seen to bear fruit. That in amongst those simulations that explored social conduct amongst increasingly technological or baroque tools and artefacts, amongst increasingly social and anti-social models and role models and amongst increasingly criminal and passionate behaviour amongst light and dark beings in communities there were totally new social visions that obviously did not have the taint of creative disease.
Besides the endless recycling of criminal and indifferent contributions were those souls incarnated with reduced capacities called humans. The humans used their short lives as workshop opportunities to measure their spiritual life and their creative response to nihilism and adversity.
Many millions had produced many millions of good things over the millennia – all of them having been sampled and recorded by the Elohim, both the good and the bad.
The good stuff though was good enough to mass produce and diversify a whole new tier of civilised growth with at Imperial level.
Hardware, artefacts, designs, buildings, vases, fabric and textiles, period designs, food and drink, artworks, music, furniture from all epochs, writings, social expressions and themes, fashion, monumental designs, historical colours and textures, historical graphics, vehicles from all eras, their shape and form.
Historic periods full of beautiful creations created and recreated by the incarnated minds of galactic travellers are in abundant store. Some artisans never stayed, but many who then did will to participate in the final outcome of a new Golden Age of Atlantis in Christ. Their art and excellence now able, once cleaned and sanitised from alien distortion to enrich the lives of untold numbers of population. Many such populations still await discovery in the vastness of various times and spaces.
The eras of the age of mankind will, after work, live and love forever.
Celtic, Teutonic, Moorish, Baronial, Renaissance, Classical Greco-Roman, Egyptian, Indian-Hindu, South American, Chinese Sino-Asian, Oceanic, Africanic, Polaris, Russian 19th century, American Native 17-19th century, American Westernised 20th century, Russian 20th century, European west 20th century, European aristocratic 19th century, English Victorian/imperial, Caribbean 18th-19th century, Tibet, Sumerian, Catholic, London 1960's, Futurist, Latin and Jazz, Tokyo Manga, Japan Ancient.
Can you imagine how many kinds of peculiar forms of transport could be decorating somebody's ornamental lot somewhere ? how many paintings, how many styles, how many juke boxes, how many archives, how many textiles and soft furnishings, how much tableware and what era and style – how much food and drink, clothing and styles.
The 'insiders' had a new consideration in that there needed to be an implementational platform of social architecture through which to diffuse these wonders.
After consultation, it was decided to create a three tiered social structure that had uniquely specialised space based facilities, and home planets with a designer infrastructure of high spiritual excellence for working on matters of society, personal relationships and the quest of the heart in its connection with Christ, and also factorial productivity that would supply and defend this new Age of the Sacred Heart from the endless turbulence of war. These wars and vampiric predation are driven by deficiencies

in material processes such as biology and the spiritual inability to connect with God and His eternal energies.
A new era of high-energy life and architecture aligned with life and God and implemented by a network of Angels and Saints under Christ is about to begin. The creational and recreational life of trillions of souls is about to get better.
Mega populations comprising of hundreds of trillions of individuals are out there giving each other a hard time. We hear from various sources that there is an enormous striving and conflict between sexual and asexual paradigms and societies. E.g. Philip Krapff.
The sexual societies, it is being said to abductees by asexual parasitic greys, are full of problems and trouble, like adolescents from bad homes, who fuelled with passion and psychological disease get into trouble and form troublesome associations that lack social integrity.
If we could bring them on board and help them all out there would be less war and great happiness that would likely please God and our Christ. As He has already said: Matthew 19:30 *'But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first.'*
The question though is why do we have trillions of gender inclined people with spiritual disease. In fact what had made them like that ?
What had caused them and formed them and shaped them and aggrieved them .. what unappreciative nihilistic experience had started them all off on the wrong foot. It had to have been somewhere or someone they originally came from. But where ??.
The planet Earth is an analogy for the composition of life in the Cosmos at its most fruitful.
The relative proportions of life form on planet Earth I assume remain intact in this cosmic bubble of the multiverse foam.
From this biological and geological planetary analogy which also extends to the internal structure of the cosmos with light matter superclusters of life as we know it on the periphery of the bubble – we can deduce that dark matter and viral lifeforms and primitive formlessness are on the inside amongst the crystal and geology .. a robotic intelligence predating on basic level essence beings.
In the superclusters on the outside of the cosmic bubble, like some Mandelbrot set .. a rich sea of essences and transactions at a more invested level as discussed by biochemist Dr Peter Plichta at the end of his work on chaos theory called 'God's Secret Formula'.
The relative proportions of life that is organised as we can identify it may well start with fungal basidiomycetes – primitive basic collectives the forerunner of the massive organisations of the phylum insecta which have to govern the absolute majority of this cosmos.
Insectoid probably being the most common intelligences in this cosmos.
Phylum Hymenoptera – the bees, ants and wasps with its caste system that can include regal and admin, scientists and operants or drones .. intelligent alien life in this cosmos has to primarily derive from insecta or indeed reptilia.
The main proportion maybe about 70% insectoid society with maybe 10% reptilian 15% other and less than 5% humanoid.
A closer look at earths ecology and biomass may yield a more accurate brief.
At the level of individuality, intellectual diversity, quality of creation and recreation the human type with its gender and nurture and social diversity is capable of creating most interesting social investments for a long term group soul.

A known law of chaos theory is emergence – studied by e.g. Stuart Kauffman at the Santa Fe Institute known to Theosophists as 'outpouring' from vol. 1 of the secret doctrine quoting Hindu science from 10,000BC
Evolution it could be [non-Darwin] argued is spontaneous e.g. Brian Goodwin on the spontaneous emergence of the eye of acetabularia or the 'autocatalytic self-organising polymers' of Stuart Kauffman on the fact that the DNA instantaneously and for nothing emerges in the cosmos.
Mega populations of insectoids therefore will be most abundant, massively organised and logically regulated – but amongst their numbers there will emerge by laws of nature and chaos proto-gender beings.
Why they emerge is probably a best kept secret amongst e.g. the greys.
There is natural progress towards individualisation in all life whatever its collective or individual origins and some of that emerging soul growth could be gender orientated.
Humanoid Insecta based social life such as the Greys will probably comprise a large part of the humanoid spectrum.
The greys have a 3 tier caste system with internal variants.

e.g.
regal the internal alpha caste
admin the external alpha caste
executive scientist the internal beta caste
operant scientist the external beta caste
soldier the internal gamma caste
drone the external gamma caste

basically there are 6 keys to the empire of the insectoid.

Within this caste system, it is predicted that both the external alpha and the top beta scientist types will produce irrational, contradictory social aberrance.
The reason being that the regal caste is fundamentally contradictory and irrational in nature and that the representatives of imperial policy to the rational scientists will have to sanitise occasional irrationality to present regal insanity to the scientists.
This process wizens them up and educates them, hones them and sculpts them.
These beta insectoid beings though probably get a very hard time in the insectoid mega populations.
As might also rejected alphas.
I speculate that perhaps 3 or 4% of the Beta become candidates for a new kind of life form that is perhaps being called 'Verdant' by modern UFO scholars.
The Verdants are allegedly gender orientated with a tendency to adolescent problems within their social psychologies.
Their issues are not genetic though … these beings have been made to catch fire and implode into God empowered resources under stress from the irrational top end of their old society and the hard unyielding and uncompromising logic of their lower castes who they have served. As a result the more pressure they were put under – the more they would evolve and grow, the more they would identify the need to be elsewhere and to start a new life.

They must therefore be an unpopular insectoid caste – and IF they can escape – where would they go ..
Well the answer is that 'things can only get better ..' they take their sparks to form new soul groups that are post insectoid like the Verdant Mega Populations that we hear of from Philip Krapf.
The 'Verdants' though tend to be adolescent in their attitudes and having come from an abusive hive .. they tend to rebel like any of the youth cultures on planet earth.
Who can blame them for wanting out of that grey monotonic tedium.
They form a new soul group and explore their issues and crimes of passion – maybe needing to learn more about well formed and more enduring social models and get themselves more organised in a relevant way.
Responsible society though doesn't have to be boring and for losers.
They need the social data from planet earth.
If it were possible to get them to chill out and to soak up the lessons that we all learned here about what happens to the beta males and administrators here then maybe trillions of souls could enjoy the possibility of responsible and responsive recreation and creation and sexuality.
If say there were social facilities that could teach them relatively quickly by illustration and virtual participation of the realities of Christ and Christian love and of the need to party ... then being at endless war with the insectoid losers is not only tolerable ... but merely a multimedia adventure before the next party.
The recreational defence of civilisation is the absolute necessity for the sanctity of love, evolution and a long term sense of appreciation of our own destiny in the eyes of God.
This is not to say that we must hate the insecta.
God made them to make us, to shape and chisel you .. and therefore liberating all betas too soon is like to picking fruit early and green such as oranges and ripening them in warehouses without sight of the sun.
Where they turn orange as they should but with no vitamins and less nutrients.
We need to identify healthy emergent verdants in those populations for to remove them too soon could effect their long term prospects for evolution.
Harvesting insecta though is possible using a new technology we call trawler technology.
Based on a simple systems theory and an alien artificial intellect it can hack the Universe of social information with its easy to grasp structures.
We will supply the finishing schools that will give you what you need to find you more compatible partners and a realistic recreational haven for your spiritual and creative needs. All things become possible if there are resources to secure our future – and I think that there definitely is .. All manner of supply of; technology, artefacts, software, teachers and apostles will appear to guide the growth of a new cosmic pilgrims movement in the Catholic and post-biological tradition. The Coming Empire will be an integration of socially realistic beings and their objectives from many parts of the multiverse, all unified in their need to live and love and socialise. Those new to the process and those who remember being old will find time to rediscover the youth and their passions for creation without the penalties of disease within the Sacred Heart of Christ.
The solar system and planet Earth itself will be made to irrevocably change and the galaxy and all its life will become the epicentre in this bubble of all that becomes new and life filled in Christ. It's time to look forward, beyond the grind from where we have come to happy times and many parties in the Kingdom of Heaven..

A TV DINNER IN GOREBRIDGE

Newbattle Abbey at Eskbank near Edinburgh has been long known as an area of strange activity.
Local Monks in medieval times, and Druids and Templars, Magicians and Wiccans had been said to congregate in the older underground chambers and caves that the later Christians had built over.
From certain vents and air holes above these in the 1970's could be heard the sound of machinery chugging away from some deep place and certain people that one would associate with an army camp had it been open for business were frequently seen in the local woods.
Shuggy and his two other friends were playing, as children in the Gorebridge area often did, at Newbattle Abbey. They were looking for apples from the trees at the old army camp, which in the late 1960's had been long abandoned and overgrown.
Through the tall wire mesh fences, their barbed wire, now rusted and a bit dangerous looking for a shaky climb, could be seen the old barrack huts with their dark broken windows and unsecured doors.
Undaunted by this scene, the three went over with the help of a tree and landed in the old compound amongst the weeds and the bushes.
Suddenly they froze.
No more than twenty yards away was a tall thin man in a dark suit.
He seemed to be looking away.
The boys immediately dropped down behind the bushes.
The man in the dark suit slowly turned round and his strange unseeing eyes began searching the bushes where they hid.
Run Shuggy, run said his friend.
When Shuggy got home, his Mother was sick with worry.
Where have you been ?
He had left home late morning with the intention of going to his Grandma for 2pm.
When he looked at the clock it was half past four in the afternoon and he had never arrived at Grandmas.
The situation was about to be relayed to the local constabulary.
Shuggy had no answer.
He had gone missing for several hours and he had no memory of where he had been or what had happened in that time.
His Mother served up tea, and after the meal they sat down on the couch to watch television.
It was about 9pm at night when there was a knock on the door.
The Mother got up to answer and when she opened the door, there were two men in black suits on her doorstep.
Shuggy started in fear when he realised that he recognised one of them.
It was the strange man from Newbattle army camp.
They were showing his Mother some sort of ID and she asked them in.
Terrified, Shuggy hid behind the couch .. a traditional place for children in those days who often watched the Sci Fi show called Dr Who.

The two men in black sat down and explained that they were looking for a runaway lunatic from a mental hospital that had recently escaped.
It was thought that he was in this area.
His Mother shook her head, she had heard or seen nothing.
Shuggy looked round the couch and his Man in Black friend was looking right at him.
The two men in black suits got up and left.
Shuggy though as he was growing up would play in the local fields around Gorebridge and Mayfield.
One night, he saw a silver dome land close by in a field adjacent to his house and it seemed to be glowing with a strange light,
Every night he looked over at that field for the next week ... it was still there.
The local area seemed to be full of such strange activity.
On one of Shuggy's rambles through the woods at Newbattle near the Abbey ... he saw a strange little man in a silver suit lying down in a patch of wild garlic.
Shuggy was surprised, so he stopped and blinked and then suddenly the being was gone.
Walking over to where he had seen this vision because he could not believe his eyes .. He found a large crystal.
A strange gift.
Today Shuggy believes this to be a powerful alien artefact.
Another day whilst out on a walk at Gorebridge, Shuggy was on a forest path and was looking down the trail through the pine trees when he noticed a tall grey being walking towards him up the narrow stony path.
He was six feet tall and as he drew closer Shuggy could make out the detail of his wrinkly grey elephantine skin, noticing that this guy was just coming closer and closer.
He had a rounded grey pear-shaped head tapering to a pointed jaw with little mouth and as he looked into his bright blue almond eyes, Shuggs felt his soul light up.
He could feel the aliens intense knowledge and intelligence.
The Grey being was only a couple of feet away and then Shuggs saw a clan tattoo in this beings upper torso that he seemed to recognise from somewhere.
He had seen that design somewhere before and it had belonged to an important Alien war hero.
It seemed to Shuggy that he had been someone else and somewhere else before he was human.
Some strange group called the Federation on Earth got in contact with him asking him where the ships were going to land.
They were from Europe and seemed to have disposable wealth, quality academic qualifications and a need to hitch a lift out before the coming ice age when the Atlantic conveyor belt stops and we get a flash freeze in the Northern Hemisphere.
Shuggy is planning an expedition to a Federation pyramid in South America and the ships plan to fly the refugees to the alien city on mars that he has already been enabled to identify at Ianna Chaos plains.
In his dreams at night Shuggy would go flying ... he would fly to the dark side of the moon or fly upwards to a sunny meadow and a grassy hill on which sat five swordsmen.
They would day to him ... 'we're waiting for you .. are you coming ?' ... and he would say .. 'No ! I've still got something to do ...'
As a tarot reader Shuggy seemed to have strange and uncanny powers being able to predict deaths in people's families .. a rather morbid gift that is actually traditional in

Scotland with people who have the Second Sight according to the Reverend Robert Kirk in his collected Highland tales of 1697AD.
One day he told his Auntie that he could fly out of his body about the local neighbourhood and she had laughed.
The local neighbourhood was a post-industrial mining town constructed mainly of old red brick miners cottages and other tenements.
Yet there seemed to be rather a lot of strange talents in the peoples of any of these local places around Edinburgh's hinterlands.
Shuggs then said .. 'I'll pay you a visit and I'll do something to let you know that I'm there ..'
He had returned that night flying as his resonant astral ghost to his Aunties house and it being near Christmas, there was a row of Christmas cards on a string pinned to the wall.
The ghostly Shuggs pulled one of the pins out of the little line and the cards fell to the floor.
The next day he met his Auntie and asked her if she had noticed anything .. She said 'no she hadn't.'
'What about the Christmas cards falling from the wall' he said.
She started then and looked at him .. And he smiled.
In later years on the Internet he would talk with American remote viewers and suddenly would find two of the people he had been chatting with on the net in his living room as balls of light.
They told him that they had been scanning his local neighbourhood by email and described his car and his locality.
Also strange magical people from magic sites would attempt to do battle with him using words and adjectives that would conjure the elements.
Fire they said ... and Shuggs said back to them on the Internet .. Lightning and torrential rain.
He was contacted shortly after that by the Western Witch from Texas claiming that there had been a deluge of rain where she was staying and it had caused massive flooding. She called him the 'Wicked Witch of the North'.
Despite this however, he was troubled by strange dreams of aliens digging and burying powerful stones in the local fields.
It was then that Shuggs started filming with his camcorder and it seemed to him that he was called outdoors at night to film an amazing array of small and big ships flying over.
He has those in high detail for the most part and has now several years of footage filming.
One of his most interesting encounters on film was a high resolution film of a glowing black triangle fly up through the stars of Orion's belt above Rosslyn and head up into the stratosphere ... and as it does so a small armada of several strange looking ferris wheel ships materialise for it to dock with. This on film.
They had about a dozen glowing gondolas on the end of spokes coming out from around a bigger central ship.
Similar to, though not as many as that were seen over Yucatan in Mexico.
Shuggs claims that aliens weave images or portals in the sky for him to look at and he even has some of this on film. Such as the faerie party over the grave of Merlin on the river tweed at Norham.

Glowing faerie figures woven out of glowing clouds dance like a puppet theatre before two tumbling UFO's fly through to break the party up.
That camping expedition was additionally lit up by lightning strikes around the camper van.
In a recent escapade he claims to be able to see the city on Mars he discovered from NASA footage at Ianna Chaos in high detail in the clouds in front of him as if he were looking horizontally into another desert land that had imposed itself on the local green fields. His friend who was with him could see this highly detailed landscape too.
He said about this Empire that the people there were more human looking than alien and that they had a huge fleet.
From the NASA pictures, Ianna Chaos has three obvious pyramids and an undeniable mining complex and city towers.
He also claims that one night the distance between where he was, at Gorebridge, and Mayfield had been folded like space had been folded and that Mayfield which was several miles away was in fact seen only a few yards away.
Whilst this was going on, in the sky overhead he claimed that a large lenticular star destroyer was offloading items to an underground base in that area.
Such huge craft with three huge circular drive lights at the back have been filmed before from the other side of the Forth river estuary in Kirkcaldy by Steve X. He has two hours of little glowing podships flying out of all the many decks and swarming in the sky around it like a cloud of flies.
Corroborated somewhat by yet another local from Mayfield reporting small orange ships flying overhead after launching off from the local Pentland Hills.
Shuggs has footage of Pentland Hill takeoffs too, as indeed does Ron Halliday of Stirling.
Shuggs was suggesting that some kind of Stargate apparatus was being employed to ferry invaders and their spoils and to import military hardware.
There is also a valley at an ancient site on Soutra Hill to the east of Edinburgh and north east of Gorebridge where alien activity is at a peak.
So much so that even the Midlothian local council has erected a plaque to commemorate the vision of the orange ball there by St Cuthbert in the Dark Ages of Scotland circa 500AD.
The ancient pilgrimage site and medieval hospital may well be adjacent to medical facilities rather superior to the National Health in Scotland
More like the National Elf Service.
Shugg's has a massive orange spherical UFO on film recently and was badly ridiculed by people impersonating UFO investigators who publicly denounced and dismissed every bit of his footage as 'total rubbish'.
Things would have gone well for Shugg's if he had played along though .. but one night not to be outdone he claimed that he was going to do the Christmas card trick he did with his Auntie to the orbiting NASA space station.
Horribly enough ... something did then go badly wrong with the space station though the damage was repairable.
Somebody had been flicking switches.
At that point therefore, enter Her Majesties finest special troops.
Various Internet dialogues start up and strange things start happening to Shugg's Internet. Indeed it became very difficult to know what kind of Internet Shugg's was on.

Some guy from Glasgow with a relatively insignificant bit of 'lights in the sky footage' was getting hundreds of thousands of hits on his site, but Shugg's could only see a few hundred on his despite massive attempts to publicise his remarkable high definition images.
Special forces started telling him by email 'that you can't tell the people, mate'.
'You can't tell the people' is a famous quote from UK, 1980's, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in response to a situation in England at the time.
Shortly after that one of Shuggs' ex-army colleagues died young.
It was a strange co-incidence and timely reminder that his life and his own family commitments were under scrutiny.
Shuggs took his family on a camper van holiday to Dumfries and Galloway.
Things though seemed to have been busy. A big forest fire amongst hectares of Scottish forest and wilderness that is largely inaccessible by roads and tourism was alleged to have been started by 'careless campers'. This in late April.
A Dumfries and Galloway Fire and Rescue spokesman said: "We had to withdraw crews from the hillsides at night and we have not been asked to go back. The commission have brought in a specialist team."
So sixty plus experienced personnel were asked to stand down … and an 'elite specialist team was brought in …' It gets more like the X files thereafter because subsequent to the fire there has been a spate of UFO activity and sightings all over that area.
Then Shuggs with his camcorder Sunday may 6th 8.30pm in the Moffat (fire) area films what looks like a classic Adamski saucer type ship with what is generally acknowledged on important net forums as one of the worlds best bits of contemporary UFO footage.
UFO recovery might realistically take place within 5-10 square miles of the fire but what or whom are the ET's sweeping for 20 miles north …
Is captain goog and his first officer zarg still on the run … the problem for authorities is probably that neither weirdo in the silver suit would make it past the nightclub exit in one of those Scottish borders towns on a Saturday night.
The night after Shuggs filmed that footage when the family woke up .. the camper van door was wide open … and Shuggs got up from where they had all been sleeping and went to look outside and noticed a glowing UFO taking off from the local woods.
In the stars overhead lay the answer to Shuggy's quest.
Back home, the local UFO traffic came and went in regular and extraordinary ways .. with quite a lot of this movement going onto video tape.
Locally Crichton castle was known to be a portal area where faeries and werewolves, ghosts and demons came and went.
People heard strange growls and howls in the night air around there and it was as if some very strange watchdog lay in wait to guard the entrance way into the cavern system.
One night Shuggy took his dogs with his friend on that walk around the castle that led to 'Dinosaur valley' so called because of all the bleached and chewed big bones lying about.
In the Castle car park was another car, and in it an older lady.
As Jackie walked around the castle he saw a UFO taking off from the locality in the hillside beyond and forty minutes later when he was on his way back … he noted that the older lady was now not alone and was walking along the same path as he.
She was accompanied by another lady.
This being in the middle of nowhere it was hard to figure out where the extra lady had come from.

Shuggs started though when he saw that a very unique looking silver camper van had also parked up there. Being into this holiday making genre Shuggy new that it was a rare van ... and that he remembers seeing an identical one in background shot on television news as part of the flooding in England stories then running on TV.
It stood out that he should remember it and there it or something identical to it was right in the middle of a close encounter scenario.
Who or what had told him to look out for that camper and how did they know it would be there at Crichton with Shuggs 400 miles North in a couple of days after its TV appearance.
Somebody had been looking at strange Space Traffic Control data.
On the evening of Tuesday 21st August 2007 Jackie Gillies drove down his usual route to the portal area at the local Crichton Castle ruin, where the last week he had filmed a UFO taking off from that vicinity and had thereafter met two strange ladies on the path from the castle.
As Jackie drove down the narrow country road back to Gorebridge, he passed the farm and its lands that had previously moved a dairy herd adjacent to where some alien activity on the ground had been taking place.
There had been evidence of UFO landings in that field from flattened crops and landing furrows ploughed by some craft gliding to a stop. He had filmed some strange locals conducting some sort of magical ceremony there too.
It involved burying stones.
When he went back to look at the field the next day .. it became suddenly stormy and forked lighting flashed down to the ground around the field.
There is usually some off-putting strangeness around this cattle farm, and herds always seem to disappear out of sight down little valleys or so it seems.
Tonight as he stopped the car – he heard then saw three low flying military jets roar over the neighbourhood alerting individuals outdoors that some sort of military thing was happening or about to.
In all likelihood the extra terrestrials had created holograms of human technology and were belting out engine noise recordings to create the excuse to plausibly deny anything unusual that was next seen as a human military exercise.
Next up Jackie films two UFO's ... one a big cylindrical vertical detergent bottle shaped device with a big hoover-like tube coming out of it. It had a glass domed control room on the top.
He has some clear pictures of that.
Flying above it was a smaller escort craft.
Next into view – the sight of half of a bull – its severed top half rising up into the air.
Presumably being gathered into the container ship through the extended tube – like a combine harvester.
He has a clear photo of that.
The aliens perhaps showing their traditional interest in the cattle brain, its lymphatic system and its cerebro-spinal fluid.
They seem to be taking the top half of the animal - which contains the lymph glands brain and spinal fluids .. I strongly suspect that they conduct biological research and put all sorts of stuff into that dairy herd.

They are maybe interested in the immune system and central nervous system – perhaps implanting all sorts of maybe special alien tissues in these cattle. Or perhaps they just put them into a big liquidiser and bathe in the juices.
This latter has been noted by Scottish abductee Garry Woods taken on board from his local A70 roadside abduction near Tarbrax, in the 1990's when he saw ET's bathing in green juices.
There were cylindrical tanks of translucent green fluid in which were also swimming a few genetically engineered organisms like tapeworms whose functional role was to clean up the rubbish that was being excreted during bathing sessions.
This was also recorded in 1697AD by the Reverend Kirk of Aberfoyle Perthshire of these faerie beings feeding on essences through their pores.
It must be noted though that Kirk's essences were of a non-biological nature unlike what we are hearing about these invaders.
For some reason best known to the extra terrestrials, the scout patrol ship did not stop Jackie from filming this transaction.
His car headlights only 400 yards away had to have been visible a long way off.
Perhaps the local farm has a legitimate contract on paper to supply a herd to a meat-packing firm.
What would the paper work show to the Inland Revenue .. a bill of sale to some Government cattle slush fund ?
It may be that the aliens bathe in liquidised cattle slush.
So what ? as long as its legitimate and humane.
For some reason, Jackie has been allowed to film many different things that show there is an alien social infrastructure embedded in and endorsed by pseudo-human interests on the planets surface.
Next on camera is a big two pronged cattle lifting device and platform with half a bull in its embrace and clear pictures of that.
Local deep alien bases with simple sales contracts with human cattle farmers .. what could be wrong with that picture .. we see it all the time at Wal-Mart without the aid of levitational tools.
Let us hope that this harvester has no beef with us humans.
Certainly Darth Vaders young apprentice with the light sabre appears to make short work of the average herd, though didn't appear to leave much if any mess.
Such sights of cattle rendering, though a bit less wasteful, could be regularly seen in human terms in livestock situations in meat packing American stockyards at Chicago and Texas.
The sight of alien combine harvesters user-designed in size to take planet Earth bovine cattle does rather bring it home that the government definitely has not been telling the people for a long long time.
Shuggy at night relies on a hive network for his support and his essences. He feeds on the ideas that he feels he needs and that inside some dark hive full of television screens there is this seemingly endless larder of essence channels that he can acquire when he swims about.
All he needs do is grab onto any visible light channel that he can perceive in any one of the available TV screens and live and relive the bottled experience with the being or the genie in the bottle.

It may be that every life he has ever lived is so bottled and packaged and relatively inaccessible, or it may also be that these are the essences, memories and experiences of others.
It may be that in such hive collectives, such TV screens or packet meals get expended and their lights go out forever.
The need for energy and TV meals and predatory transactions though is endless for without them there is only dust, unless you are plugged into the True Vine of John 15 and fed on the free essences of Love.
Shuggy's philosophy of universal empowerment is to live in a cycle of endless downscaling as a free consciousness that is part of a useful collective that can migrate between dimensions and scales of magnitude, exploring the fractal cosmos that resides in the spaces between each of our molecules.
He would have; the hearing of a bat or the sight of an eagle, or the sensitivities of a bluebottle or the power of a bear .. though not all at once for some reason.
What understanding can the philosophy of mind give us of such a being ?

> 'What is it like to be a bat?', Thomas Nagel [From The Philosophical Review LXXXIII, 4 (October 1974): 435-50.]
>
> 'I have said that the essence of the belief that bats have experience is that there is something that it is like to be a bat. Now we know that most bats (the microchiroptera, to be precise) perceive the external world primarily by sonar, or echolocation, detecting the reflections, from objects within range, of their own rapid, subtly modulated, high-frequency shrieks. Their brains are designed to correlate the outgoing impulses with the subsequent echoes, and the information thus acquired enables bats to make precise discriminations of distance, size, shape, motion, and texture comparable to those we make by vision. But bat sonar, though clearly a form of perception, is not similar in its operation to any sense that we possess, and there is no reason to suppose that it is subjectively like anything we can experience or imagine. This appears to create difficulties for the notion of what it is like to be a bat. We must consider whether any method will permit us to extrapolate to the inner life of the bat from our own case, and if not, what alternative methods there may be for understanding the notion.'
>
> 'If anyone is inclined to deny that we can believe in the existence of facts like this whose exact nature we cannot possibly conceive, he should reflect that in contemplating the bats we are in much the same position that intelligent bats or Martians would occupy if they tried to form a conception of what it was like to be us. The structure of their own minds might make it impossible for them to succeed, but we know they would be wrong to conclude that there is not anything precise that it is like to be us: that only certain general types of mental state could be ascribed to us (perhaps perception and appetite would be concepts common to us both; perhaps not).'

Nagel though is tied into materialism and biology, his analysis limited. Clearly 'Martians' gather data from outwith the realm of mere biology though they operate in tandem with it. Limited biological input and output does not necessarily define them or restrict them in some cases, for a high energy para-biology appears to take over.

Much like a driver would use various forms of transport, from; bicycles, to scooters, to vans, good cars and bad cars, jet aircraft etc the social commune of the advanced insectoid hive takes place above and beyond such limited infrastructure.
The question is, are these drivers operating with agreed social rules and contracts if they are hiring their vehicles from us.
Shuggy's plan is to fly between the cosmic planes downloading any needed software and abilities from his support network in a Universe with no God or no evil and no Christ.
He envisages endlessly drifting on the seas of time without root or form.
Long ago in the times before Christ who came to show us how to Live, in ancient times the Way of Death, indeed the way of soul death and disintegration was known of.

Psalms 138:3 *In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul. 7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me. 8 The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.*

Psalms 139:1 *O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me. 2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. 3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. 4 For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether. 5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. 6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. 7 Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? 8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. 9 If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; 10 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. 11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. 12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. 13 For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. 14 I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. 15. My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.*

Soul Death is not an alien thing, it is a cessation of love and the will to love and be loved. No alien has exclusivity on it. Indeed some may have a franchise on it bought from the father of lies. In all the endless seas of a multiverse, in all its shores at any scale and any form the choice to embrace life is a choice to grow and evolve. Like a mustard seed putting out its roots into the soil and moisture it is a simple and instinctive act.
By what will therefore could that process be reversed and by what technology could it be inflicted upon the citizens of planet Earth.
Perhaps it's time that the seeming endless supply of TV meals, basically bottled beings from planet Earth was put on hold and the criminals responsible for soul crimes were brought to Book.

A GALAXY OF TARTAN

It seems that if life on Earth is anything to go by, the Universe is a place absolutely teeming with life. The early 1990's DNA-for-nothing models by Stuart Kauffman at the Santa Fe Institute do suggest what the Mayans already had models for in their 'Loom of Maya' thousands BC that Life naturally emerges out of chaos.
NASA photographs of forests and lakes on Mars and the discovery of hundreds of other Earth-type worlds that the establishment is prepared to admit to does suggest that the Universe could be full of; dynasties and regiments, merchants and clans who may take a certain amount of pride in their appearance beyond the traditional silvery one-piece suit we all know and love.
In other words, perhaps the real time of tartan is yet to arrive.
In Scotland on planet Earth though tartan can be traced back to the 3rd century, found in an earthenware jar full of coins near the Roman, Antonine Wall.
This tartan is called the Falkirk Sett.
It was a simple design, taking its colours from the variety of natural brown and white colourings from the wool of the indigenous Soay sheep.
The word tartan itself probably derives from the French word tiretaine that refers to a coarse blend of wool and linen, and not to the colourful Assyrian General Tartan mentioned in Isaiah XX, 1.
The Gaelic reality, however, in Scotland is that 'tuar' means colour and 'tan' means district, and despite the culture of French imports in aristocratic personnel and exotic wines, 'tuartan' seems a reasonable description of the regionalisations that tartan actually represented.
The pattern of an individual tartan is usually called a 'sett'.
The name sett refers to its structure that was originally defined by the measurement of the width of each stripe.
More recently precisely counting the threads and creating a numerical index have replaced this method.
Most setts are symmetrical. Each series of stripes is reversed around a central stripe, known as a pivot. The blocks of pattern are then regularly repeated throughout the entire design. Sometimes asymmetrical tartans are produced and, also, the sequence of stripes on the loom's warp threads (lengthwise) and weft (cross threads) can be different and this also affects the symmetrical appearance of the design.
Additionally, tartan colours can be 'ancient' i.e. muted and mellow from natural vegetable dyes, or 'modern' using chemical dyes available from the 1860's AD.
Tartan wearing Scots have been found reposing in Stone Age Dolmens from about 2000 BC in Northern China, but that does seem to suggest for men of good taste, that the infamous Scottish diet hasn't improved over the millennia.
Although China does seem a rather long way to go for some good cuisine.
Although 'bought and sold for English gold' because there was; 'sic a parcel O rogues in the Nation': the Scots flew their colours into battle with the sentiments; 'lay the proud usurper low, tyrants fall in every foe, liberty's in every blow, let us do or die' [Burns, R].

Ultimately betrayed by greed and driven off to battle as cannon fodder for their overlords in over three centuries of shepherding the Scots today generally still don't make NCO when they take the King's Shilling … that's another 'changeless' tradition.
Tartan therefore has a provenance in Scotland steeped in the 'Romance' of endless warfare and bloodshed and was used to signify one's roots.
It was that splash of individualistic colour that gave the Scots their unique display of pride and made them such a thorn in the side of so many contenders.
Tartan is however, part of the landscape, part of the mountains and glens, part of the waterfalls and the ferns, the bracken and the heather, the deer and the eagle, the salmon and the herring gulls, the spirit of the sea and the solan goose.
The flurry of tartan is like the crash of waves on the shores, an endless song and a whirling reel, an ageless statement from the grandeur of Earth.
Tartan is a resistance to banned surnames such as Macgregor, it is a resistance to banned bagpipes and banned tartan, it is a resistance to oppression, it is a statement of unique identity and a commitment to a family and a commune, it is a social statement, its wearing is to be the custodian of history and heritage, it is of the provenance of protector of the family and the weak.
The 'children of the mist' as the outlawed clan Macgregor were then referred to are like everyone who knows how it feels to be oppressed by overwhelming numbers and resources.
The people with no name, the dispossessed the resilient.
Having said that, the MacDonald's got their revenge after the massacre of Glencoe by the Campbell's of Argyll because once they were all eventually cleared out to make way for the sheep – they went over to America and invented the Big Mac.
Imperial cuisine has never been the same after that.
Very few younger people today would pass up a Big Mac for a plate of Campbell's soup.
After the unpopular Act of Union with England in 1707AD which forbade there to be taxes levied unequally in any part of the Union, there was a great 'wearing of the tartan' as an act of protest, even in Edinburgh, but by the time Margaret Thatcher had introduced the 'poll tax' only in Scotland in the 1980's, there was only late opening and Tartan Special lager in the National 'unconsciousness'.
There just never seemed to be any need to take Independent charge of all that oil and wealth in Scottish National waters despite the shortages in hospitals and industry.
Although in the 21st Century Tartan seems to have lost its glamour in Scotland mainly due to the social, political and cultural liquidiser or blender of the new ecumenical world order – in the rest of the world it has risen beyond and perhaps surpassed the fire of its origins.
From hundreds of Highland Games in North America, and National tartan day in the States, and from; Taiwan and South Korea, Japan, to Australia and New Zealand, the glamour and romance of Tartan is alive. e.g. in India, a popular Sikh design, the Singh tartan, was commissioned in 1999 AD.
In these new tartan fusions, there are elements of geography and culture and their components and a celebration of our local origins. These ingredients go to make the act of creating a tartan a display of cultural strength and unity.
e.g. the New York City Tartan took pale blue from the Hudson River, azure from Scotland's saltire, green to represent the countryside, red for a local charity and black for the 9.11 victims.

Mankind therefore was at perfect liberty to successfully; rationalise, compile, register and present new tartans for a whole new era and global vision of Scotland and mankind.
'For a' that and a' that', despite the reservations of Dynastic considerations and its attendant 'dignities and a' that', man to man the world o'er could be wearing their own tartans for a' that ...
So much for Mankind therefore, but what if Extra Terrestrial Civilisations wanted their own tartans too ?
It became apparent in North Leith, Edinburgh, Scotland in 1993 AD during a series of interstellar contacts that Extra Terrestrial Civilisations had a lot in common with what it took to be Scottish.
Time after time they will have encountered; oppressors and tyrants, overlords and traitors, cynicism and greed and will consequently have faced the annihilation of all the things that they thought were beautiful.
Minding the fences and boundaries though, whereas almost a territorial prerogative in common with other, biological creatures, is a necessary part of a home defence process. This enables and perpetuates amongst those who have agreed to be our peers, the facilitation of; creativity, dialogue, tool use, information and data processing and modelling, storage, logistics, government, analysis and intelligence gathering.
On a day to day basis, however, every sunrise by whatever star one steers there is a great need not to merely bear the burden of defence but to find enough people happy to take their turn shouldering that yoke.
Over time therefore, good people and good civilisations can be worn down and fragmented by the dreary vision of endless conflict.
Defending our own therefore has to become more fun, more recreational.
This ET civilisation in 1993AD claimed that it was technologically superior and could do all the usual stuff but was in fact looking for good artistic ideas that would bring a sense of unity and purpose and colour to that endless tedium of dealing with the usual suspects.
They pointed out that the Scots were always celebrating despite their hardships and then I had the idea that perhaps feeling more Scottish was maybe the answer to any interstellar troubles.
How could we reasonably do that they enquired ?
Well, maybe Interstellar Civilisations needed to re-enforce their reason for being by making a statement of social pride and intent, and to make a point of celebrating their identity. Perhaps they needed to incorporate the Scottish tradition of tartan.
We should use some system to analyse an interstellar society, its families and social groups, its geography, its culture and its history and then link the way they have developed and persisted within their solar system geography etc to a colour index we could have the basis for some kind of system. We could allocate numerical and colour judgements about the persistence of what we thought was good and bad. That which had relative social integrity within each social context could be assessed on a numerical scale that was teamed up with a colour palette.
We would use a value system that reflected our highest ideals in each social virtue e.g. democracy, industry, technological evolution, spiritual Christianity, defence etc and our merits in these things would be our brightest colours.

Where we have failed e.g. in governance or industry or social integration to evolve or adapt for long periods this would add in increasing amounts of black, and lower frequency colours to our tartan.
The central part of the tartan, 'the pivot', would be the main theme or keynote of our society and the success with which it has up till now organised its life essences. e.g. a long time immersed in 'nature red in tooth and claw' biology before leaping into freely-sustaining mode would give the tartan a darker and more muted feel. The equivalent of the Scottish 'ancient'.
A relatively uncomplicated progress into freely-sustaining mode, on the other hand, would give the tartan a brighter theme as that order of beings will have been given another purpose and track to follow.
The colours dark or bright do not though reflect judgements of good and evil, rather, periods of immersion in certain social themes.
There would need to be some 'absolute' scale and database by which these relative merits could be calibrated but I'm sure that Extra Terrestrial society has many such assets.
Biology is not the only type of reality in the Cosmos, as was written of by the Reverend Robert Kirk in 1697AD in Aberfoyle, Scotland.
Beings could crystallise bodies from the essence of the air – he wrote in his 'Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Faeries'.
We hear of Extra Terrestrial civilisations that are stuck in the hellfire of biological metabolism 'where their worm does not die, nor their fires go out', Mark 10:47, 48, and from various abduction stories that there are various races of ET's looking for spare parts or upgrades.
Beyond that rut and dark vision though there is the True Vine of Christ's love and an endless supply of the waters of life. John 15.
Beings fed by the true vine are 'freely-sustaining' and they donate the water of life to others in the vine and are supplied in turn.
They love one another as they love God who is the fountain of all essence and because of that love they supply life to their peers. They also love themselves as they love God, and by respecting their own integrity and spiritual worth, they remain healthy components of and within the vine.
Beyond the daily grind of biology, therefore, is a whole Multiverse of happy high-energy life-forms perpetuating social structures.
The central theme colour of the pivot in an interstellar tartan therefore would be arrived at by evaluating our soul group's performance within some time scale in which we have all agreed to participate, and how much of that timescale we have spent being predominately biological.
The other structural colours of a tartan, are the bands of colour around the central pivot in the tartan design.
These can relate to one or more aspects of social organisation and deployment.
For example the civilisation of our roots may have had many turbulent metamorphoses and transformations, may have experienced periods of warfare and dis-integrity and unspiritual totalitarianism. As a result, this society may have taken a long time to achieve certain benchmarks of spiritual consensus and reality.
On some scale to be supplied by interstellar research, these civilisations could be calibrated as having relative success and bright colours in attaining certain benchmarks in an agreed short time though it is acknowledged that the appearance of relative success

of one civilisation may not totally represent the investment in diversity, detail and dialectic of a civilisation with darker colours and hence a more chaotic history.
With the central pivot colours indicative of the history of evolution within biological and spiritual form, and the main structural support colours within that tartan design pertinent to the social reality of evolution and transformation within the species, the highlight colours of that particular tartan, usually the narrow band of colour that provides a relatively sparse contrasting thread, could pertain to the cultural product of the society and soul group.
The highlight colours would also need some interstellar scholastic thought to assess.
That is, are the tools; artefacts, ideologies, software and cultural objects and processes conducive to love and Catholic virtue, or, have these tools on average, provided more worldly leverage.
Both of these tool creation strategies have great social worth and directly complement the other, thus having dark or light colours here is again not referring to qualities of good and evil, but to relative benefits to the soul and social fabric.
Scottish tartan has bands of colour of various widths and symmetries within its structure.
The width of the various bands of colour within the three part tartan structure of; essence, social structure and tools, can be a reflection of the relative weight or proportion of temporal commitment any society has devoted to any one theme.
The creation of an Interstellar Tartan Database by a think tank of interstellar scholars who could make evaluations about social history relative to some scale may eventually produce a software with which one can calculate and register ones own social tartan for such things as; tribal group or clan or dynasty or species groupings, stellar regions, merchants, regiments and space navies, soul types and cosmic origins etc
There is absolutely no reason therefore for Tartan to ever end in Bonnie Scotland in an era of mankind that may at some point be submerged beneath a deluge of geological cataclysm and a deep cold sea.
Even when the face of Scotland changes forever there will always be a reason to be proud of what it once was, for in its heroic passing was something handed on to our Imperial future that becomes part of our communal destiny.

THE STORY OF INTERSTELLAR HANDICAP GOLF

Golf is a sport that is thought to have originated in the Middle Ages as one of the many ball and stick games. However, the game of golf took root and developed in Scotland and it was in the 18th century that it spread to the rest of the world.
In 1554 AD in Leith, Edinburgh there is a reference to 'the Cordiners and Gowf Ball Manufacturers of North Leith.' Cordiners were shoemakers and leather workers, so it would follow that they were making leather cased golf balls. The Leith Links golf course itself was one of the very first of its kind in Scotland.
In 1724 golf balls were stuffed with feathers, in circa 1848 they were the solid gutta percha (gum and cloth) make, in 1901 they were rubber cored, in 1905 William Taylor patented the dimple pattern, and from the 1920's onward the standards would be regularly refined till in 1981 the governing body the R & A – the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, made the 1.68 inch ball mandatory as of 1982.
The game has been played with clubs made of various materials that over the centuries became progressively more lightweight and resilient. The traditional wooden clubs from the early long nosed clubs of the 17th century progressed through the Persimmon woods of the 1890's to steel shafted in 1929 to alloys in the 1960's to carbon and graphite in the 1970's.
These later clubs and their intended usage on the course were crafted with the use of high technology wind tunnels and the scientific study of anatomy, human physiology and ergonomics and video images on various computer simulations that encompassed factors such as; terrain, weathering and fabric fatigue on modelling software.
In the late 20th Century, Golf had effectively become a hi tek industry on the cutting edge of materials development.
Then in 1993 AD in North Leith during an alien encounter with a strange civilisation that alleged that it had intentions to redevelop some of the ideas, artefacts and materials from the human era, I was told by a being that materialised in my flat that they wanted me to think of all the beautiful things that meant Scotland to me.
That if I could think of ways that these social ideas could be less tainted and used to serve the common good of a real civilisation that they would be used in reality and redeveloped on a massive scale.
Ideas both comical and tragic held me as threads that were uniquely Scottish were lifted directly from my own awestruck mind. By some process unknown they spun a tapestry of wonder in my mind and soul. It was as if I was hooked up to some enormous database of; art, fabric, texture and forms and that I was searching for relevance amongst the Scottish section.
There were battles and bloodshed, Kings and crowns and artefacts, pictures of castles and traditional cultural things, Inventions that were Scottish, geography and places, indigenous wildlife, tartans and textures, cultural art and design, tweeds and geology, food and drink, games and sports – someone had been doing a lot of research.
Nothing beautiful would ever be wasted. And then to me came the image of a game that I have never possessed the worldly wealth or physique to play - a game that originated in Scotland - and I realised the scope and potential of this enterprise for, Interstellar it could be, Universal it could be. I was shown beings playing Golf.

All species of every physique, size and strength could play this game against one another because it is a game that does not require physical contact, yet retains a communal appeal, being a celebration both of skill and the natural beauty of the environment.
They say all non-human beings can do amazing things with mind over matter and mastery of time and space. In the time it takes a human to hit a golf ball to a green on Earth a non-human being could run between the tee and the green maybe one hundred times they said, but then I realised that if these super-enhanced perceptions could be handicapped by some sort of handicapping system then the game of Interstellar Golf would then become a relationship between; the spirit of the golfer, and, the environment of the golf course. Thus the interstellar game was not merely a hole in one every time.
Golf then becomes a celebration of spirit and natural beauty not merely a non-human opportunity to annul and supersede the natural process.
There would simply need to be an appropriate handicapping system so that a big beings hardest hit would not send the ball into orbit and a small beings hardest hit would go far (relative to a human social and biological scale.)
I imagined the image of a golf ball floating by itself as if full of technology, then realised that by a system of physical data, and weights and measures supplied by each participating culture that Computers could analyse Beings by weight and mass within and between species.
This golf ball droid, its flight data, momentum and spin etc could be calibrated relative to a human standard of amateur and professional musculature and performance.
A handicapping system could enable the smallest being to play against the largest, where the flying robot ball could be braked in flight by controlled instructions from the computer if it was hit by a large physically powerful Being, and, augmented in speed if hit by a small lighter Being.
Not every being within the same species would necessarily qualify for the maximum level of data enhancement and there would need to be some regulatory process to deal with relative social weightings such as lifestyle factors.
For example; ET's who party too much would have that lifestyle translated into human Bio-logic, or, ET's who meditated and focussed on the Spirit would increase their game performance because of the greater abundance of Life force that would naturally occur within their Bio-logic. etc
I smiled when I realised that Golf could be made into a Universal game - a Scottish contribution to the Civilisations of the Cosmos of eternal proportions.
There would need to be new golf courses on every planet I enthused, Championships and Tournaments, merchandising and fashions, trophies made out of various Scottish semi-precious rocks.
There could be franchises for the manufacture of clubs that were suitable for certain ET species but which did not contravene the Royal and Ancient guidelines.
Then I realised that the golf ball itself by use of a hard holographic interphase could mutate in flight to adapt its scale to the scale and proportions of any course. I then realised that on other planets, gravity was going to be a factor too ... and that the relative human gravity standard should be taken from the first Tee of the Old Course at St Andrew's Golf Course, Scotland.
Realising that with a technological golf ball such things were possible and that interstellar technology could make all sorts of theatre possible on golf courses that do not happen now on Earth, I then had the idea that the game could also be played at night.

Golf Courses and trees and shrubs could be lit up with theatrical lighting of golds and violets and reds and blues, and fairways and green could have very subtle lighting – such that the golf course was a place of artistic splendour.
In this environment, the golf ball itself could be made by various settings by vocal declaration to illuminate to various degrees and in different colours and would also be able to emanate signals so that it could be variously tracked and located amongst the darker but beautifully lit undergrowth.
This would require organisation and co-operation, design and artistry, regulation and creation and lots and lots of enthusiasm.
There is a whole Universe of wonderful golfers out there waiting to tee off. The sport of golf itself and its first code of rules in 1744AD from the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers evolved, and by the period of governance of the R&A, after the inception of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club as the games governing body in 1897 AD, it then went through various incarnations of the Rules of Golf up to and including the Rolex sponsored R&A Rules of Golf Book of 2004AD
It only becomes a matter of time then till the Interstellar Rules of Golf Code is on the agenda at the AGM of the R&A given the influx of non-humanity on the planet and the increasing falsification of the game by superhuman powers, processes and technologies.
The game of Golf was invented by Humanity in Scotland, but without the participation of human beings in the future it can grow to become one of the most important tools of interstellar and interspecies dialogue.
It may become one of Scotland's greatest gifts to the Universe.

THE TRANSFORMATION STUDIES GROUP

In Edinburgh, Scotland, between the years of 1996 and the millennium, there operated a small think tank based at a social club in Edinburgh.
Our group was called the Transformation Studies Group.
It was formed to study the world and the things in it, which contributed to the great changes of mind, body, spirit and global social fabric that we were all witnesses to.
It was conducted in a spiritual and ecumenical manner, attracting; scientists, new age practitioners, greens, journalists, scholars, government representatives, entrepreneurs and artists.
We had managed to pioneer a study of Magical Realism [c.f. Umberto Eco] in Scotland, and perform one or two important experiments.
Magical Realism to us was the bizarre fabrications that were grafted onto real issues and ideas. Magical Realism was rational thought processes being used to verify and justify irrationalism and magic.
For example the idea that matter and materials and atoms are based on a paradox in quantum science leaves the door open for all sorts of other magical theories and sandcastle ideologies to be assembled on those foundations of nothing.
Quantum leaps into nowhere feature in the alleged mechanics of strange 'tachyon capsules' that could allegedly bend time and space beyond Einstein's world of physics and afford protection from extra terrestrial monsters and were available exclusively on the internet for fifty dollars. Their resemblance to strip light starter motors being unintentional.
The realities of logical thinking were being hijacked by a world putting more value on how it felt.
Certainly 'tachyon capsules' made the guy that paid for them feel good and more protected. That, one assumes, having more to do with the psychology of the placebo effect rather than some black ops patent that inexplicably got past the American patents vetting process that had so successfully buried Tesla's real inventions.
However, it seemed to us that these 'magically real' ideas and issues were becoming more and more prevalent.
One of our areas of interest was the UFO phenomenon that was happening in Scotland.
At that time Bonnybridge in West Lothian had become the busiest UFO hotspot on the planet. Not because as was suggested by the Discovery Channel, that unemployed people trying to create a funfair and theme park were reporting aircraft landing at Edinburgh Airport, but, because people were genuinely having experiences.
There were reports of all sorts of UFO hunts as folks would take to their vehicles to pursue ET down the nearest motorway.
There were even photographs of a massive microorganism in the sky over Bonnybridge which we identified as a bacteria eating Paramoecium, a single celled freshwater aquatic organism.
This thing was huge but also in the papers too.
Was it a hologram or was it the kind of thing suggested by Charles Fort, to explain the universe of weird objects that could fall from the sky, i.e. that we were all on the bottom of a very big pond.

Many of us started taking a look at Bonnybridge, as it seemed to be an area under strange social stress. Perhaps the weird things that were happening were portents of some great event yet to happen – perhaps even a catastrophe. In the USA the appearance of the Mothman was a prelude to a major disaster. Sightings went on the increase until the bridge went down into the river.
Bonnybridge was in an area permeated by heavy industry and also had a local chemical works, which seemed to be messy.
Might it be that all the UFO's and abductions were medical checks on interstellar citizens living in downtown Scotland.
In this Falkirk UFO triangle where all the abductions and sightings were taking place was Bonnybridge.
I got a call from John W one evening complaining that a very special video filmed by a mrs B was being taken out of the country without anyone getting a decent look at it.
John W said that this video, once enhanced, would provide incontrovertible evidence that could potentially fuel a public enquiry.
It turns out that every Thursday Mrs B had noticed a black triangle hovering over her neighbour's house. It was so regular that one Thursday she had waited with a camera and had filmed it.
Dr Stephen Greer, ET specialist, had apparently flown in on a private jet to Edinburgh Airport and had managed to exit with the only copy – which we subsequently got him to return.
Over a decade later and still no public enquiry, though UFO sightings in Bonnybridge seemed to tail off after the chemical factory closed.
It turns out that the reason John W was into this stuff was because of his own personal experiences.
He had been incessantly bothered day and night by these beings. Sometimes he would find himself naked, outside and locked out.
Sometimes whilst in the bath his imagination would be dragged into some dark green matrix, down dark cybernetic corridors.
Worse still they were interceding in his personal and family life.
In the true nature of being Scottish though is that character that sometimes shines through when the chips are down.
John was in his bed one evening sleeping next to his wife when suddenly he awoke and could see a Grey alien standing across the room. He then tried to awaken his wife but to no avail.
He watched it slowly come across the room, getting ready to give it that most traditional of Scottish interstellar greetings.
The following is supplied with translations.
'etz goat ma airum' [the enterprising extra terrestrial gentleman appears to have taken hold of my arm]'an a punched it, an it went flee'in acroas the room an hit the wa .. it slid doon tae the floor an lay there .. then suddenly it goat back up an shook itsell an came stompin acroas the room an pit its face in mine.' [I punched it and it flew across the room, hitting the wall and it slid down, lying still. Then it suddenly got back up, shook itself and quickly came back over across the room and put its face in mine.]
John W, a total hero, is one of the very few living Scotsmen or indeed men, to have smacked one of these jokers in the kisser.

Before taking a back seat in Scotland, John had researched Blackridge in West Lothian, which was in the Falkirk triangle area. He had discovered that people were being abducted in that small post-industrial coal mining town by UFO's that seemed to originate from the area of the local disused mines.
We went to investigate with an expert in military communications and took the road round the back of the old mine, spotting some rather fancy aerials coming out of seemingly abandoned prefabricated huts that belonged to some sort of military operation.
Neil Cunningham, then of BUFORA, then informed us that Bonnybridge was adjacent to one of the largest power substations in western Europe.
It was bigger than the one that supplied Paris or German heavy industry on the Rhine or Ruhr, it was bigger than Moscow or the Refining port of Rotterdam in Holland and it was bigger than the one for London.
Therefore, what was it doing there supplying BP refinery at Grangemouth and a couple of bad fish and chip shops.
When we went to investigate this as part of our empirical field research we happened across a fish and chip shop that was so bad that we thought we were being served deep fried chupacabra. (chupacabra being the weird blood sucking alien monster that seems to bother South America etc) Chupacabra and chips seemed to be the specialty around there.
As we watched the landscape from our high hill, we were passed several times in different directions from different roads by a Pizza Van that bristled with aerials. Maybe they were eavesdropping and had discovered that pizza was a better deal for us all.
Our resident ex-military communications expert used to work in similar vans during the cold war.
What was going on in these hollow hills ?
One night, I pulled into a local diner and ordered a coffee and sat down at one of the tables. Sitting across from me was a young lady that I seemed to recognise. She looked something like me when I was nineteen. Her hair and eye colouring were the same, but she had instead though, a petite nose and pointed chin and was a very beautiful young lady. She smiled at me and leaned across and asked me to pick up something that she had dropped under her table because she could not reach it.

I went down on my hands and knees to have a look then she pressed with her hands on my back between my shoulder blades. Next I felt a rush of energy and life in me and I looked up quizzically.
I could feel myself almost linking with her.
She said that I was like her 'old Man' then she got up and left.
'Old man' in Scotland is Scottish vernacular for 'father'.
Her date of birth looked like the mid eighties and strangely enough that co-incided with strange episodes of interaction in my life.
The question is therefore – had I just interacted with my daughter who was also the child of some non-human race.
Children should know something about their parents and have a link to that ancestral vine for in many ways it adds context to our ongoing development of who and what we are.
Did she have any of my bad habits ?

Did she spend too long in those Martian Nightclubs ?
What kind of transformation might be going on in my very strange family of the future ?
Or was all of this just some very strange co-incidence ?
I don't really believe in co-incidences.
There did, however, seem to be rather a lot of interest in what we were doing in Bonnybridge for some reason – might there be some rather big installation underground and were they using all that electricity to power up a Stargate ? or some other kind of huge power-hungry Alien installation.
Another relatively unknown fact about the Falkirk UFO triangle was that it also had another name amongst the TV pundits who followed the National Lottery. It was called the 'golden circle', as, co-incidentally, at that time the area had the highest number of lottery winners and lottery millionaires in that area than anywhere else on mainland UK.
The mystery of underground Scotland seemed to be that there was rather a lot of it and whoever had put it all together was far older than mankind.
Abductee John W was taken to see the Emperor Grey in a cavern system lined from floor to ceiling with rows and rows of cubicles in which reposed his people.
'What do you want here ?' asks John W. The reply was 'Sanctuary !'
Co-incidentally the estate of Torphichen in West Lothian was an ancient Templar sanctuary belonging to the Knights of St John.
Near Bathgate a town on the south of the triangle is a place called Cairnpapple hill. It was one of the highest points for miles anywhere and had a commanding view over all the Lothians including Edinburgh to the south and Falkirk to the north.
It was somewhat adjacent to the Templar 'sanctuary' of Torphichen.
The hill, though was special, and was one of the biggest and most important bronze age finds in Scotland.
Its top was shaped like the dome of a flying saucer, and looking inside the mound itself there appeared to be even more resemblance to a UFO control room made in stone with stone slabs, presumably mock up doors leading off and down into the hill.
People that take dowsing rods there swear that there is a massive convergence of big ley lines on that hill and as usual, it being high ground, the military have a big satellite and microwave transmitter on it.
When we went there skywatching a light would go on in the military facility that would switch off when we left – and we usually went nowhere near it, preferring that the coffee in our thermos flask was not
Super-heated by over exposure to industrial strength microwaves.
We would stand there some nights feeling like we were General Custer as the glowing ships, circling, came and went around us.
We went through the usual exclusions: no landing lights, no noise, no strobes, too fast, not satellites because of their ability to do a 180, the Transformation Studies Group were well into the art of sceptical observation.
The story of this amazing hill is interesting as sometime in the early 1900's Mrs Dalyell, Mother of Tam, the Scottish politician, and his brother who was later killed in world war 2, had taken her two little boys on a picnic to the local hillside.
Cairnpapple hill just looked like an ordinary big hill then.
She had recently given Tam's brother a new raincoat and properly clothed against the elements she had sent them off to play whilst she prepared her picnic.
The younger brother came back without his raincoat.

His mother scolded him and asked him what he had dome with it and he replied that he had ‘given it to the brown boy’.
The brown boy had subsequently vanished into the hill.
Mrs Dalyell, searched the hillside up and down but could find no trace of her son’s new coat, but she realised that on closer examination that her experience in archaeology had enabled her to spot something unusual about the lay-out of the hill top.
She applied for permission, eventually getting the opportunity to dig and then discovered an important Bronze Age site that had not been recognised for millennia.
I was explaining the story of the Cairnpapple hill discovery to Paul and Bob who were interested in the other strange happenings in the same locality. There were Ghostly Knights on horseback in full armour, tall aliens in silver suits jumping in front of cars, large stone graves with giant skeletons whose legs had to be broken to fit them into the sarcophagi and other strange happenings as groups came and went around the local standing stones at the full moon.
UFO flybys here were regular.
I had got Paul and Bob onto the north facing slope of the dome itself and was just explaining how the little Dalyell boy had given his raincoat over to the brown fairy boy when the entire top of the hill shook like it was an earthquake.
It wasn’t an earthquake though it was just confined to where we were on Cairnpapple hilltop. Under our feet somewhere below, we could hear the sound of stone grinding on stone and echoing in some cavernous chamber as a huge stone door seemed to slowly and thunderously grate open in welcome.
The two were stunned and perplexed.
A portal had just opened for us.
Was this the time to go and check on the kids ?

SCOTTISH ANDREW

The criteria for being some sort of valid contactee tends to be more satisfied if the person claiming to be in touch with superior intelligences is actually producing something totally new and intelligent.
You could say that there's nothing new under any sun and the aliens already have all this stuff and are selling it to us.
Truth is though that sometimes home-grown and indigenous interstellar science means more to the history and economic future of any race than just acquiring some hand me down or an extortionate franchise from a would-be overlord.
If humans could become interstellar in their own right without hand me downs they would perhaps acquire the legal right to be free of social and political and industrial annexation and trading controls in some Galactic Federal context.
The Human Race could if it really tried, be an interstellar race with an interstellar destiny with its own social and political independence.
Monkeys we may be but in the words of Walt Disney's Jungle Book ..

'I'm the king of the swings yeah, the jungle VIP,
I got to the top and I had to stop
And that's what's troublin' me
Shoob dab doo,
I wanna be like yoo hoo hoo
I wanna walk like yoo
Talk like yoo ...

Poor old Earth Monkey wanted the secret of the eternal fire of telepathic commune and spirit plus a third eye network modem for massive downloads of free knowledge and skills from his previous and more erudite and unconstrained interstellar lifetimes.
He was getting tired of making do with bananas and having people that looked human do things he couldn't keep up with.
Human Beings, according to some United Nations experts are past their sell-by date .. and also according to aliens are being superseded by next years hybridised model. All we need to do is eat our toxins and give it up.
Humans are not really supposed to be capable of interstellar reality and therefore need to be properly conquered and easily surpassed.
Human's though are easily capable of producing credible interstellar stuff.

Here are a few of my monkey efforts to advance Mankind.

1. GAME THEORY 2004AD

In the middle 1950's, mathematician and eventual Nobel Prize Winner John Nash discovered a Game Theory strategy where nobody would come out losing. Everybody wins something. e.g. "Two-person Cooperative Games", Econometrica 21 (1953), 128–

140. This despite having had interludes where he was tuned into Men in Black who claimed to be from Antarctica. His invention could be deemed a tactical game theory.
The film 'A Beautiful Mind' documents his struggle for reality.
Although meeting Men in Black from the arctic in my quest for reality I subsequently developed a new kind of Game Theory strategy for complex systems using the butterfly effect. In this scenario, somebody wins everything. This could be deemed a strategic game theory because it deals with information chaos in large complex systems.
You could win wars with it, win elections with it and you could create and emerge three different outcomes with it. It did attract a small amount of attention from some American political think tank, but there was no consultation about any specific application. For example if you were running for President and wanted to conduct an electoral campaign and needed to assess whether to overplay or underplay a key issue in each state whilst conducting a state by state election campaign – then this was the game theory for you.

2. ARTIFICIAL GENERAL INTELLIGENCE 1991AD

My next contribution to Scientific advances for mankind was an operating system and semantics that enabled executive robotic consciousness .. allegedly a seemingly impossible pursuit – mainly because of things like the Turing recursion paradox which is all about an infinity of things to see and do for the robot without getting anything really meaningful out of things. I solved that paradox.
The game continues though – this next quote shows the magnitude of the allegedly unsolved problem in AI that is generally recognised by hundreds of thousands of scientists who spend millions of hours and billions of dollars trying to solve the problem. I solved the problem.

AGIRI -- the Artificial General Intelligence Research Institute
"The field of AI began with dreams of creating machines with human-level and even superhuman intelligence. But over the years it has drifted into a focus on "narrow AI" -- software programs that deal exclusively with specific areas like chess, medical diagnosis, mathematics, vision or robot arm control. These programs are very good at what they do, but they lack the ability to generalize their knowledge across different domains, as well the ability to reflect on themselves or create fundamental innovations and insights. Artificial General Intelligence (AGI) has been pushed into the margins of the AI discipline.

AGIRI -- the Artificial General Intelligence Research Institute -- is a growing team of individuals committed to bucking the trend toward AI conservatism, and explicitly working toward the grand goal of true artificial general intelligence.

We realize that AGI is a huge quest, in which success is far from guaranteed. But, in the words of Sir Edmund Hilary (the first to ascend Everest), "Never venture, never win."
I also solved the problem of being unable to generalize over various domains too. The secret is in my specially created semantics and metaphysics.
These are based on a natural and universal law.

Also, instead of making endless references to endless labels and names in the universe, I recognise every event in the universe as being part of a limited and closed series of transactions. The quality of each event and its exchanges can be calibrated upon an octal arithmetic that has a finite and limited amount of numbers.
The amount of finite numbers used each time can be custom made for the kind of system being modelled.
Because it's always a limited number of choices .. the computer doesn't have to run around the entire and infinite universe of options before it makes its decisions.
This semantic system also progresses the work of Nobel Prize winning neuroscientist Gerald Edelmann beyond the Turing problem and its brick wall as seen in cognitive research in Humans. e.g. 'Bright Air, Brilliant Fire', G M Edelmann, Penguin, 1994, ISBN 0-713-99096-1

There are some real advances possible in scientific research with this system of semantics that has things divided up into three parts.
In fact the solution to many different scientific paradoxes.
Neither e.g. the Tavistock Institute nor IBM took the matter up.

3. NEW PARTICLE PHYSICS AND COSMOLOGY 1991AD

Yes the aliens have this stuff, but I have it too therefore it originated from indigenous humanity on this planet – it's not a hand me down.
It's based on the law of Emergence .. that out of chaos emerges structure. Of course, structure also recycles and breaks down by entropy, but we always seem to just get that side of the coin and never emergence.
This emergence has a force or weight of ether like water on a dam and by spinning a magnet for free energy it's like opening a sluice.
Stuart Kauffman at the Santa Fe Institute showed that DNA emerges for nothing out of a chaos of basic ingredients and then self regulates, and Brian Goodwin blew Richard Dawkins' slow ponderous Darwinian evolution of the eye in Dawkins' book 'Climbing Mount Improbable' out of the water when he showed that the laws of chaos spontaneously manufactured eyes or discarded them in his acetabularia model.
The era of Darwin had been scientifically superseded from about 1990AD at the Santa Fe Institute and other places doing massive computation and chaos-based research.
19th Century Darwin's definition of a 'main frame' would have been an abacus.
Emergence takes physics away from Einstein and Superstrings and places it firmly in the ball park of Harmonics, turbulence, fluid dynamics etc all the stuff that Tesla and Lord Kelvin were working on at the end of the 19th Century. e.g. Kelvin's Atomic Vortex Theory, 1901AD and Tesla's Theory of Environmental Energy. Ca.1930AD
I also discovered a totally new way to see gravity ... Isaac Newton's apple didn't fall passively from the tree to the ground .. it was pushed and then conveyed to the ground by a force I call compaction.
The forces of newly emerging produce from the ether pushes in on us, compacting us from all sides and is in turn broken down and regulated by entropy.

I had solved the particle wave duality paradox ... as a particle was both a wave and a particle at the same time .. in fact a particle was a standing wave like a note bowed from the violin of the ether.
It was compacted into rough shape by the pressure of other subatomic particles emerging new from the ether around it.
There were no billiard ball atoms and constant and similar looking building bricks.
Also, every particle was like a unique chaos fingerprint, a vortex or weather system like the red spot on Jupiter, it was an organic thing that could mutate. There was no Planck's constant, therefore, that is no constant superstructure within atoms .. everything was in truth marginally deregulated and in constant flux .. there was no absolute speed of light, no fixed quantum shells, everything was in flux.
Each atomic process belonged to sets of similar objects and processes, which shared common observed properties.
By the use of such categories and classifications Russell and Whitehead's 1930's Set Theory could now come into its own.
Objects, Processes and Qualities of these classes of atoms could be measured and calibrated.
The relative proportions and ratios and distribution of its component atoms could now be used to classify every object in any universe.
I sketched the ideas for a starship that could translate itself at all and any scale of magnitude from the matter of its origins into the matter and energies of local materials by preserving its relative ratios in a core datastore, which would then dictate and direct the design of the far travelling rematerialising ship from new local materials.
This star drive was not merely electrogravity, which propels ships like little horses and carts up and down the mountains of gravity via goat tracks of least resistance. The translation stardrive could enable a ship to tunnel through these electrogravity realities like a submarine goes through and under the mountainous waves.
Potentially this was more like a direct long-range teleportation than a long-range journey along a relatively winding track.
I did hear of one contactee describe such a ship that could sustain itself through dimensions and relatively vast scales of energies and matter.
Perhaps this kind of stardrive belonged to a very exclusive deep range club that didn't involve the Greys.

4. TRAWLER TECHNOLOGY. 2006AD

I discovered that every thing or system or object or process in the universe from atom to tree to star has three zones.
For example, the human body is powered by will and driven by its core the brain via its structure of organs and skeleton and delivers performance and quality of application via the arms, hands and feet.
Every thing in the universe can be interpreted as having three zones and in each of these zones are the bits that maintain the inside stuff of the zone and the bits that apply that zone to its external context.
Technically each system therefore has 6 key processes that define its performance and integrity.

I had discovered 6 Keys Systems Theory. [2003]
Everything, every process, everything that functions and every component within every object that functions has 6 key attributes or classes of attribute and could be endlessly broken down into 6 parts, 6 keys; atoms, cars, corporations, empires, biological organisms, galaxies, information systems, signals, politics.
This meant that large amounts of information about these things could be classified and accessed via their relationship to each of these 6 key processes or 6 keys.
It meant that this repeated division and redivision of six [called heuristics] would enable some very specific aspects of any object or system to be identified and manipulated.
If this could be translated into a portable technology then Extra Terrestrial analysis of; strategic and tactical issues, or economic investments or even the use or misuse of specific media personalities would make for a precise and surgical intervention in any conflict or military industrial scenario.
This last idea is a bit of a leap, as it would take a massive database, an 'artilect' or artificial intellect to operate it and it would need an operating system that worked. Only Interstellar Corporations have those things and I was here marooned on planet Earth listening to the worlds top humanesque computer scientists endlessly recycle the same primitive problems and technical failures.
If this portable box I call a Trawler – (because of its capacity to fish for deep data) - could be developed then the Extra Terrestrial race in possession of it would be able to hack the Universe.
6 Keys systems theory is literally the keys to the material universe and all of its contents.
Even if an ET race merely pretended they had an operational Trawler device they might be able to buy some time in a stand off with a bully. Their opponents would have to examine the possibility of surgical takeouts on specific assets, some previously unidentified as such, whose absence could cause critical long term damage to a war effort without creating too much mess in the surrounding interstellar infrastructure or galactic economy.
For example in world war 2 on planet Earth, the German Luftwaffe bomber that conducted the blitz on London was the Junkers JU88 and the alloy for its engines contained a specific and rare metal that came from a German mine in Australia. It changed its company registration details to Danish or neutral ownership during the war.
That metal was Wolframite, and during World War 2 it continued to be shipped from Australia to the Nazi aircraft factories in Europe under a neutral Danish flag.
Wolframite was critical to the Nazi war effort and by identifying that mineral and the mine it came from, a surgical strike that merely closed the mine would have saved many lives in London and Europe.
Interstellar civilisations would similarly deploy their assets in a trading infrastructure and the components of these could be identified more easily with a Trawler.
The Trawler would be able to calibrate its search around certain specific social and economic markers within an alien civilisation and from there an artificial intellect could conduct profiling searches in the alien Internet.
The success of the Trawler would depend on its capacity to decrypt and its ability to scan through shielding as supplied by its ET manufacturers.
Once it started analysing the energy landscape with its; energy mountains and cascades, transactions, investments, nesting, bridges, channels and bottlenecks etc it would

become possible to look at the relevance of some of these investments to the greater context of the targeted society.
These searches could be based on patterns of asset use, rates and quantities of transfer between assets and their relative distribution. Also, these assets could be associated with other socio economic and military industrial structures within alien society and the magnitude and or efficiency of the relationship could be a factor in placing its relative importance to the whole.
This is not the same kind of thing that is done with human intelligence searches by humans on planet Earth.
This search can be conducted in an alien database without understanding the language or what things are called.
For Trawler technology to be successful though, it would have to have a large database of Imperial examples worked out beforehand that tie the bits and pieces of an alien civilisation into previously measured experiences with comparable technologies and technical specifications and expectations.
Any large and successful Galactic civilisation that has been round the block a few times will have lots of this kind of data. By pooling this information in the light of experience, these facts and figures will enable totally unknown opponents and aggressors to be more accurately assessed and more efficiently countered.
Trawler Technology is not for Humanity on planet Earth, but it is one of planet Earth's contributions to an ongoing state of peace and security in the Galaxy.
Whereas everybody has a handle on happy robots, game theories and the physics of reality, I suspect that Trawler Technology has never been before seen.
One thing's for sure; everybody will want a Trawler device.